A STORY OF PITTSFIELD AND SUAMICO

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN
shs
1846

BY

LIZZIE RICE JOHNSTONE

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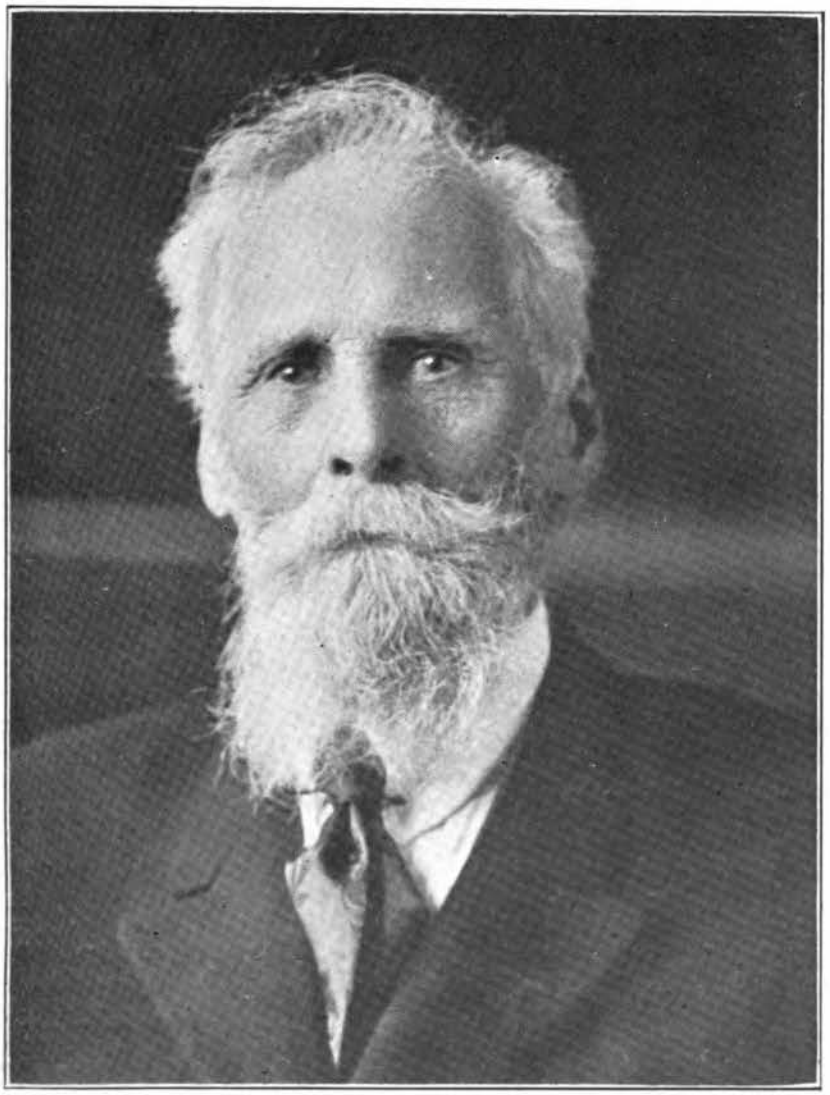

WILLIAM D. RICE

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TO MY FATHER,
WILLIAM DEXTER RICE,
THIS BOOK IS DEDI-
CATED ON HIS 87TH
BIRTHDAY,
FEBRUARY 14TH, 1925

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FOREWORD

In writing this book the author has endeavored to bring together in a small space, and somewhat crude manner, these interesting bits of our past, from widely scattered sources.

Legends and chronicles of the people who first inhabited and settled Pittsfield and Suamico, our towns so closely united in the northern part of Brown County.

Old records of Pittsfield, the first "town book" and the first "minute book" of town board meetings, by the first town clerk, have been at hand for reference.

Old newspapers, and clippings from old papers, interviews with old settlers, books at the public library; "The Jesuit Relations," Histories of Brown County, and of Wisconsin; also old letters and personal reminiscences, have been the basis of this work.

No claim will be made for its literary merits. It is simply a story in which the writer wishes to preserve some facts, which in future years may be useful as well as interesting.

The older generation is rapidly passing off the field of action, and it is to be regretted that someone did not write a history of this section many years ago, while there were more persons living, who could have added so much to the facts and anecdotes.

In writing this sketch the author will endeavor to confine herself to things pertaining to the towns of Pittsfield and Suamico; but must be pardoned, if occasionally, she slips over the boundary lines, for connecting links in the chain

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of events, or brings in sketches which are points of history in the making.

Our section figured in the first early missionary work of the northwest more than 250 years ago. The pioneer settlers who penetrated the wilderness seeking homes and work were brave. The impress of their work is shown in the progress of today. The retrospect of more than seventy years in this small part of Wisconsin is worthy of this much notice. There are relics that would, if they could but talk, tell many a fine tale of adventure and romance in the early days, when Suamico history could be told in a few words. A little longer and the old settlers will all have gone from us. They, as is said of the old soldiers, "are gradually settling beyond the western clouds of life—while they live let us honor them, when they are gone let them be remembered."

Gratitude is here expressed to those who have helped in any way, and especially to those older ones who so graciously offered stores of home tradition, told tales of olden times, and answered questions by the score, out of pure love of their own countryside.

That the reading of this book may help the boys and girls as well as older ones to feel the same civic pride and love of our old towns that the early settlers did, is the earnest desire of —THE AUTHOR.

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AN INDIAN IDYLL

1634—1925

"In the evening, just at twilight,
At the purple close of day,
Stood a fair, young Indian maiden
By the wigwam near the Bay."
She was waiting for her lover,
For her gallant brave and true
(Of another tribe, and nation),
Who was gliding down the water
In his pride, the birch canoe.

Now, around the glowing embers,
Of the camp-fire on the shore,
We listen to the ancient stories,
Told of centuries long before.

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CHAPTER I.

A STORY OF PITTSFIELD AND SUAMICO.

HISTORY.

"History is the recorded memory of the race." The more completely a man can share that memory, the greater will be his own growth and the value of his work. One writer says: "Setting down in writing is a lasting memory."

History is the background against the entire life of today, and no industry, art or activity can be thoroughly understood, unless, it is studied with that background in full view.

Patrick Henry said, "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know no way of judging the future, but by the past."

We often owe our opportunities to men and women who died long before we were born. The work of previous generations is useful to us, only, as we accept it from their history. We are indebted to them for our start. We cannot or must not sever the present from the past.

In giving a historical sketch of Pittsfield and Suamico, we must first take a glance at Wisconsin and Brown County in early years.

WISCONSIN

We will here give a short sketch of the state, its early settlers and the formation of the government. Wisconsin, which was at first called Misconsing, then Ouisconsin, and then Wisconsin, takes its name from its principal river; and that was taken from the Indian name meaning "flowing westward." The fictitious name "Badger State" was applied to it, from some French settlers digging root-houses or side-hill houses, as at Shantytown, comparing them to badgers, which were never very plentiful in Wisconsin.

In 1634, the first white explorer in our region was Jean

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Nicollet who was sent out by Champlain, the Governor of New France, entered what is now Wisconsin and introduced the French fur trade to our Indians. It was then that Wisconsin history began, ninety-eight years before Georgia was settled. For a number of years the whites and Indians were subjects of France.

A Catholic Mission was started at Green Bay in 1671-72. After 1760 Wisconsin came under English rule. In 1783 it was ceded to the United States, and in 1787 was a part of the Northwest Territory. In the year 1800 Wisconsin was a part of Indiana Territory with General Wm. Henry Harrison as Governor.

After the territory of Michigan was set off, Wisconsin became a part of Illinois Territory. When Illinois became a state in 1818, Wisconsin became a part of Michigan Territory, which extended as far west as North Dakota, Governors Cass, Porter and Mason were successively in office till 1836 when Wisconsin became a separate territory. At that time Wisconsin extended from Lake Michigan to the Dakotas. It was almost decided to name the new territory Chippewa Territory, but at the suggestion of Judge Doty it was named after the river.

When Wisconsin was admitted into the Union in 1848, Minnesota and Iowa territories were taken off and the Mississippi became the western boundary.

The Wisconsin Indians and French traders joined the English in the War of 1812, some holding commissions in the English army.

In 1816 Fort Howard was located at Green Bay and the officers and soldiers were stationed there soon afterward. The military life at the fort had influence over the early settlers. Many eastern people came to Brown County, because of the fort and soldiers. In July, 1820, the first Protestant sermon was preached at Fort Howard.

Land claims were first adjusted at Green Bay in 1820, by the United States officials. John Jacob Astor's American Fur Company had stations or posts on the Menominee,

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Peshtigo, Oconto and Wolf Rivers, as well as one at Green Bay on the Fox River.

The first court in Brown County was opened by Jacques Porlier in July, 1824. Judge Doty opened the first U. S. district court in October of the same year.

Fort Winnebago was built in 1827 at the portage between the Fox and Wisconsin rivers. Later noted men at forts Crawford, Howard, and Winnebago were Jefferson Davis, General Zachary Taylor, and General Winfield Scott.

An Episcopal mission started at Green Bay in 1825. A Methodist mission was started in 1829.

Henry Dodge was the first Territorial Governor in 1836.

After more than forty years of shifting, Wisconsin was admitted into the Union, May 29, 1848, the thirtieth state, with her present boundary.

The first meeting of the officers was held on June 5, 1848. The first Governor, Nelson Dewey, of Lancaster, taking his oath of office on June 7, 1848.

Gold was discovered this year in California and many settlers of Wisconsin followed the trail which led to the gold fields.

From 1848 on, Wisconsin has been a progressive state, excelling in agriculture, lumbering, mining, and manufacturing. Its cities, churches, schools, politics, and people have been objects of world-wide notice. "Let the good work go on!"

BROWN COUNTY

The region now known as Brown County is historic ground. More than two and one-half centuries have elapsed since the first white man set foot upon its soil. Until 1818 the history is not marked as "progressive," just "early." Since that date there has been no let up to the general stride of advancement—one long line of events.

The county was organized on October 26, 1818. The governor of the then territory of Michigan, Lewis Cass,

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issued a proclamation October 26, 1818, forming the County of Brown and fixing its boundary. It composed nearly one-half the state.

The county was named after General Jacob Brown, who was a Major-General in the War of 1812, and later Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. army. After Wisconsin became a state the legislature sliced off county after county and narrowed the boundaries of Brown County from time to time. There were no courts here at that time, and offenders against civil laws were taken to Detroit for trial. The parent county of Brown was divided eventually into thirty counties.

The military authority was with General Brown. He was in reality the officer in charge of the county.

When the centennial of Brown County, October 26, 1918, came, we were in the midst of war. Consequently there was no official recognition of the fact, nor any attempt made to celebrate the event.

Brown County consists of nineteen towns, each having their town officers, and are represented in the county, by the chairman of the Board of Supervisors.

The towns are Pittsfield, Suamico, Howard, Preble, Ashwaubenon, Allouez, De Pere, Bellevue, Lawrence, Rockland, New Denmark, Glenmore, Eaton, Morrison, Green Bay, Humboldt, Holland, Wrightstown, and Scott.

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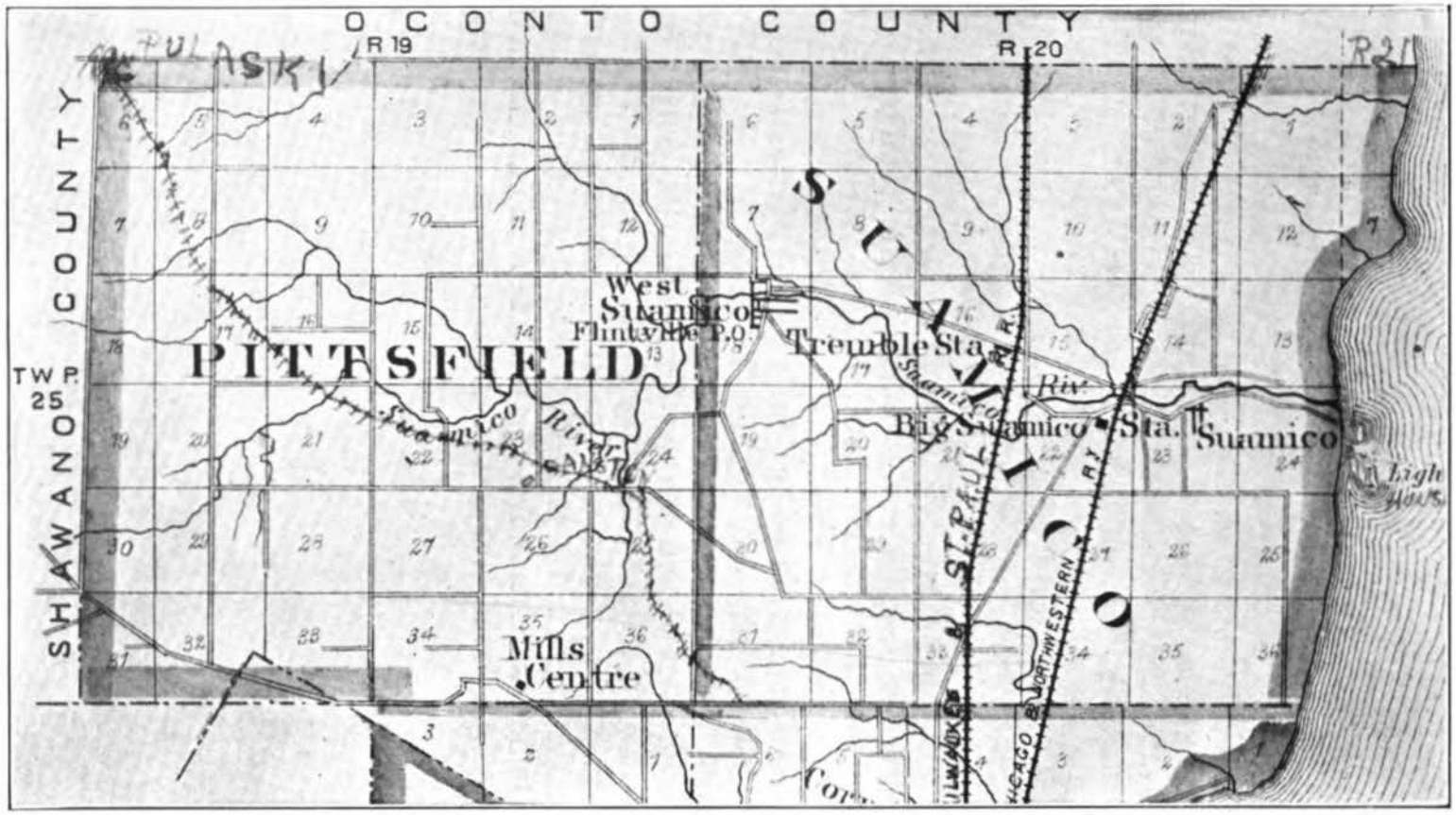

MAP OF PITTSFIELD AND SUAMICO

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CHAPTERS II.

THE INDIANS

Whenever anybody speaks of Indians who were found in Wisconsin in early days, one at once thinks of wild barbarians, not thinking that the Indians even in early times were not so different from other nations.

They had their lands, their nations and tribes, their officers, their languages, their ceremonies, their warfare, their customs and habits, even as the countries of the old world. Their love of life, country, and liberty was just as keen as that of any white nation or people. Their mode of making a livelihood was established and born with them as instinct. When the first whites reached Wisconsin they found Indians, hunting, trapping and cultivating the soil with clearly established ideas of humanity.

They raised corn, pumpkins, beans, melons, squashes, and tobacco, as far back as 1634 when the first trader came here. They never were herdsmen. Their only domestic animal was the dog. The cow and horse were entirely unknown. The connecting link between the savage hunter and the farmer was missing. They were swift runners and walkers, and where there was water, used their birch canoes for traveling. In later years from "somewhere" came the Indian pony, which was to be their best friend, without which, even to this day, no Indian settlement would be complete. The Indians had inventive genius, their knives, hatchets, bows and arrows, fish hooks and lines, were devices which served their purpose. Grasses and tree fibres were used for fish lines. "Hiawatha" used a line of cedar to haul in his "pike and sunfish."

Do not say that the poor Indian has no knowledge of others, that he disregards all the beauties of nature, for none are more loving and zealous of the rights of his people. He sees his God in the "pleasant places of his habitation," amid nature's most beautiful nooks of forest, lake and

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running streams. All nature smiles for him; it is his bible, his guide; he, therefore, sets his cross, worships nature or great spirit and pronounces it good and true. Nature is his life, his hope, his world.

Nature was the storehouse of the Indian; skins of animals their clothing; the fibre of roots and trees their thread; the quills of the porcupine and feathers of birds their ornaments; the juice of barks and berries their colors; the bark of the spruce and birch was used for baskets and boats; wild rice, berries, plums, crabapples and the birds of the air, their luxuries; corn and the meat of bear and deer their staple-foods. Taken, all in all, had the Indians working animals and cows and sheep, they would have been semi-civilized farmers even before the advent of fur-trader or missionary.

In Wisconsin the whites had little trouble in making known their purpose of coming and soon had a large number of Indians hunting the beaver and other animals. John Jacob Astor it has been claimed made a fortune in Wisconsin, with headquarters at Green Bay, which exceeded at his death $150,000,000. At his post, he had beads, cloth, shawls, blankets, cutlery, pork and rum which he traded for furs. The Indians had a perfect mania for trading and would exchange skins and pelts for any knick-knack that met their eyes. They did not know the value of money and consequently didn't care for it. Among the traders very little coin or money was used. The squaws, too, bargained for pink calico, red and other bright-colored shawls, beads, and ribbon and braid for their dresses of buckskin, giving in return basketry and bead-work.

The building of houses or wigwams fell mainly upon the women, who cut poles of birch and spruce saplings which they set up and covered with birch bark and skins, a bear skin served as a door. In Wisconsin the Indians soon after the advent of white men learned to make log houses and to stay longer in certain places, at least all winter, perhaps going to a former camping ground to plant their corn and crops in the summer.

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The family life was not very enviable, marriage was usually like a contract for division of labor, the woman having most of the labor. The squaw did the planting, prepared the food for the family, built the wigwams and tended the children. The babies were fastened securely to a board-backed basket or cradle and the mother carried it on her back or hung it on a tree while she worked. In one tribe this contrivance was called "Kekaahosea." She also made the family clothing, moccasins, ornaments and headgears and when traveling carried most of the burden, while the "brave," except for his hunting and boating, did little else than play, practiced shooting at a target, played a ball game, called La Crosse, went fishing, and prepared for war or danger, from other tribes. The American Indians observed an admirable rule in their social intercourse, that of speaking one at a time; it might be imitated by white people. The Indian women, who, in the early settlements, married white men, made good housekeepers, loving and tender mothers, and were faithful to their marriage obligations.

The general character of the Indian of the West, especially of the Winnebago Confederacy, of which most of the Wisconsin Indians formed a part, was not so fierce and vicious as that of the Eastern Tribes. Torture and abuse of victims were more frequent in the East. The far Western Indians were dangerous foes and not very reliable friends. If an Indian gave a white man a gift, he was liable to want it back again.

Dances and songs often were expressions of grief.

One of the most serious events of life, anywhere, is called sickness.

It is true that the Indian was used to hardships of all kinds, but the expression, "Tough as an Indian," was not symbolical of his endurance over that of a white man.

At any rate, there was sickness among them and how was it appeased? Their knowledge of roots and herbs helped in many cases. The medicine men were often imposters and did nothing but beat a "tom-tom" calling on the spirits to

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cure the sick person. The Indians died, as do all mortals. "There is nothing so universal as Death." How were they buried? In Wisconsin mostly in the ground or on top of the ground by building mounds over them. There were several burial places in Brown County, also near the Menominee River down the bay.

There are so many tribal names and customs that seemingly one could write a volume on them alone. Only the names of the tribes who actually figured in our own history will be given. Menominees, Chippewas, Winnebagos, Sacs and Foxes, Pottawatamies and Oneidas.

The Menominees were known as the "Wild Rice Eaters." They were quiet and kindly and not at all warlike in disposition, as described by Father Marquette and Father Allouez. The French called wild rice "fol avoines;" the Indians called it "menomin"—hence the name "Menominee."

EARLIEST INDIAN SETTLEMENT

Work for Christ began over 1900 years ago; and in different ways and forms, has been carried on all over the world, up to the present day.

Many of our people are of the opinion that the Christian movement in Suamico is not any older, at least, than our oldest settlers; but that is a mistake.

We shall ask our readers to go back with us into the dim light of the past and view a picture of the first mission work done in this region, beginning in the year 1669, when a Jesuit priest, by name Father Claude Jean Allouez, was directed to journey to Green Bay to do missionary work among the Indian tribes in that region. Leaving the mission at La Pointe (Lake Superior) where he was then stationed, Father Allouez proceeded on his journey to Green Bay. Upon his arrival at this point he went up the bay and founded the mission of St. Francis Xavier, on Dec. 2, 1669. This is thought to be at the mixed Indian village at the first rapids on the Oconto river. In 1670, the mission

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was removed and located between the Winnebago village at Redbanks, and the great Pottawatomie village just north of Point au Sable (opposite Suamico). Afterwards it was removed to De Pere (1671-2). Needing assistance in his mission work among the French and Indians of this region, in 1671, Father Louis André was sent to Green Bay to assist him in work and permanently locate the mission at De Pere. This having been done, Father Allouez went south among the Indians, along the Fox and Wolf rivers and also into Illinois where he spent some time, gradually leaving the mission work among the six tribes, then inhabiting the Green Bay region, entirely in the hands of Father André, who is recorded as being a very zealous worker, preaching Christ and baptizing and catechising all who presented themselves. It is stated that he almost lived in his canoe, in his travels up and down the bay, and the rivers flowing into it, establishing chapels at the principal points where he preached to the Indians, visiting the natives in their rude huts, and ministering to the sick and dying. So far as can be found out there was no real chapel at Suamico, but services were no doubt held in a cabin which was erected for him by the Indians of the village. In one place he says that his cabin was very warm and in another relates that the wine in the chalice froze to his lips, which would lead one to think that the service was held out of doors. In the Jesuit Relations we read that Father André, in a letter or report to headquarters in Quebec, Canada, wrote as follows: "In December, 1672, a village of sixteen cabins had been established a month before. I delayed going there, however, until the first day of Lent; as soon as I arrived at Oussuamigong, the elders caused a cabin to be erected for me, and showed me that I would oblige them by remaining some time with them. They hoped that I would speak to God for them, so that He would give them sturgeons."

He wrote of a pagan idea, of the Pottawatomies of blacking their faces and dreaming of bears, and of catching fish, especially sturgeons, under the ice. Before leaving he bap-

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tised six small children, and some adults, who went to the mission at De Pere, and "who were very sincere and not ashamed to be baptised."

Father André also spoke in the letter of another and larger mission farther down the bay, where he spent three months, called Chouskouabiki. This cannot be accurately located or identified with the text of "Jesuit Relations." It means "place where there are slippery stones," and is thought to be near the mouth of the Oconto River. The erection of a cross was one of the first acts of the Jesuit Fathers, in establishing their missions and symbolized their taking possession of the country in the name of Christ, therefore the cross was always erected where it could be seen by the Indians either in their villages or at a point on a common thoroughfare where all persons could see it. However, no trace of a cross was ever found at Suamico. In 1855 the remains of one of those mission crosses was found covered with moss and lichens in a deep forest near Rowley's Bay in Door County. The foundation of stone and part of the cross were intact, one arm and the upper part off. It had no doubt stood the ravages of sun and storm for nearly 200 years.

The Indians at the little village, in the protection of the pines at the mouth of the river, in 1671-72, were mostly Pottawatomies. Here they and their descendants lived or fished and hunted for more than a century. The Menominees must have been close associates with them, for when the English and French settlers came to Green Bay, the bay shore was dotted with Indian camps of the Menominees and Pottawatomies.

Father Louis André was born May 28, 1631, entered the Jesuit novitiate at Lyons, France, Sept. 12, 1650. He came to Canada, in June, 1669, and was assigned to the Ottawa Mission. His first two years were spent in itinerant labors at Sault Ste. Marie, Mackinac, and Green Bay. He remained at least ten years at Green Bay, from 1671 on. Father Andre died at Quebec, Sept. 19, 1715.

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No higher examples of sublime devotion to a cause and an ideal, than that of the Jesuit missionaries among the Indians can be found. But the results demonstrated that the attempt to Christianize a people, without first civilizing them, to some extent, is futile.

The Indian name Oussuamigong, now spelled Suamico, has several disputed meanings. Father Chrysostom Verwyst explains the name as meaning "place of the yellow beaver." Father Jones as, "at the beaver's tail." Rev. E. P. Wheeler of Ashland, whose study of the Wisconsin Indians, makes him authority on Indian lore, says it means "yellow residence place." it has also been accepted that it means "point or tail of land," or "the beaver's tail," which suits us best, as the Indians called one point "long tail" and the other "little tail," having reference to the points of land on the shore. First the long and then the shorter one farther north. In this vicinity the first light houses were built to warn sailing vessels from the shoals and sand bars near "Grassy Island."

They are known as the "Tail light Stations." The words "Big" and "Little" were used with the name Suamico. Thus the settlements and rivers got their names.

INDIAN MOUNDS IN SUAMICO

No. 1. An oval mound about 70 or 80 feet long on land of Peter Devroy in the S. E. ¼ of the N. W. ¼, Sec. 23, Town 25, R. 20; being 100 feet north and 125 feet west from the center of the Bruce town road, and the north by east section line.

No. 2. A large village site (Oussouamigong a village noted in the "Jesuit Relations"), located on land now owned by Nels Anderson, along the west shore of Green Bay, south of the river, covering the greater part of the fractional east half of Sec. 24, Town 25, R. 20.

No. 3. A village site on the farm now owned by Alvin

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Gauthier (Gokey) on the N. W. ¼ of the S. W. ¼ of Sec. 14, Town 25, R. 20.

No. 4. A village or camp on the land once owned by Dr. Culver on W. ½ of S. W. ½, Sec. 14, Town 25, R. 20.

No. 5. Work shop on a sand hill on the S. E. ¼ of S. W. ¼ of the S. E. ¼ of Sec. 15.

Note. There are none of the usual signs of a village or camp at this hill except a few remnants of fire pits, but quantities of small flint chippings.

Note. Nos. four or five may have been part of village No. 3, being so close to them, in fact the whole territory between all the villages on both sides of the Big Suamico River shows signs of former occupation.

(Reference: Martin's History of Brown County.) Graves located on site of Oussouamigong in the N. E. ¼ fraction Section 23. Other graves in the W. ½ fraction Section 24. (Wis. Archaeological Mag.)

In 1850 to 1853 a cornfield of the Indians was indicated by the distinct rows north and south on the little knoll where the Suamico depot stands. An Indian Sugar Camp was in the woods on land now owned by Charles Lucia. Some maple trees are still standing which have the gash cut by Indians with a hatchet for sap to run out. The old boiling place is still to be seen at the present time. Tomahawks and arrow heads were found plentifully by early settlers all along the river.

Another camping place was near the road bridge over Indian Brook in Pittsfield, where the Indians trapped during winter.

The "Sugar Bush" and boiling place of Silas Hayden is still used by W. D. Rice after 65 years have passed by.

With the melting of the snow and ice after a long winter the annual maple sugar harvest, along with the gathering of wild rice in the fall and trapping in the winter, was one of the means of livelihood for many of the red men.

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Primitive methods were followed in the gathering of the sap, and the period which it was harvested and boiled was the occasion of a festival in which all of the Indians participated. They gashed the trees, carried the sap to vats made of birch or other bark. Their troughs were small logs cut about three feet long and hollowed out.

The white men seventy years ago, and later, used the same kind of sap holders. They boiled it in large copper kettles, and also in iron kettles. They made enough sugar for the year, besides trading some at the posts for other articles as they did their furs or pelts.

While the making of maple sugar is popular among the Indians, others in northern Wisconsin manufacture it also. C. B. Riggs of Cayuga taps over 5,000 trees each year in a scientific manner.

Instead of hanging pails on the trees, which necessitates watching and much carrying back and forth from the trees to the vat when the sap runs quickly, he has a network of pipes which run from the trees to the vat. In this way every drop of sap is saved, and the hardest part of the labor is eliminated.

A LEGEND OF MAPLE SYRUP

An Indian Story of a Squaw's Carelessness and Its Result.

"One morning the mighty hunter Woksis bade his wife cook for his dinner a choice bit of moose meat and have it ready when the tall stick which he stuck in the snowdrift should throw its shadow to a certain point. Moqua was a meek wife, so she promised to obey, and well did she know her fate in case of failure. After her lord departed she hewed off the meat with her sharpest stone knife, and filling an earthen pot, or kokh, with snow for melting, she hung it over the fire.

Then she sat down to her embroidery. It was her pride that Woksis, her lordly husband, should sport the gayest moccasons in the tribe, and many hours did she spend every

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day in working with bright colored porcupine quills, for no brave in all the country was so warlike as Woksis, no squaw so skilled in embroidery as Moqua. As she worked on the moccasins hours passed as minutes. She took no note of time, so busy was she in her labor of love. Suddenly she heard a startling noise, the bark string that held the kokh suspended was burned off, and a quenching, scattering explosion followed, the overthrow of the pot.

What could she do? There was no water, the melted snow was gone, and she must boil the moose meat before her lord's return. It was growing late. There was no time to melt more snow, so seizing a birch bucket of maple sap that was always tapped in the spring for its sweet flavor she filled the kokh anew and hung it over the mended fire. Into it she popped the moose meat and set a cake of pounded corn to bake on the slab before the fire. Then she resumed her embroidery, in which the quills were both needle and thread. She was working the totem of her race, the bear, so different from the wolves, eagles and turtles of other tribes.

Dreaming of her husband's future success in hunt and battle, the hours passed by, the shadow crept past the mark, the fire burned low, the once juicy meat was a shriveled morsel in a mixture of gummy, dark liquid. When she saw this the frightened squaw ran into the bushes and hid herself from the rage of her coming lord. After a long and silent waiting she carefully drew near the camp once more, and what did she see? There was Woksis devouring the morsel of moose meat, and her wonder was great when he deliberately broke the earthen pot and carefully licked out the last vestige of her spoiled cooking.

She forgot her fears and cried out in surprise, when discovering her, Woksis said: "Oh, Moqua, my wise squaw, who taught thee such a marvel of cooking? Was the Great Spirit thy instructor?" With great joy he embraced her, and in his sticky kiss she tasted the first maple syrup."

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THE "INDIAN PIPES" OR "GHOSTS' PIPES"

The "Indian Pipes" are little ghost flowers standing in the dawn light along grass-grown, almost forgotten Indian trails. The little waxy blossoms are shaped exactly like little clap pipes, and grow standing on their stems. The legend tells that "they are left along the forest ways by phantom chiefs who return from long star trails in the moon and ginseng berries, and hold council talks and smoke the Calumet." Whether "ghost pipes" or not they are getting rare and hard to find. In many years only a few bunches have been found in Pittsfield or Suamico, while 40 or 50 years ago they were commonly found along the hard wood hillsides as was the fragrant trailing arbutus, which is also, only found now in a few places.

INDIAN RESERVATIONS

There are seven reservations in Wisconsin under two agencies who act under the Department of the Interior at Washington, D. C.

The Stockbridge Indians are located near Lake Winnebago and came to Wisconsin from Massachussetts.

The Brothertown Indians also near Lake Winnebago were originally from Rhode Island. The Stockbridge and Brothertown Indians are citizens and are enlightened to a considerable extent.

The Indians of the reservations of northern Wisconsin are mostly of the Chippewa tribe. In the "Court O'rielles," at Reserve, Sawyer County, and at Odanah, Ashland County. Some of them who wander about the northern and central part of the state are a shiftless set and pick up a meagre living as berry pickers, in the cranberry marshes and blue berry fields. Some of them are employed in the logging camps of the woods during the winter months. The condition of the old people on the reservations is not comfortable. They are entitled to material aid from the government but so much "red tape" is necessary before assist-

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ance comes that they suffer from want and disease.

There are Indian schools on the reservations but the children do not progress as well as in other schools even among the other tribes.

The state has no concurrent jurisdiction in the Indian affairs, or there could be immediate assistance given and the health conditions bettered.

Indian schools are at Hampton, Virginia; Carlisle, Pennsylvania; Wittenburg, Lac du Flambeau, and Tomah in Wisconsin, also some in states across the Mississippi.

A story of historical value is told of the days when the French traders from Quebec came to this region to buy furs and trade with the Indians, when one Sebrevoir De Corrie (corrupted into De Korra) who was an officer in the French army in 1699 under De Broisbriant. He resigned his commission in 1729 and became an Indian trader among the Winnebagos in Wisconsin from Green Bay to Portage and adjoining territory. He married the sister of the head chief, "Glory of the Morning," or Wa-ho-po-e-kaw. In a few years he left her and two sons, taking the young daughter to Montreal where she was educated and married to Laurent Fely, a Quebec merchant.

The sons from choice remained with their mother; the elder, Chou-ke-ka, became a chief. His son, De Korra, or Scha-chip-ka-ka, became famous as the principal chief of the Winnebagos. One of his sisters married Augustin Grignon of Green Bay, who was interested in land about Fort Winnebago. Their daughter Julia married John Mayrond, son of John B. Mayrond, a celebrated Indian trader of the American Fur Co. Much of Julia's life was spent about Portage City and the later years in Stevens Point, where she was interpreter for H. W. Lee, the attorney for the Winnebagos.

A story and play of "Glory-of-the-Morning" has been written by William Ellery Leonard of Madison.

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SUPERSTITIONS OF INDIANS

The Indians of any tribes have their beliefs handed down from one generation to another by traditions told by the campfire.

They are firm in the belief that their ceremonies will bring rain. In order to bring relief from a continued dry spell the Indians smoked pipes, burned tobacco, offered prayers, shot arrows into the clouds and made use of various charms. They usually kept them up till it did rain, so were successful. One tribe believed that by shaking their blankets they could make a certain wind blow and that that wind would bring rain. They watched the muskrat and beaver, the husks on the corn, the squirrels gathering nuts, and the fur-bearing animals for signs of a long, short, early or late winter.

AN INDIAN CHIEF

"Old Mexico," also known as Waumegesako and Wampun, was the head chief of the Pottawattomie Indians, formerly the united nation of Chippewa, Ottawa and Pottawatomie Indians who inhabited the west shore of Lake Michigan, their main villages being at Washington Island, (Pottawatomie Island) Kewaunee, Two Rivers, Manitowoc, Sheboygan, Milwaukee, Racine, Kenosha, and Chicago.

Wampun's headquarters were on the Manitowoc River. The old chief died in 1844. The citizens of Manitowoc some years ago erected a monument at the old village of Manitowoc Rapids in honor of Wampum. Here Wampum was buried and here also was his main village. A portrait of Wampum can be seen in the state historical museum at Madison. Wampum was the owner of a British medal and an American flag. The flag he received from President Andrew Jackson in 1828, when he together with a deputation of fourteen Indians and one squaw in charge of Governor Cass traveled to Washington to conclude and sign the articles of agreement of the "Treaty of Green Bay."

Chief Wampum was one of seventy-six chiefs that signed

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the "Great Chicago Treaty" in 1833, when the west shore of Lake Michigan was ceded to the United States Government. After signing the Chicago Treaty many Indians left the west shore of Lake Michigan for Kansas, others for Canada. The medal was worth about $15.00 and he often pawned it when hard up, but always redeemed it.

There are a few of the Pottawattomie Indians still remaining in Northern Wisconsin and Michigan. Their former number of course, has been greatly reduced. On Christmas morning, 1917, the death of Benjamin Y. Waumixiko occurred at the M. E. Indian Mission at Hannahville, Michigan. He was the youngest of the famous Indian chief, "Mexico's" six sons. Benjamin Y. Mexico, as he was called by everybody, was known to many of the older residents of Manitowoc city and county. In 1909 he went to Manitowoc as the guest of the Manitowoc Historical Society for the dedication of the monument to his father.

He spent many years at the government reservation at Keshena, Shawano County, and frequently visited Wausaukee and White Rapids. In the early days of Suamico (the early fifties) one or more of the old chief's sons made frequent visits to Green Bay and Suamico. They worked on the Suamico river driving logs or rafting lumber. Some of them were very old; Benjamin must have been about seventy-five when he died.

LITTLE CHUTE A MENOMINEE MISSION

The Menominee Indians' hunting and camping grounds in early days were extensive, reaching from the mouth of the Menominee river to the Wolf river; and all along the bay shore and Fox river were their villages. Let us notice one of the places of residence of a number of them under the chief "Iometah," at what is now Little Chute on the Fox river.

Father Theodore Vanden Broek then a young, but learnéd and pious priest of the Dominican order of missionaries, was sent from Detroit to become a missionary in the terri-

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torial wilds of Wisconsin to the Indians and a few French families around Green Bay. He arrived on July 4, 1834, and took up the work left by Father Samuel C. Mazzuchilli in what is now St. John's parish in Green Bay. Here he found only a few houses, but many Indians. On the sixth of December he left the Green Bay Mission and went to Little Chute, twenty-four miles up the river into the woods. The Menominee tribe of Indians, whose village was on the bank of the river near a rapids, greeted him kindly. His parishioners were these Indians, with a few chance voyageurs and hardy trappers and hunters who passed that way on the old time trail from Fort Howard to Fort Dearborn (Chicago). On the site where Marquette in 1673 established a mission (by planting a cross), here Father Vanden Broek built a bark wigwam from which he preached the gospel to his Indian hearers even as had the early Jesuits two centuries before.

In 1837 a log church was built, which in two years he had to enlarge; his congregation numbered more than 600, mostly Indians. In August, 1847, Father Vanden Broek took a trip back to Holland, his old home. He was successful in organizing a colony of his countrymen and chartered three sailing vessels to bring his people to America. They reached New York May 10, 1848, and on May 20, arrived in Little Chute. The colonists settled at Little Chute, De Pere and Holland Township and a few at Bay Settlement.

A number of years later, about 1870, this old log church was replaced by a splendid stone and brick church, which, with its beautifully decorated interior, was considered the handsomest church north of Milwaukee.

From the door of the little chapel which stood on the crest of the bluff, the reverend Father planted two rows of evergreen trees leading back about forty rods to the "trail," now the principal street of Little Chute and the state highway No. 41.

These trees were an especial object of his care until his death in November, 1851. This "evergreen avenue" was a

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landmark for 60 years, known and admired throughout the Fox River Valley as the handiwork of a pioneer missionary long since dead. The church authorities, in 1896, for some reason, caused those trees to be cut down. Thus another landmark of old Wisconsin passed away, and the sentiment centered in this far-famed avenue of splendid evergreen trees is only a memory.

ONEIDA INDIANS

The Oneidas were not natives of Wisconsin. They were one of the tribes of the Six Nations, who belonged to the Iroquois Confederacy. They lived in the State of New York near the lake and in the county which bear their name.

In 1820 a minister of that place paid Green Bay a visit, as a commissioner, for the purpose of securing a retreat for some of the New York tribes.

Nothing definite was done in the matter this year, but in the following year Eleazer Williams, a young missionary, who since figured prominently in Brown County history, secured the co-operation of some of the younger chiefs of the Six Nations, in his plan of removing to the west.

They made a trip to Green Bay with a delegation from the Oneida tribe, for the purpose of treating with the Menominee Indians for a tract of land.

At first on account of the influence of the French and half-breeds who were in close alliance with the Menominees, they were unable to close a bargain. They, at length, made a treaty with the Menominees by which they became joint owners in the latter's lands.

Immediately a part of the Oneidas came out and took possession of the newly acquired property. Some of these settled about Lake Winnebago. Later the Menominees, urged by the French settlers and Indian Agent, repudiated the bargain thus made with the New York Indians.

Then followed a number of negotiations between different tribes and later between the United States Government and the Menominee Indians, in behalf of the Six Nations. Their

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lands were finally decided upon and limited to 65,000 acres on Duck Creek, a river which empties into Green Bay near the mouth of the Fox.

This is now called the Oneida Reservation or Settlement, (as the Indians have now become citizens of the United States.) It is situated about 10 miles from Green Bay. This reserve is about eight miles by twelve, with four straight sides, but stands cornerwise to the sun, moon and all the stars. Why Uncle Sam did not bound it by north and south lines is a problem to the ordinary traveler.

It is a well-watered fertile section of country, generally level, and capable of being made productive and beautiful.

The Reserve being laid out as it is, sets partly in Brown and partly in Outagamie Counties. One of the triangular points touches the southern part of Pittsfield, taking out a V-shaped wedge.

The Green Bay and Western Railway extends through the settlement. The Station, Oneida, is a village where there are churches and schools. A government school and farm were established here and made a vast improvement for the Indians and their children. The power to regulate commerce being given to Congress. An agent under the control of the Department of Interior at Washington transacted all business for the Indians in their negotiations with the whites.

All this is nearly done away with and the Indians are citizens now. Their chiefs and sachems are only honorary titles. They have two townships, Hobart and Oneida; have their district schools and town officers. Four school districts in the town of Hobart are in Brown County.

The one hundredth anniversary of their organization was observed in August, 1921, with considerable pomp.

Some of the men of the settlement in the past generation were very well educated and did much to influence the progress of the tribe, acting as chiefs and holding responsible places of trust in the churches and government work. When they came to Green Bay on business, dressed in their black

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suits, with high silk hats and broad ties, they were really dignified and distinguished-looking; among these can be remembered Daniel Bread, Elijah Cornelius, G. Hill, Eli Skenandoah, Henry Powless, Stephen Cornelius, Cornelius Doxtater and Abraham Danforth. Some of the younger men have distinguished themselves as doctors, lawyers, and business men of ability. It is told that in the early 50's a Frenchman named Moses Coulong was for years the only white man on the reservation. He married an Indian wife and had considerable influence among the natives. At that time there was only one store in Fort Howard; a grocery and general store conducted by Mr. John Gray. Mr. Coulong used to come in to town on Saturdays and help in the store. It was Indian day, too, and attracted there by the "helper" they made the store their headquarters. In this way Mr. Gray secured the universal patronage of the Oneidas for a long time. In his store there were barrels of pork, and flour, and in a row were three barrels, one contained oil, the next "New Orleans Molasses" and the other "New England Rum." In each was a spigot, under which was set a wooden quart measure. On the shelf and counter was an assortment of red, blue and yellow calico, and checkered black, red, blue, and green flannel.

Patents of land allotted to them in severalty were issued and many owned substantial homes. Since being made citizens, many of the Indians have sold their land.

They have good carpenters, blacksmiths, etc., among their own people. Many of the younger men and women find employment outside and are generally liked as employees. There are now several stores and a bank in the village. Those who cultivate their farms are advancing in their business, having all new improved implements, such as reapers, threshers, tractors; and find market for their products in nearby cities.

Whiskey has been a great hindrance to the progress and civilization of the Indians. In past years the sale has always been restricted on the reservation, but notwithstanding the

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fact that it was against the law of the land to sell intoxicating liquor to them, they obtained it in some manner. In years gone by trading horses was a favorite pastime between Oneidas and whites. The Oneidas are patriotic to a marked degree, sometimes putting to shame their white brother. In the war of 1861 many of the Oneidas were volunteers and fought bravely till its close.

In the World War a large number of the young men of Oneida and Hobart took their places with Batteries B & E, from Green Bay.

The Indian has a natural love for music. The Oneidas have a local band of musicians, who with their elegant uniforms and silver instruments, form a feature of all of their festivities. They observe 4th of July with patriotic spirit.

It is a notable fact in the history of our country that in early wars though many of the Six Nations, at one time or another, opposed the Americans, siding with the English or French; the Oneidas were always loyal to the United States. Somewhere near 2700 Oneidas are residents of Wisconsin, with more than 800 children in the schools. The Oneidas have made considerable advancement in education. Some who wished better instruction have been educated at Carlisle, Penn., Lawrence College, and other schools in Wisconsin.

They have very earnest religious observances which are due almost entirely to the work of their missionaries. There are four churches on the reservation at the present time; one Episcopal, one Methodist, and two Catholic churches. The white clergymen, or missionaries, are very earnest workers, and are doing much for the Indians in spiritual and intellectual ways. The history of the Episcopal Church mission for the Oneida Indians in Wisconsin is interesting; under its various missionaries from 1823 to 1923; its growth from the building of the historic log church in 1825, the first church edifice consecrated in Wisconsin. During the previous years, when they held services it was in the wild woods under the trees. The glamour of romance thrown around

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the Oneida mission by the rumor that the lost Dauphin of France, son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette has gone down in the history of Brown County. One hundred years of untiring efforts on the part of those zealous missionaries with much money and aid from the Episcopal Missionary Society, as well as the Fond du Lac Diocese, has brought wonderful results, yet, there is still need of much earnest work.

This church was called the "John Henry Hobart Church." The society was established by Bishop Kemper in 1838. At first they worshipped in the old log church. In course of time, in 1886, this was replaced by a new church which was built with Indian labor with funds obtained from the government. It was a structure of gray stone, large and well finished, of which, they were very proud. This church was struck by lightning on July 17, 1920. It was nearly destroyed by the fire, only the stone material left. They immediately proceeded to rebuild, and in 1922, June 11, a restored, rebuilt church was reconsecrated. This church which was first planned in 1870, bears a tale of years of labor and sacrifice on the part of the Indians and the missionaries who guided them. The Indians quarried the stone and saved money until they were nearly ready to build in 1884, the stone was on the ground and $6000.00 in a Green Bay bank; it failed and their money was lost. In 1886 $5000.00 more were gathered. The stone church was built and dedicated to the Holy Apostles. Then came the fire and they must again work and make sacrifices. When completed in 1922 the reconsecration of the church was an event of much satisfaction to the congregation and the missionary, Rev. Wm. Watson.

The society has a hospital, which was built in 1893. A lengthy article which was printed in the July number of "The Diocese of Fond du Lac" of that year tells of the laying of the corner stone of this hospital on June 24, 1893. "On that day, on historic ground, among an historic people, the corner stone of a hospital was laid." It was also the

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occasion of ordination of four members, confirmation of three young people and the observance of the 38th anniversary of the missionary's marriage. It was a red letter day in Oneida.

"The service in the church, which from beginning to end lasted for two and one-half hours, moved on with a stateliness and solemnity rarely seen in the church in the United States up to the present time, and was most certainly unique in its connection with past and present and "worthy" as one present said, "of Westminster Abbey."

The corner stone of red granite marked as follows:

ONEIDA HOSPITAL

ONENYONTAKAHAKOHWEN

1893

The meaning of the word is: "For the Oneida Nation."

Tradition tells us that the Indian forefathers in New York State while out hunting and fishing had a red stone given them by Tammany which was taken from a cleft in the granite rock. From this stone they took the name "Oneida," which means, "The people of the Stone."

After 30 years, this hospital is no longer used, in that capacity. Rooms for the farmer and his family are used. At the present time the missionary and his staff, (an Indian farmer, two teachers, and two sisters of charity,) are considering plans to remodel and repair the old building to be used as a parsonage, reading rooms, helpers' quarters, etc.

There are other needs such as an alms house or orphanage, but on account of insufficient means those things are slow to materialize. But the zealous workers are sure to succeed. The Oneidas as a people, and as a rule, are not lazy, nor yet are they notably thrifty. They need supervision, and some one to plan their work for them. This now almost entirely falls upon the missionaries and their helpers. The Oneida women are earnest workers in their churches and homes. Their harvest festival each year shows them

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to be good cooks and housewives. Their exhibit at the county fair each year consists of vegetables and fruit, quilts, rugs, baskets, embroidery, and beadwork in a great many designs.

Here, (with the permission of the writer, Miss Isabella Fox of Kaukauna, who is a granddaughter of Solomon Juneau, founder of Milwaukee), is a sketch describing some of the handiwork of the Indian women.

WISCONSIN LACE INDUSTRY

The little village of Oneida, on the Oneida reservation, is the home of a lace industry, the only one of its kind in the country outside of the city of New York.

Lace making was introduced at Oneida in 1899 by Miss Sybil Carter, who was for many years head of the New York establishment, 508 Park avenue. Miss Carter spent several years in Italy studying the art and on her return to America, opened the school at Oneida, where the Indian women are taught, gratis, and, after becoming proficient in the art, are well paid for their work. Mrs. Josephine Webster, who for years has had charge of the work at Oneida, employs between one and two hundred women. There are two kinds of lace, cut linen and bobbin. The cut linen is a point lace, made with a common sewing needle and fine linen thread, which with the linen, is imported from France and Belgium. Since the outbreak of the World War more of the French and English linen is being used.

The writer was shown a luncheon-set made by Mrs. Anderson Silas—who is on the list of excellent workers—consisting of a lunch cloth and six doilies, in which scenes of Indian camp life are depicted. There are eight inserts of the point lace in the lunchcloth; Indian with bow and arrow, Indian woman with papoose on her back, Indian in a canoe and an Indian tepee with flap thrown back. The lace is so finely worked, one wonders at the patience of these women in fashioning the designs, but their slender hands and taper-

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ing fingers are admirably adapted to the work. On each of the six doilies are shown these same figures. The designs, worked in squares, are set into the cut linen with a heavy embroidered edge. There was also punch work patterns and a handsomely embroidered scalloped border.

The different colored linen, with the white point lace inserts; are very beautiful.

The bobbin lace, which is also of the fine linen thread, is made on a tightly stuffed pillow, with common pins and wooden bobbins. There are all kinds of bobbin lace; the lace and insertion to match, selling for a high price. There were two bedspreads made at Oneida three years ago, containing eight strips, four and one-half blocks to each strip, which took eight women eight months to make. One of the quilts was purchased by Mrs. Vanderbilt for the sum of $500.

Many years ago, in Miss Amy Townsend's gift of altar linen to the cathedral of New York, there were four pieces trimmed with bobbin lace made by the Oneida women, and offered as a slight token in recognition of the work carried on for so many years by Miss Carter at the Oneida Mission school. The Motif of the lace was the same as that shown in the carving of the altar, the vine with grapes. The lace in the credence cover shows the emblem of St. John the Apostle; the super-frontal, shows the I. H. S., balanced by the Greek letters, Alpha and Omega. The eagle, with wings extended, is a form, used among the American Indians symbolic of a supernatural power which controls the elements.

The most wonderful and beautiful piece of bobbin lace ever made at Oneida was the chalice veil in this set, which took four months to complete, and for which the worker received one hundred dollars.

Indian women of all tribes have always been noted for their beautiful work, each tribe having their own particular kind. Besides the lace work done at Oneida, there is also basket weaving and doll making, the dearest little things that any child would love to possess. The Menominee women are famous for their handsome bead work, baskets and

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grass mats, woven much after the style the Navajo women weave their blankets, and the Indians of the southwest for their beautiful Indian pottery of every conceivable design, decorated with a substance taken from the ground and made into a paint.

Wisconsin should be justly proud of her lace industry, of the woman who introduced it, and of the women who for so many years have so successfully kept it in operation.

ISABELLA FOX, Kaukauna, Wis.

ONEIDA INDIAN M. E. MISSION

A Methodist Mission was established at Oneida Reservation, in 1833, by Rev. John Clark, who appointed Daniel Adams as the first missionary to the Oneidas. He (Daniel Adams) came from the state of New York where he had previously had much experience with the Indians. He could speak their language and understood their customs.

His wife (Miss Quinney) was a pious Indian woman competent to teach school. She was of great assistance to the missionary in his work of instructing the Indians.

Dr. W. G. Miller speaks also of Rev. Henry R. Colman as being appointed in 1840. There is a record of Jesse Holstead being appointed in 1838, by Julius Fields, as P. E. (Presiding Elder).

The mission was first known as the "Great Orchard," later the "West End" and now "Duck Creek Mission."

The first church building was dedicated Jan. 4, 1840. The present building was dedicated May 31, 1893. E. S. McChesney, P. E., and R. G. Pike, missionary.

At present there are about eighty members, with a resident pastor, Rev. J. E. Wisor (1923).

In early years it was customary for the white minister to give his sermon article after article, and an Indian interpreter repeated it in the Indian language. This is practically no longer necessary as the Indians understand English and only in rare cases is an interpreter now called upon to repeat the sermon or announcements.

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THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS

There are two Catholic Missions and churches on the Reservation, St. Mary's and St. Joseph's. Rev. J. J. Holzknecht of Pulaski, a diligent writer on research work in Catholic history, tells of the foundation of these churches better than any other as follows:

CATHOLIC MISSION WORK AMONG ONEIDA INDIANS

By Rev. J. J. Holzknecht.

"The land comprising the Oneida canton was the present counties, Madison, Oswego, Oneida, around the beautiful Lake Oneida, the gem of New York state. With the Mohawks, Onondagas, Senecas, Cayugas and Tuscaroras, the Oneidas formed the mighty Iroquois federation against Hurons and Ottawas. These latter submitted first to French civilization and Christian influence after they spilt the blood of their first missionaries, the Jesuit Fathers, Jogues, Daniel, Brebeuf, Lallemdas and Garnier, in 1646 and 1649.

"In 1657 Fathers Chaumonot and Menard evangelized, for a brief period, the Oneidas. After ten years came Father Brugas. He erected St. Francis Xavier's chapel and soon baptised 52 souls among them the noble Ganneaktena, who later founded the Catholic Cannanwaghy on St. Lawrence river where Iroquois dwell to this day. In 1668 Father T. Garnier, Canada's first ordained priest, came for a short visit to Oneida. Father Brugas' zeal was checked by growing family jealousies between the Christians and heathens, also by a famine. During the war with Mohegans and Conestogues, in 1671, his superior promoted the persecuted sufferer to govern all Iroquois missions from the Quebec residence. He sent Father Milet to Oneida, who increased the flock.

"In 1657 Chief Soenrese joined the church and a temperance society raised the debauched characters to highest Christian standards of virtue, and self-respect. In 1664

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war caused Father Milet's resignation, but after five years Oneida warriors apprehended him on a sick call to an Onondaga dying Christian. Thus forced to return to Oneida his lot was sure death at the fire stake, but God inspired a matron to adopt the tortured priest for her son. His popularity grew so that even the British could not obtain his surrender. Also after Frontenac's victory in 1694 the Oneidas begged the governor's favor to keep their dear Father Milet.

"The old faith was transplanted from Iroquois colonies in Canada, chiefly, to La Prairie. In 1821, 500 Oneidas settled in Wisconsin on the east shore of Lake Winnebago later extended to the present reservation. The government provided them with Methodist and Episcopal ministers, but a few visited, occasionally, the Catholic churches at Freedom, De Pere and Duck Creek. In 1888 Cardinal Gibbons' "Faith of Our Fathers" was distributed by a benefactor in the reservation and this moved some to join the Catholic church. One man, Stephen Cornelius, had been baptized before in 1884 by Rev. Clement Lau, at the Greenville Catholic Church. In 1889 seven Oneidas were baptized at Keshena. In 1890 eight were received by Rev. P. Lochman at Sagola, six in Keshena and before a year's expiration six again were baptized in Freedom by Father Lochman. His efforts induced the little flock to build there a handsome brick church in honor of St. Mary Immaculate, blessed by Bishop F. X. Katzer, Oct. 25, 1891.

The first service of this mission was held under a large butternut tree at the home of Eli Skenandoah, the present site of the new church. A five acre lot of ground being donated by Mr. Skenandoah for church and cemetery. During the first year there were forty-seven converts, which number grew to seventy in a year. Rev. J. A. Spelbach was the first missionary. On Thursday, May 31 1923 (Corpus Christi) the corner stone of a new church was laid by Msgr. P. J. Lochman of Kaukauna, who was the first priest to

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come among the Oneidas in the reservation. Within a year this church will be completed. (1923).

On Sept. 28, 1898, the Praemonstratensian Fathers of De Pere took charge of the mission. As there were but few priests it could only be visited twice a month. For want of a real leader the church was at a standstill. On Epiphany, 1906, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Lochman, formally installed Rev. H. J. DeKort, who at once undertook to collect funds for the erection of a residence which was built, and two Catholic societies, the Knights of Columbus and the Foresters came forward and promised to contribute to the support of the mission for five years.

The town being about 14 miles long it became evident that a mission church should be built at the north end, and a small church was erected in 1909. This is St. Joseph's church.

In 1910 Rev. H. J. DeKort was appointed master of Novices at St. Norbert's Priory in West De Pere and Rev. A. A. Vissers was appointed to succeed him. He little knew of the hardships that Father DeKort had undergone until he became his successor. He soon found that a parochial school was needed and with $80.00 on hand, started building a school. When about completed and while out collecting funds, he returned to find his school had been burned Sunday night, May 11. The fire marshal pronounced it of an incendiary origin.

NEW SCHOOL BUILT

Inside of two weeks he was excavating for a new school. This is of brick and has an average attendance of 112 pupils. Four Franciscan Sisters of Charity of Alverno, who like their pastor, are giving their services absolutely free, are in charge of the school.

The new church and school will be 50x70 feet and of fireproof construction and will be two stories high with the parish hall in the basement.

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Since all the funds must be collected from strangers it makes it an endless and discouraging task and none but an untiring priest, like Father Vissers could accomplish it. The most loyal spirit of co-operation exists between members of the parish and their pastor.

KESHENA

While writing of the Menominee Indians, who figured so largely in the early days of Suamico and Pittsfield, it will be of interest to know that they have always remained with us. After the "treaty of Green Bay" was made the government took over all of their holdings along the bay, and set off a reservation, to the west, mostly in Shawano County. A few years ago an interesting sketch or description of this reservation was written by one of our Pittsfield boys, James M. Lawrence after making a visit there. By making one or two changes, it is still the existing condition of the reservation told in a pleasing manner as follows:

AN INDIAN VILLAGE

"To one not accustomed to the appearance of Indian villages the settlement at Keshena presents many interesting features. It is approached from the south by the "military road" which was opened about the year 1866 between Fort Howard and Fort Williams (now Superior City) and is situated about nine miles north of the city of Shawano.

The village is not far inside the border of the reservation of Menominee Indians; but enough of wild territory is passed through to give some idea of the character of the people who inhabit it, and woe to the stranger who allows himself to be lured into any of the numerous by-ways, which lead from the main road; for those Indian wagon-roads run in all directions and cross and recross each other at every conceivable angle, and in a most bewildering manner.

The timber in most places is light, so it is not difficult to drive almost anywhere in the forest.

Keshena is found to be a collection of perhaps less than

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fifty houses, but it is very important in the consideration of the Indians. Here are located their church, schools, hospital, the agency with supply storehouse, and other things dear to the hearts of the dependent Menominees.

Here is the hub of the reservation. The wise men from the north and west seek the vicinity of this center to hold their councils, pagan though they may be, and the youths from the remote corners of the reservation consider themselves unfit to go forth into the world, before having visited this, their capital. It is here they come for advice, and to receive whatever patrimony is due them, to consult their priests and receive suggestions from the government agent regarding the means of providing a livelihood.

Ever since this reservation was assigned the Menominees, Keshena has been their chief city; and the present generation has grown up with this as the head center, about which the whole tribe clusters.

The village has one sidewalk, which fronts the row of principal buildings and is particularly shunned by the red men who come to town. The buildings right here are: the agency building, residence of the agent, hospital, residence of the government physician, the old government school buildings, and a few other structures. On the other side of the street, as it were, is the Wolf River, on the bank of which are the store-house, and blacksmith shop. These are at the foot of a long hill and on the north side of Keshena Creek, which here empties into the Wolf.

On the top of the hill on the south side of the creek are located the Roman Catholic Church, and schools, and still farther south, less than a quarter of a mile, on another hill, and in a beautiful location, is the present government school. This school building is the largest structure on the reservation, the main part being 120 x 40 feet, two stories and attic in height, with an addition at the rear 10 x 60 feet. In it are school rooms, dormitories, infirmaries, laundry, kitchen, dining rooms, and work rooms for more than 100 Indian

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children between the ages of seven and twenty years, and also rooms for the employees.

The whole institution is under the supervision and control of the principal and matron who have to aid them in educating the children, an assistant matron, industrial teacher for the farm, carpenter, shoemaker, blacksmith, assistants in the school rooms, laundress, seamstress and cook.

In the morning the children are at work on the farm, in the shop and in and about the buildings. It is a boarding school and most of the work is done by the pupils under the supervision of an instructor.

Each year the crop on the farm consists of hundreds of bushels of potatoes, corn, and turnips, besides hay and other fodder crops; and considerable new land is cleared for cultivation.

A herd of cows is on the farm and the various branches of agriculture are thoroughly taught.

In the school building the girls are employed in cooking, washing, sewing, and keeping rooms in order. Thus nearly all the work about the school is done by the children themselves, who acquire new and practical methods of working, and become quite proficient in their industry. In the afternoon all the children have to be in the school room. As a usual thing the children do not take readily to learning from the printed page, and need a skillful teacher to deal with them, as they advance they become interested and learn quite rapidly. The whole school is conducted without friction and is very popular and homelike. A public school and a fair grounds are more recent additions.

The Roman Catholics began teaching the Menominee Indians as early as 1669, when Father Allouez came to Green Bay and labored with the aid of Father Andre among the Indians along the bay shore. Since that time the Catholics have always maintained some mode of instruction in the tribe, and at Keshena for many years have had a church and school.

At one time they sustained, by fire, a loss of all their

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buildings. These were replaced by new ones, a school for boys, one for girls and a church, all built by Indian labor and costing several thousands of dollars. The Catholic schools are conducted much the same as the government schools, and employ a number of Sisters and Brothers as teachers. They are patronized by a large number of children for whom the government pays the expense each year.

The effects of education on those Indians has not been very marked. Thirty years ago it was rare indeed that any of the older Indians could read or write, perhaps not a dozen in the tribe of more than 15,000 souls. Now a change is noticable. When the younger ones get a good education or go off to schools, they come back and cannot reconcile themselves to the life on the reservation. A few such cases have engendered prejudice against outside schools, consequently a great effort is put forth to give as good an opportunity to them at home schools, as possible.

It is one of the studies of the Indian school problem to make the instruction so practical and efficient as to change entirely the life of the pupil from that of an ignorant, selfish bigot, to an enlightened man or woman, and at the same time, preserve the other essential of toleration of manual industry.

The earnest endeavor of the agent has been to induce the Indians to take up agriculture. The government furnishes seeds and considerable progress is now being made in the way of farming. It is often difficult to persuade the Indians that by remaining at home and cultivating the soil, by simple, patient industry, without hardship, he may produce that which will bring him mittens, moccasins, and meat, without engaging in the roaming hunt. It is gratifying to note the pleasure the Indian farmer takes in his harvested crop. He loves competition and delights in exhibiting his produce at agricultural fairs. They play the game of La Crosse and Polo. The latter game is run or played with a ball and ponies which are trained to carry their skillful riders through the intricacies of the game.

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In the winter time the chief industry of the Indians is lumbering. There is yet on the reservation several millions of feet of pine. Each year some of it is cut. The Menominee Indian mills are at Keshena Falls and at Neopit, north of Shawano, about 36 miles from the latter city. This mill, which is run by steam power, has an approximate annual output of 20,000,000 feet of lumber.

NEOPIT

Neopit is a town of 500 or 600 people, the metropolis of the reservation and newest settlement. It was founded in 1908, soon after the forestry department located the sawmill there, but since 1910 the "Department of Interior" runs the mills. It is on the "Soo" line railroad. It has a Catholic mission and school. There is also a public school in the village. The Indian Agent, Mr. Allen, has made his headquarters here for about two years, so as to be in close touch with the affairs of the mills. There is a large boarding house, maintained for the use of the whites who work in the mills. About one-third of the employes are Indians. There is an assembly hall, a movie theatre, the Reservation store, several private stores, the postoffice, a garage, and about one hundred neat white cottages. A light plant furnishes light for the mill, street and homes.

The cost of maintaining Neopit, is mostly charged against the operation of the mill, as it is all a part of that enterprise. The chief of police and schools are paid out of reservation funds. The town was named after an old Indian chief of the Menominees.

The other mill is near Keshena Falls about eight miles from Neopit, a branch or spur from the railroad runs out to this mill where lumber is loaded. Here the Indians get lumber and shingles for their houses and barns. The profits from these mills are used to improve the reservation and to pay the Indians their annuities.

A grist mill is in connection where wheat and other grains are ground. The mill is a model of simplicity and

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completeness and does good work. These mills were run originally by waterpower, which is abundant in their location at the Falls.

This waterfall is fast becoming known as one of the beauty spots of Wisconsin, and tourists passing that way, all stop to admire it. Keshena Falls is in the northern part of Shawano County, on Highway 16, and is one of the favorite stopping places. On one Sunday of the past summer it was estimated that more than 1000 automobiles either stopped for a short time or spent the day there.

The first rapids are about a quarter of a mile above the falls. From there the Wolf flows placidly down to the second rapids, but a few rods above the falls. The water scarcely recovers from its tumble among the rocks when it plunges down the rocky channel of the final fall, a distance of about twelve feet vertically. The water is confined so that nearly all the volume of the river flows in a channel probably thirty feet wide at the fall.

The surface of the Laurention granite, which crops out in this vicinity, may be seen for many square rods. There are also some huge boulders distributed on the surface of the ground near the falls. About twelve miles farther up the river are the "Smoky Falls," at the lower end of the "Dells" of the Wolf, which sometimes cause log-drivers so much trouble.

At the "Dells" the river rushes through an aperture, naturally less than twenty feet wide in the rock, which rises precipitately to many feet in height. When logs get "jammed" there, it sometimes takes days and even weeks, with blasting material to dislodge them.

A drive on one of the numerous roads winding north or westward brings to view a chain of more than a dozen of the prettiest little lakes imaginable. A ridge of land may be followed, the lakes on one side of the road are drained by the Oconto River, and those on the other side by the Wolf river. There are fish in the lakes; ducks may be found on them and the deer slake their thirst with the crystal water.

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At Keshena, a bridge leads across the Wolf; and following the road up a steep hill, one may find where the Indians hold their "Medicine Dance" each year. A round spot, eight or ten feet in diameter with the sod worn off, is surrounded by a ring, somewhat like a circus ring. This is where the pow-wows take place. The center is occupied by the musicians, who with their Indian drums, furnish the music for the occasion, and the large circle is where a hundred or so of braves, squaws, and pappooses dance, yell, and feast for twenty to thirty-six hours at a time.

On being questioned about the ceremonies an old Christian Indian said that these dances are participated in by the pagan Indians who belong to a sort of secret society. There are regular ceremonies at which any one may be present, but no one outside of the members has ever been able to get possession of the secret. This society has its dances or pow-wows at unequal intervals to appease the wrath of the gods. In the autumn it is the Me-taa-wey, in the winter the Wau-be-no, and in the summer the Shaw-ano.

A year as nearly as they can guess, after the death of a member of the order, a dance is held about the grave of the deceased, and then he is given over to the gods, with the firm conviction that his spirit has been danced into their favor, and will occupy the happy hunting ground, and the society's responsibility for his welfare ceases.

These are by no means the only occasions when these dances are held. Another called the dream dance has been introduced into this tribe from the Sioux and has been celebrated for some years. Some stray Pottawatomies brought the new dance to the Menominees and at the time of its introduction, a war was almost inaugurated. The government agent forbade the celebration, but the Indians persisted in dancing. He then took a gun and went out with the apparent intention of shooting any who did not obey him, but a chief rushed after him with a tomahawk, and he retreated. He went to the nearest telegraph office and asked for troops, which were sent at once from Fort

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Snelling and remained several months; but were never called into action on the reservation.

The government agent was beaten and the Indians still continue to celebrate the dream dance. This dream dance has a deep significance to the Indian. The wandering Pottawattomies appear to be the missionaries who attend to its proper performance, and they come around to participate in the celebration when it occurs. This is explained as being a secret order of Pagans like the others, but entirely separate, though one Indian can belong to more than one.

The legend which accompanies it is, that several years ago a certain prophet of the Sioux had a dream in which the harmonious union of all the Indians of America who had overpowered the whites and regained the whole land, was seen.

The gospel of the order is, that the dances will make the gods hasten the day of the redemption of their lands from the "pale faces," and make the ties between tribes stronger; that when all are joined as one, the Great God will tap his big drum in the heavens and all the white people will be paralyzed. They will have their senses, but be powerless to act. Then the Indians will pass around with a little mallet knocking each white person on the head, killing him; and after that is done, they will resume their old hunting grounds, and live in bliss forevermore. These Indians firmly believe this.

"Why" said one old man who is a member of the dream dance, "it must surely happen," maybe I won't live to see it, but my grandchildren will live where Milwaukee now stands."

About half a mile beyond this dancing place is the grave of the old chief, Oshkosh. Other members of his family are buried here too. There are half a dozen graves within an enclosure, each grave covered by a peaked roof resting on the ground at the head of each grave is a pole on which a flag is supposed to be.

The grave of the chief is at the south side of the enclo-

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sure, at the head is a stake about 3 feet high on which are a series of red X's from top to bottom. The body of Chief Oshkosh was removed to Oshkosh in 1925, with considerable ceremony. A large monument has been erected there.

A son of Chief Oshkosh resides at Keshena. Solomon Juneau was buried on a hill back from the village at the time of his death, but later his remains were removed to Milwaukee where there is a large monument erected in his honor. A small mound marks the original grave. Another old chief remembered by early settlers was Chief Solomon.

(Since the above was written a disastrous fire wiped out the sawmill at Neopit, on Oct. 7, 1924. The buildings burned were the sawmill, power house, warehouse, cold storage plant, the office buildings and two small dwellings. The loss is estimated at $175,000. The mill has been rebuilt.)

"NEOPIT"

Neopit is a village, a quaint but lively town;
It is built beside the old west branch,
Where the logs are floated down.
For Neopit is a lumbering town,
As you will plainly see.
And the great mills runs both day and night.
And is active as a bee.

Neopit owns an iron trail, a railroad by this I mean
It goes winding up among the hills,
And along the old Evergreen
It branches out both left and right,
From off the old main line,
To where the sawyers are cutting down
The hemlock and the pine.

These are cut into logs from ten to twenty feet;
Then they are ready for the scaler
With his rule, and tally sheet.
Then they are loaded onto cars, and are securely bound.

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From here they are shipped to Neopit,
And dumped in the old hot pond.

Thence they are towed up into the mill,
And sawed into lumber by men of skill.
From here the lumber goes out on the chain,
Where it is graded, marked, and scaled again.
From here it is loaded onto carts,
Wheeled out on the train for different parts
Of the lumber yard where it is marked to go,
And is piled in piles in a stately row.

But this is getting off my line;
We'll turn back to Neopit, the town so fine.
Of all the places where one can rest
Dear old Neopit is by far the best.
There is more to this town than just the mill.
There's the big hotel upon the hill.
It is fashioned and modeled right up to date.
And you get very good board at a moderate rate.

Now, just around the corner, to the right,
Is the theater, which has movies every night.
Then just across the street, at the very next door
Is the butcher shop, the bakery, then the department store
This is a wonderful place for campers;
They come for miles around.
For they know there's nothing to hamper,
The joys that here abound.

There are trout streams on three sides,
To the north and east, and west,
And should an angler go to any of these,
He's sure to catch the best.
Oh, yes, and there is scenery
For those of the artistic eye
You can take a walk along the Dells,
Where the evergreen goes flowing by.

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Then there is the forest of virgin timber
Of tall and stately pine,
With its many shady nooks, so soft, so cool and fine.
Then if you came back along the path,
And turn by the old water spout,
You'll come upon the old west branch,
With its many idle trout.

It's fun to stand and gaze at them,
As they lay basking in the sun,
And it tempts one to get out with the rod,
And have a little fun.
Now that we have seen Neopit,
And have visited all around,
We'll take a trip up the hill,
To the Indian's old dance ground.

I think that I forgot to tell
That Neopit is an Indian settlement,
Where the Menominee Indians dwell;
They have their dances every fall
Upon the open ground.
And many Indians gather there,
From miles and miles around
The old bucks sit upon the ground
And beat the kettle drum,
And the squaws, they circle round and round,
And sing in their Indian tongue.

This is a custom which they still hold
Of many ages past.
But they say they're going to keep it up,
As long as the Indian lasts.
So now if you have never seen Neopit,
You've missed something great on earth.
So take my tip and pack your grip,
And you'll have your money's worth.

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"LITTLE MOOSE" TO TELL TRIBE ABOUT FARMING

A Milwaukee student will be the center of interest at the tribal council of the Chippewa tribe to be held at the Bad River reservation in northern Wisconsin during the Christmas holidays. (1923).

Sergt. John Gokee, a full-blooded member of the tribe and now studying at the Milwaukee County School of Agriculture, has announced that he is going on the war path against the primitive farming methods still employed by many of his fellow Indians. At his request the chief is preparing to call a pow-wow, and when John, or "Little Moose," as he is known to the tribe, goes home during the Christmas holidays, he is going to tell his tribe some of the farming secrets he has learned.

Sergt. Gokee's great-grandfather, "Big Eagle," was one of the Indians who with open eyes met Father Marquette when the white stranger set foot in Northern Wisconsin a century and a half ago. The most primitive farming methods were employed by the Indians then and many of the present-day Indians still cling to them.

"I can remember how my grandfather used to plow on his little two-acre tract with a wedge-shaped stone plow, to which was attached a sheet of old tin which would throw off the soil as he went along," Sergt. Gokee recalls. "He made all his own tools, the spades and shovels out of iron and wood. He cultivated the ground with a tooth harrow which he fashioned himself.

"My grandfather raised Indian corn, potatoes and onions, which still form the principal crops on my reservation. The corn was ground in a crude stone mortar, with a stone pestle.

"Later my grandfather got a grant of sixty acres from the government but he still kept on with his old methods. There are about sixty farms on the Chippewa Bad River reservation, but on only a few are scientific farming meth-

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ods employed. This is, I think, because most of the Indians are a little suspicious of the Indian bureau agents and haven't warmed up to their suggestions.

"I think that as a member of their tribe they will have greater confidence in me, and when I complete my course I hope to make the farms on our reservation among the most productive in the state."

According to present plans, Sergt. Gokee will be made an official farm agent of the United States Indian bureau on the completion of his course. During the war he served in Co. E, One Hundred Twenty-seventh infantry. He fought at Verdun, St. Mihiel and Chateau Thierry and was gassed in the battle of the Argonne forests. Sergt. Gokee passed several years at the Carlisle Indian school.

CHAPTER III.

LOCAL HISTORY

Every community has its history of more or less importance, and no people that is wise will leave this to be forgotten or rendered of little value by the uncertainties of tradition.

The early settlers of Pittsfield and Suamico, as is true of pioneers generally, did not deem it necessary to keep carefully prepared records of their movements and business transactions.

This common fault of the age hardly surprise us, when we remember that the necessity was laid upon them to work, to give all their time, thoughts and strength to the making of homes for themselves and their families in the wilderness. As the result of this, much has been lost, and can never be recovered, so meagre are the records.

As we have already given brief sketches of the formation, and the early governments of Wisconsin and Brown County, we will now turn our attention to the organization of the towns of Pittsfield and Suamico.

The two towns which occupy an oblong block in the north-

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ern part of Brown County are bounded on the north by Oconto County, on the east by the waters of Green Bay, on the south by town of Howard and Oneida Reservation, on the west by Shawano County.

In 1852 the town of Pittsfield was organized by proper legislation, being formerly a part of the once large town of Howard. A meeting was held, a petition drawn up, and the name was chosen by Mr. Isaac Knapp, whose old home town was in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Samuel Watkins, Isaac Knapp, Alfred Sensiba, and Josiah Baldwin each held the office of chairman of Pittsfield for one or more years.

On March 16, 1858, a petition, to set off a town to be called Suamico, from the town of Pittsfield, was presented to the board of Supervisors of the County of Brown.

The question was brought up and acted upon in the afternoon session. The new town to be determined as follows: "That all that part of Pittsfield described as Township 25, Range 20 and fractional part of Township 25, Range 21, be, and the same is, created into a town to be known as the town of Suamico." (This fractional part is now called Mudhen Addition.)

The first town election to be held in the school house in School District No. 1 the following April. The election was duly held and Richard F. Flint elected chairman and John Bruce, town clerk. Richard F. Flint was also the county surveyor.

At this time the town of Pittsfield which was to consist of thirty-six sections in Town 25, R. 19. Josiah Baldwin continued the work of chairman until the spring election of 1859. The town meeting was called and met in the upper room of the Allan T. Buckman house. The section line three-fourths of a mile west of Flint's mill was the dividing line separating the two towns. East of this extended line was to be Suamico, west of it was still Pittsfield. The following voters were present at the first meeting in the new town of Pittsfield:

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1. Allen T. Buckman
2. Albert H. Buckman
3. James Brown
4. Welman Brown
5. Thomas Bursell
6. Joseph Corton
7. S. Fletcher Flint
8. Mathias Feist
9. John Getler
10. Israel Hayden
11. H. Prescott Hayden
12. Ezra Hayden
13. Lewis Hale
14. Isaac Knapp
15. Francis Ledger, Sr.
16. Francis Ledger, Jr.
17. John B. Lucia
18. Adam Meetze
19. Frank Miller
20. David Page, Sr.
21. David Page, Jr.
22. Levi Page
23. George Page
24. Augustus Page
25. James H. Potter
26. A. J. Parish
27. W. D. Rice
28. Ernest Streckenbach.
29. Fred W. Streckenbach
30. Christopher Shadaker
31. Wm. Strope
32. Robert Tripp
33. Thomas Woodard
34. Luther Wilson
35. Simon Van Ark

The following officers were chosen: Town board, Allen T. Buckman, H. P. Hayden and Ernest Streckenbach; town clerk, Albert H. Buckman; assessor, James H. Potter; treasurer, Frederick Streckenbach. It is to be said to the credit of the latter that he held this office for the most part of forty years. Charles Kaim was assessor for a long term of years.

A. J. Parish was appointed school superintendent for Pittsfield, two others, Robert Tripp and Albert H. Buckman also held this office before the County Superintendent's office was established in 1861. The road from Indian Brook running west was laid out in 1859. A sum of two dollars for the use of Mr. Buckman's house was allowed at each meeting. These towns have not figured very largely in any previous history or sketch of Brown County. For all that we have been set away in this "neck of the woods" since the 30's and 40's, and to be sure, still farther back to 1671, when the Indians held full possession of the Suamico river and the woods along its banks. True it is, that when the first

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white men came up the bay with Jean Nicolet in 1634, they found Indians in their "teepees" at the mouth of the river. Menominees and Pottowotamies, camping, hunting, gathering berries, and wild-rice, holding sway from the mouth of the river to its source.

The Indians gave the river its name "Ousuamigong," which came to be Suamico. White men from the fort in 1816 came this way looking for timber. It has been told that most of the timbers for Fort Howard, the buildings, stockade and dock, were cut near the Suamico river and towed to the location near the mouth of the Fox River. The tall flag pole at the fort, perhaps, once grew on our own soil.

In 1832 the Black Hawk War became famous, and news of this contest spread to the east and served the purpose of advertising Wisconsin and stimulated emigration and settlements. The Black Hawk War was noted in Wisconsin for the number of afterward famous men who took part in the event. Among them were Abraham Lincoln, who was a private horseman in a company of rangers, Jefferson Davis, Lieutenant Commander Zachary Taylor, afterward President; Wm. S. Hamilton, whose father was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr. William was stationed at Fort Hamilton, he went west in 1850 and died at Sacramento, California, from cholera, the same year. Henry Dodge, the first governor of Wisconsin Territory, also took part.

Land offices were established at Milwaukee, Neenah and Green Bay as early as 1836. Land sales took place at Green Bay as early as 1820. The rumors of the string of forts in the northwest territory, the wonderful timber, fur trading, and great fertility of the land, all seemed to tell the "east" to "go west." In fact Wisconsin was pictured as "the garden of the west."

The hardy eastern men, drawn by land-hunger as well as adventure came to find new homes in the north woods, where they could give their children a better opportunity, and lift their families out of the rut of the old hill farm,

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as it may be. Some were disillusioned and went back. The rest stayed on. To this section settlers came from Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, New England, and New York, as well as Canada, to better their condition mainly.

The people who settled in the towns permanently were eastern people or Yankees, French, Belgian and German. A small settlement of Germans located in the western part of the town of Pittsfield. Belgians in the southern part of Suamico and Howard, and a Mormon colony or settlement flourished for a few years in the town of Suamico about a mile from Flintville. Few Scandinavians came to this section. Polish settlers in both towns are numerous now. These were the only instances where any nationality attempted to cling together. As a rule the mixture of nationalities made good neighborhoods.

They did not at first realize the hardships before them; the privations and discouragements that would overtake them. Some worked on with little more than a determined spirit to stay and see it through. Those who stayed in the loneliness of the woods, spent their lives toiling in garden and home, clearing away the forests till the woodlands became farms. They had no idea of getting rich, such a thought never occurred to them, and who of our pioneers ever did become wealthy? It probably seems to some people as they ride over the roads in the towns of Suamico or Pittsfield, and see the fine farms on either side that the early settlers should all be rich, as they had everything for almost nothing. Let Mr. Albert Buckman's experience in earning two dollars tell the readers how well earned most of the dollars were in the 50's. Mr. Buckman lived in the vicinity of Boyden's farm in Mills Center, in the late 50's. A homesteader lived farther west several miles from there, the man knowing that Mr. Buckman had a team of oxen came down and asked him to haul a load of shaved shingles, for him to Green Bay. "Yes" he would but he had no wagon, he must go to his neighbor, J. H. Potter, two miles away and borrow his wagon. This done the two men and outfit went

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to the homestead and loaded on four thousand shaved shingles, about all they could haul over the rough road. Then they started back with the load getting to the Buckman home near evening, they put up the team, had supper and went to bed. Mrs. Buckman, who had not slept called them at one o'clock. They ate breakfast, fed the team, and got started again with their load. The roads were very bad and progress slow, but they got to Green Bay just after sunrise, fed the oxen for an hour, on the outskirts of the city. Then went on and disposed of their shingles to Mr. George Strong, who was a dealer in shaved shingles, which he shipped south into Ohio, or Illinois. He gave the homesteader $8 for his load, who in turn gave Mr. Buckman $2.50 for hauling. They bought some supplies and started for home, which they reached at early evening. They put up the team and took supper themselves. Then, in the morning, the man having stayed all night took his groceries in a bag thrown over his shoulder, and walked to his home. Mr. Buckman refreshed by a good night's sleep, took his team, returned Mr. Potter's wagon, giving him fifty cents for the use of it. Now just consider that it took Mr. Buckman nearly three days to earn two dollars. It took the other man a proportionate length of time to earn $5.50 besides his material. How long would it take to get rich at that rate? Yet they were contented and worked cheerfully, certainly hoping all the while that the price of lumber and shingles would go up.

Many of the settlers found it a hard struggle to furnish food and clothing for their families, from one season to another. Let us here pay a tribute to the wives and mothers who so ably helped to make both ends meet in the new homes of their choice or fate, until at last they could stop for a "breathing spell" and look back at their work, and see before them the result, beautiful farms and comfortable homes.

A great and good present day author, William Dean Howells, gives a fitting eulogy for a pioneer mother, when

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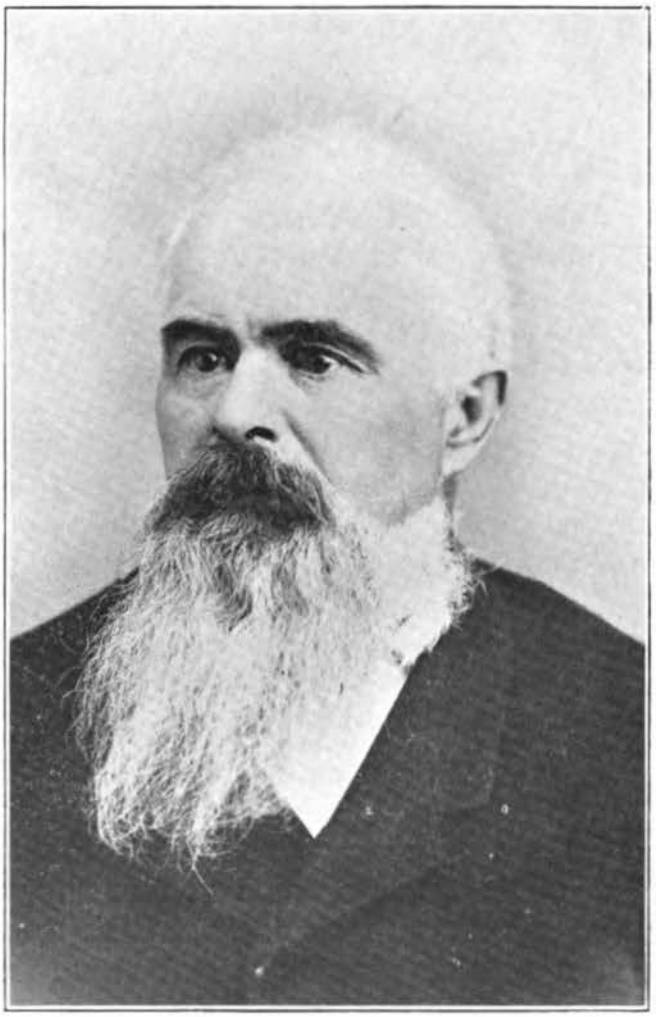
he writes thus: "Why, my mother, she was a little frail thing, not bigger than an intermediate school girl; but she washed, ironed, cooked, made and mended from daylight till dark, and I was going to say from dark till daylight, for I don't know how she got time for sleep, but I suppose she did. I don't know how she got through it all. She didn't seem to think it was anything, and I guess it was no more than my father expected of her." "But it ain't her, on her knees in



ALBERT H. BUCKMAN

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church, that comes back to me so much like the sight of an angel, as on her knees before me at night, washing my poor, dirty little feet, that I'd run bare in all day; and making me decent for bed; I can feel her hands on my feet yet."

"When I hear women complaining now-a-days, that their lives are stunted and empty, I want to tell 'em about my mother's life." Who, when reading this gem from one of Mr. Howell's books, won't think of "Gramma Cook" or "Aunt Sally Tripp," or some other dear little mother, who worked so hard in the early days?

THE OLD TANNERY

About 1848 a young man named McKay came to Green Bay and arranged to buy land and start a tannery. He came to Suamico and camped over night near where John Bruce built his house a few years afterwards. In the morning he felled a tall tree across the river. He crossed over on this and proceeded up the river for two or more miles, looking no doubt for a place where there was a hard bottom in the river. He chose a place, where the old Toussant Tellor flats were known in later years. This place has for more than seventy years been known as "the old tannery bottom." Here he built a tannery and a cabin, and brought his young wife to keep him company in the wild woods. McKay too, was young, not much over twenty years. He hired a crew of white men and Indians, cut bark and piled it. The hides of wild animals and cattle were brought on rafts from Milwaukee and Chicago, tanned and rafted out again to be sold to traders at Green Bay and other places. In about two years McKay sold his holdings to Elisha Morrow, a young man of enterprising qualities, who came from the east in the early years. He was a member of the state legislature from Brown County in 1846-47. He, about this time bought up land and started a real estate business. For some reason he took over this tannery from McKay. In the meantime McKay's young wife sickened and died; being, it is thought,

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the first white person to die in Suamico. The husband took her body away to be buried and gathering up his belongings he left this locality, going to a settlement at Gill's Landing on the Wolf river, where another tannery was built. Mr. Morrow operated the plant for some time with Adam Ackers, but found that the location was too far from market.

The "old tannery" was abandoned for all time. A tannery was soon started in Green Bay. While operating the tannery Mr. Morrow was quite instrumental in putting the Fort Howard and Suamico wagon road through. It had heretofore been a simple Indian trail over which people traveled on foot or on horse-back. If an ox team and wagon undertook to go through, the load was liable to be thrown out more than once as the wheels went over the end of a log or into a pitch-hole. Mrs. Santy was nearly ninety years old when she died in 1923, and often told of her experiences when they came to Suamico in 1850. The family came from northern New York to Green Bay, thence to Suamico. After a year or so they went back to "York State." Mrs. Santy, with her parents and others not long afterwards, made the trip again. At this time there were several French families at Suamico, all closely associated either by relationship or as neighbors, Santys, Abairs, Nolans, Oryalls, Wilcoxs, Ledgers, Bakers, and Pages. These families all took up residence in one long log house built for a boarding house. It was called the "Beehive" on account of the number of people living in it. Here they lived for a time then scattered, some to Pittsfield, others to Duck Creek, Fond du Lac County and Oconto. Some of them eventually rounded up at either Pittsfield or Suamico once more. Mrs. Santy tells of the time she lived at Suamico on the south side of the river; her parents (Abairs) living on the north side. She would take her little seven-year-old girl (Mrs. Bray) in her arms and skip across the river on the logs. One day as she was on her way, a man from the other side started over. The double weight disturbed the logs so much

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that they all nearly went down, but luckily got over. The man was heartily chided for his lack of judgment.

The traffic of busy river work made this district important from very early times. Already the lumber and milling industry destined to form such an important feature in our town's history, began to compete with the fur-trade. Prospectors and business men of the east came to Wisconsin, and eventually to Suamico and Pittsfield to buy land and timber and build mills.

The great industry of the 50's and 60's up to 1875 or later, along the Suamico river and in Pittsfield was lumbering. More than a score of mills did business at one time or another. Older persons can recall that prosperous time in the lumbering epoch. Now, like the rest of Brown County the great interest in both towns is agriculture, and shows small evidence of the great milling period. At the mouth of the river was always a famous fishing ground even when Father André lived in the Indian village. "The shore is now given over to the fishing industry." The large number of nets along the bay shore shows that fishing for all kinds of lake and river fish is a paying business. The export of fish and crabs for the past twenty years has been a valuable asset in Suamico. Now comes the carp industry which is described in the following article by Wm. Valentine, Jr.:

BIG SUAMICO CARP POND TO BE ENLARGED; DEMAND GOOD FROM LARGE EASTERN CITIES

More than 70,000 pounds of fish caught during seining season. They're eating carp in the East and like it. That they like it is testified by the fact that the large carp pond here, the only one in the United States, is becoming too small to supply the demand from New York and Philadelphia.

Although the pond has been in existence less than a year, a large addition is to be "dug" to provide facilities for handling a larger tonnage of live fish.

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The establishment of a carp pond here was an experiment by local and Eastern capital, who sought a means to deliver carp alive to New York, Boston and Philadelphia. That the pond is a success is indicated by the fact that several other fishing villages in Wisconsin are contemplating the construction of ponds modeled along the same line as the one here.

Plans are being made to enlarge the pond to at least twice its present size by extending it to Suamico river on the west end. By so doing, the course of the river will be changed, thus providing an abundance of fresh water as the river course will then be through the pond instead of around it as at present.

In addition to this extension a dam will be built across the river at the west end of the pond. The dam will be about two feet high and of concrete construction. By raising the river about two feet at this point, the capacity of the pond will be increased by several thousand pounds.

SUCCESSFUL SEASON

The past season was a very successful one in one respect. Approximately 70,000 pounds of carp was put into the pond and more could have been obtained but it was necessary to halt operations because of the crowded condition of the fish in the pond.

Several thousand pounds of these fish died, which for awhile gave the impression that the whole undertaking was a failure. However after careful investigation by experts it was found by analyzing the water, that the large amount of dynamite used in excavating for the pond had left the ground full of acid.

This obstacle was soon overcome and the fish are thriving as well as in their natural abode.

The local concern has already shipped two carloads of dead carp and one of live ones. It is planned to ship all fish alive in the future because of the higher prices obtained for this kind of stock.

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The process of laying down live carp in New York and Boston markets, a distance of more than a thousand miles, is one that requires expert management. H. Petompin, manager of the pond, has had many years experience along this line, and is perhaps the largest live fish merchant in the United States. His headquarters are in Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUGHT IN SEINES

The carp are caught in large seines along the shores of Green Bay, when they come in to feed. The spawning season is also one of the best times to seine for the fish, as it is at this time that they come in the shallow waters in large numbers. It is not uncommon to get a haul of 3,000 pounds at one time when the carp season is in full swing.

After a haul has been made, the fish are taken out of the seine and put into live crates, which are scow-like boats made of boards with spaces about an inch wide so that the crates are full of water. After the carp are put into the crates, they are towed to the pond by power boats. Here the crates are lifted out of the water by a crane and pulled on the scales. They are then weighed and dumped into the pond.

The carp are kept in the pond at least three weeks, but mostly always longer, depending on the market. During this period, they are fed whole corn. After they are fed upon corn for a month or so the quality of the meat is greatly improved and the carp sell at much higher prices than otherwise.

TRAVEL IN TANKS

After the fish have been in the pond a sufficient length of time and the market is good they are seined out and loaded into steel cars, which are divided into compartments, or large tanks in which they are taken to the large Eastern markets alive, on passenger train schedules. The fish are

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transferred to the tank cars at night, the rays of the sun having an injurious effect upon them in the day time.

During the trip to the East, the carp demand a great deal of care. Air pumps are kept busy pumping air into the otherwise airtight tanks during the entire journey. Upon arrival in New York the fish are alive and flopping and ready for the market in as good condition as if they had been caught in the Hudson River.

It is expected that between 150,000 and 200,000 pounds of carp will be handled by the pond next season, making the industry one of the largest here, and providing employment for a large number of laborers and fishermen.

Opportunities for enjoying an outing, and combining good fishing with it, are afforded in this vicinity. The North Branch and Haller's Creek are teeming with the "speckled beauties" while the Suamico and bay are full of perch, pickerel, and blue fins, as well as other varieties, although the sturgeon and some other fish are rare now. When the Suamico bank was organized and in process of building, about 1920, the Green Bay paper commented on the progress of Suamico. When the bank is completed, the next thing will be to annex Suamico to the "city." Now, why? Haven't we the best fishing to be found anywhere, and if the city folks want to go fishing where would they find a can of such nice fat worms and such rare fishing as in Suamico and Pittsfield? Better let Suamico stay where it is and let the city come to Suamico when it wants to "go fishing." By the way, a club of Green Bay men have purchased the thirty acre island at the mouth of the Suamico river and have built a splendid club house there recently. More lots are for sale and the prospect is that before many years there will be another "village" in the old "hunting grounds" about Grassy Island and Bass Channel. Here, as then, the whole object in view will be to rest, and to fish. No we aren't ready to be annexed to any city, we like our rural life best.

Here is a fish story by Warren Buckman, who says he was there and can vouch for its truth:

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When Weed's Mill just below Tremble Station was running it had the lowest Dam on the river, and in the spring the suckers used to run up to it and could get no farther. The dam was built on a flat lime stone ledge with a long sluice way, when they were sluicing logs there would be three feet of water between the sluiceway and the shore, this would be filled with fish. Charley Lusha of Big Suamico had a board shanty where he was dressing and packing fish. In the work he had a barrel with a hole bored through each side, and a pole run through by which to carry it. He had two dip nets which he loaned for every third lift and this was enough to keep them busy. One day the mill crew had been sluicing logs for some time when they dropped the gate and the water below the dam ran off very quickly, leaving about two feet of fish between the sluice and the bank, and only one foot of water to cover them. George and Ezra Hayden grabbed Lusha's barrel and Welman Brown got a scoop shovel and went into the river and scooped up several barrels of fish before they got worked down into the water enough so they could swim again. It was rare fun and is yet, to go after suckers in the early spring, although at the present time there are no dams to bother fishermen."

TELEPHONES

In the early 70's a telephone of the Bell or Wisconsin Company was put in to Big Suamico depot. A branch line was extended to Lamb Watson & Co. store in Flintville and used as a toll line. Stock was sold to local people, and the service was found useful for a time, but not a paying proposition, and was discontinued; and poles and lines were taken down. The Wisconsin line is still in Suamico, and installed in various homes and places of business. The Pulaski Phone Co. was organized in 1909. About 300 shares of stock in the company are extended throughout the towns of Pittsfield and Suamico as well as towns in Shawano County and some in Oconto County.

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The Badger Utility company has the controlling interest in the stock. It is a great help to the farmers and business men to have the telephone which is connected with Green Bay, and other cities right in their own houses.

In other days when the farmer and business man had business to transact with his neighbor or in town, he had to hitch up his horse, and spend hours to do it, now, he has but to turn his elbow and telephone his wants and is answered at once. Wouldn't the oldest settlers marvel at the uses of those new, and now necessary, inventions? The telegraph and telephone, the graphophone, the automobile, the typewriter, radio, and many other new and time-saving inventions as well as the valuable and wonderful service of electricity can be named.

Now as we are about to close, the latest news is that the Wisconsin Railroad Commission O. K.'s the Flintville Telephone extension, and that Big Suamico Telephone Company are to string ten miles of wire the coming season. How we grow. Surely if one of our old boys were to come back now he would certainly be surprised to see how the old town has come on.

THE HARNESSING OF NATURAL POWER

In years gone by the dam at Flintville furnished power to run the water wheel in the mill of Willard Lamb, and Flint, but was replaced by steam when Lamb, Watson and Co. took over the holdings. The dam being then only used to float logs down the river. C. E. Kanute bought the mill lands and all other property from the Van Norstrands, who in their turn got it from Lamb, Watson & Co. He used the power from the dam to run his grist mill, which he established. This mill was replaced by a fine new mill in 1882, with an engine which did the work which had once been done at the old dam, which went to decay. Now only a few old timbers show where the dam once did a great service.

When the new grist mill was built by Mr. Kanute and his son-in-law, George N. Burts, the town was proud of it.

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Before putting in partitions and machinery, an opening dance was held, where one hundred couples tripped the light fantastic till the small hours of the morning. This mill, too, is now gone, by fire. Mr. Habeck, who bought out the Kanute belongings has now a smaller mill in which he makes flour and meal.

The tall towers which we see at intervals through the town of Suamico along the St. Paul R. R. are supports for electric wires which transmit power created at High Falls on the Peshtigo river, about six miles from Ellis Junction. This is the scene of one of the most successful pieces of engineering work in the country, and has received world-wide comment. The current from this plant is carried for more than one hundred miles and furnishes the power at Manitowoc, Green Bay, De Pere, and other towns in Brown County for all electricity used for lights, street-cars, etc. A large dam is now being built at Johnson's Falls on the Peshtigo River, which will increase the amount of current, and the Wisconsin Public Service Co. will extend its transmission lines to towns and industries in Marinette County. The future of this wonderful enterprise looks very bright.

To describe the old water-wheel mills a bit. Each mill was built near the bank of a river where a dam was put across the stream which furnished power to turn the wheels of the mill, there were over-shot, under-shot and the tide wheels; but the turbine was a comparatively new invention in the fifties and most used in the early mills of Wisconsin.

A flume under the mill was a large square box-like place where the wheel was placed in position to turn over or around. A tail-race was connected to the mill and a chute brought the water to the wheel. The water could be shut off by a gate or devise of some kind. A windlass drew the logs into the mill from the pond, on chains or cables. This was called "jacking logs." The pond was deep and the logs filled the space above the dam and were held in place by large "boom sticks" or timbers. The modern mill has many devices which were totally unknown in those old mills.

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Steam "set works." The "piano" and "nigger," the "jammer" and band-saw, and other new things which were not invented when the old mills turned out lumber from the finest pine trees in the country.

In 1849 or 1850 a man named Wheelock built a mill at Suamico. He later sold this mill to King and Crosby and moved to California. His son married a Suamico girl. A number of men without families came in about 1851 and 1852. They worked in the woods in the winter, built log houses and brought their families the next year.

In 1853 one Adams, John Donavon, John Lucia, Robert Tripp, Joseph Precor, Alfred Sensiba and son George, Samuel Watkins, Frederick Krouse, Stephen Burdon, J. Kitchen, Adam Ackers, Christian Howard, came and brought their families. F. Krouse started a brick yard at Suamico.

Albert Sensiba built a log hotel or boarding house near where the old bridge crosses the river. About this time he married Densie Hubbard, a daughter of Mr. Hiram Hubbard, Sr., of Fort Howard. Her brother Hiram married Sarah A. Tripp, and a sister was Mrs. Churchill of Fort Howard. The Sensibas kept this hotel for a number of years, sold it and removed to Green Bay. Albert Sensiba was drowned while a mate on the "North Star." Their daughter, Mrs. James Tiernan, lived in Green Bay, and their son, Bert, lives in Iron River, Mich. Other sons are in Michigan. Later the hotel was sold to Joseph Potrais, who kept a tavern on the "telegraph Road" near Duck Creek in the town of Howard. This old tavern has been gone for years, and a substantial farm house stands on the site.

The Potrais family lived in the old hotel for a few years and as traffic on the new road increased, Mr. Potrais built a new and larger house across the road in 1874 or 1875; this hotel is now the property of a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Potrais, A. H. Bouchard, who has recently moved it to a spot nearer to highway 41. Joseph Potrais still lives at the old house. He is blind, but feels at home in the home of his younger days. (He died in 1926). In 1853 and '54 the

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Lucia, Ledger, Tripp and other families came from northern New York. From 1854 to 1857, Chauncey Wilmot, William Bruce, E. D. Burnham, James Whidden, Samuel Daggett, Charles Daggett, Christian Marks and Christian Erdman came to Suamico. Some had families and went about looking up locations for homes. Mr. Marks and Mr. Erdman were coopers. Staves and hoop-poles were cut and made into barrels and tubs in their little shops. About 1880, W. Townly and Graves cut hoop-poles.

Five soldiers, who were discharged from the Fort (Howard) came to Suamico seeking work; they stayed, and all married young Menominee women, five sisters; Adams, Seeley, Taylor, Moses and Fredenburg, were the names of the men. Their descendants live at Suamico, Duck Creek, Green Bay, and other places, to the present time. "Bob" Ferguson married one of the Adams daughters. She after his death married Peabody Danes, and a Mr. White. Some of the Adams family have always remained at Suamico. In 1857, the families of John Cook, David Danes, Peter Baker and his brothers, Nelson and David, Ned Ray, Charles Lucia, Isaac Burdeau, (the last three married daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Cook), Charles and Pulaski Fraker came to Suamico.

David McMonagle, David Green and Charles Kincaid came the next year. Green and McMonagle married Suamico girls.

John Cook and his family soon settled on a quarter section of land not far from the river, in fact the river ran through the farm. He built a log house, blocked and sided up. Here they lived for some years, working, jobbing and striving to get along. This house in later years was owned and occupied by John Cook, Jr. It is only within very recent years, that the old house was replaced by a new one, built by the present owner.

Mr. Cook bought a tract of land on the other side of the river where there was a rude tavern or stopping place called the "Rough and Ready House," here the family moved and

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lived during the lives of both Mr. and Mrs. Cook. The farm is now owned by Robert Vickery. The old house which was owned first by James Whidden was rebuilt and was a favorite stopping place for the stage, with travelers from Escanaba to Green Bay, as well as for river drivers and lumbermen. Here the most substantial and satisfying meals were served; the most cordial reception given the wayfarer. Old time hospitality was shown, and the house was a favorite place for friends and relatives to gather and have a jolly good time. A large family of six daughters and three sons married and settled near by. But two of the family still live, Mrs. Electa Valentine and John Cook, Jr.

Speaking of the hospitality of the old settlers, a story is told of a good woman who wrote to a dear friend who lived half way across the state. She invited her friend to come and spend Thanksgiving with her. "We will have hot biscuits and the best milk gravy I ever made," she wrote.

Modern women are not so loyal to the word of their husbands as were the wives of early times. The story-telling habit in those days was practiced more or less truthfully; for a good story should not be spoiled by adhering too closely to the truth; so thought Mr. Brunette. He would tell the most impossible tales of adventures he had made, and of animals he had killed, and so on, always making himself the hero. When his hearers, as they usually did, doubted the truth of his story, he would turn to his wife and ask her, in French, if something was not a fact, she would turn her smiling face to the others and say, "Oui, Oui," meaning yes, yes. He, of course, had not asked her the same thing he had told to them.

Another man who drove team for R. Flint way back in the 50's, often told of one wonderful and miraculous escape he made. The story goes thus: "One afternoon as it was nearing sundown, he was driving toward home on the ice on the Bay, the 'crack' in the ice half a mile from the shore had opened since he crossed it early in the morning. What was to be done? The only thing he could do was to make the

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horses jump over it, so he got them under good headway and when they came to the 'crack,' over they went. In the morning he want back and measured the opening and found it thirty feet wide. Years afterwards he was telling the favorite story. His hearers said, 'why Mike, don't tell us such a lie. You know that can't be so.' His wife spoke up and said, 'Oh, yes, that's true, I've heard him tell it before.' "

Recently a tale of C. Tuttle and Sons' fish truck was told. "While homeward bound from Red Banks with a load of blue-fins the truck broke through the thin ice of the place on the bay commonly known to fishermen as the 'crack," and settled into the water, only the front wheels staying above the water.

"The crew abandoned the truck and walked home. At night a number of neighbors volunteered to raise the truck, which they did. After the flivver was pulled out of the water she rambled along home, no worse for her experience." Now modern inventions usually come out best; but if this car was as good as Mike's team it would have jumped the "crack."

In the times when the clearing around the "city" was not large, the cows would wander away two or three miles into the woods along winter logging roads and browse and feed till night; but not like chickens, they would not come back at night, and some one had to go and find them, and drive them home. Only to repeat the same act the next day. Each cow had a bell hung on the neck.

Once, when D. Rice was looking for the neighborhood cows that had not been found the night before, he came out of the woods three or four miles from the mill. It was after Munro's had moved onto their homestead, and he went to their house. He was hungry and Mrs. Munro hastened to get him a "bite," for he had not had any breakfast. She had no bread, so she took a piece of her dough which was raising by the stove, flattened it nicely on the stove lid, and baked it on both sides, and soon he was eating his hot cake with

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butter and syrup, with great satisfaction. He says, "it was one of the best meals I ever ate." He was hungry.

It has been said that "Irish and Scotch hospitality was no mere traveler's tale, but a thing that had intensity and not a little emotion in it."

Mrs. Munro for more than forty years in the backwoods of Suamico township demonstrated this rule about her Scotch ancestors. She fed the hungry many times, and was always ready with a cheering cup of her good tea for any friend who stopped to greet her. Even in her feeble old age she had an able assistant in her daughter-in-law who lived with her. No sooner did one of her friends drop in to chat a moment with the stricken old lady, than a pot of tea was brewing. She was pleased and would say, "drink it; it will help you on your way." She was motherly to every boy, especially if his own mother was far away. A tribute was paid to this good woman long after she was dead. It was at her daughter's funeral. The young minister, who had the service said, "I feel that I should be sitting among the mourners today, when I think of this woman's mother, whose kindness to me when I was a motherless boy, I can never forget."

MAIL AND POSTOFFICE

The first mail come to Suamico in 1856. John Bruce was appointed postmaster. He received no salary; he hired a man, Mr. Toussant Tellor, to carry the mail on his back to and from Green Bay twice a week.

A year or so after, Mr. Wm. Bruce was appointed as the second postmaster. Peter Krause was postmaster for seven years. When the North-Western Railroad came through Suamico in 1871; the depot was built and the postoffice was placed in it. D. F. Smith, the depot agent, was appointed postmaster, which office he held for many years. The office is still there in charge of the depot agent, Chas. R. Swanson. Mail for the rural route is sorted there. Mr. Swanson is now entering his 25th year in the Suamico depot and postoffice.

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The mail at Flint's mill was brought from Fort Howard for years, and distributed in the store. About 1871 it was decided to ask for a postoffice. A mass meeting of all the voters was held. The name Flintville was chosen in honor of the family who had been so popular in years gone by. The first postmaster was Louis R. Lamb, Jr., and the office was in Lamb Watson & Co. store. C. E. Kanute was postmaster for a number of years. Mrs. Sarah Burdeau was the last one when the R. F. D. route was accepted. The mail now goes to Flintville from Suamico on R. F. D. No. 1.

Mills Center secured a postoffice August 2, 1867. S. Wight was the first postmaster. Kunish and Pittsfield were two small offices in the western part of the town of Pittsfield. All are now abandoned. The rural routes bring mail daily from Green Bay and Pulaski.

The old mailcarriers from Suamico depot or Tremble station to Flintville postoffice were Lora Packard, who carried the mail pouch on his back to and from Suamico, for several years. Then came Willard Burdeau, Mr. Terwileger, J. C. Purdy, and James Martyn and members of his family, with their old yellow horse. Since the rural routes have been established, routes 8 and 9, Green Bay, No. 1, Pulaski, and No. 1, Suamico, deliver the mail daily along their lines.

William Moore, the first person about Flintville to die, being a relative of Mrs. Hayden, was buried in the Hayden field. Others of the family died from time to time and were buried here also. Each grave was surrounded by a little board fence. In the course of years quite a number of graves were within this small "God's Acre."

In 1882, when the Congregational Church was to be built, it was decided to build it near the grave yard, and Mr. Hayden and Hiram D. Page donated four acres of land to be used as a cemetery and a church site.

The cemetery was named "Rural Cemetery." A quiet green spot where so many of the first settlers lie sleeping their last long sleep, far from the homes of their childhood, in this, their chosen land.

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The cemetery at Mills Center, at the corner of the Wilson farm, near the church, is another quiet resting place of the loved dead. A newer and smaller cemetery is at Kunish, in the vicinity of the German churches.

Mrs. Eunice Knapp, wife of Israel Knapp, was buried in the field of their woodland farm, in the early '60's. Her grave, with a marble slab, is still there, a mute reminder of one who is no longer remembered on the Sheedy farm. Mrs. Knapp was a capable housewife, and although blind for some years, attended to her home duties.

The climate of Suamico was from early days considered very healthful, and it was the boast of early settlers that the first man to be buried in the grave-yard on the hill, by the river, was drowned.

The olden time settlers of Suamico are resting almost to a man or woman in this old cemetery, a place of saddened memories, and lowly graves; only an old fashioned stone to mark each spot, moss grown and neglected in their age.

The newest cemetery is the Catholic cemetery near the church at Flintville. Here, too, a number of our first settlers lie buried.

Willard Lamb and Oscar Gray were the first to start the settlement at what is now Flintville. It was in 1849. They built the mill and operated it for about four years and then sold it to Flint and Brown. At the mill the oxen and horses were shod in the blacksmith shop near the bank of the river below the wagon bridge. Various men worked here. One man was Henry Weyenberg, who came here from Little Chute in 1855, to work in the blacksmith shop. His brother Martin worked in the mill. Martin Weyenberg married Ellen Hayden, of the Silas Hayden family, in 1857. Mrs. Weyenberg died in 1875 at Little Chute, leaving her husband, six daughters and one son.

At Lamb Watson company's mill, Moses Porrier, "Tip" Lawrence and John Doney were capable blacksmiths.

Wagons were at first shipped into Green Bay by boat, but soon a blacksmith shop in Green Bay, operated by Frederick

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Straubel took up wagon making. Some time near 1850, Albert Weise started a wagon shop. The linch-pin wagon wheel had no iron skeins on the axle and no iron box in the hub. It had an iron pin which was inserted to keep the wheel on the axle-tree. This was called a linch-pin. They greased the axle with pine tar.

W. D. Rice had a pair of "Mooley" oxen and a linch-pin wagon in 1860, with which he hauled shingles to Green Bay, hay from the marsh and any other work that he found necessary. Tales of these oxen turning the yoke and running away have been told.

HARD TIMES

Since the early days in our towns it has been difficult to distinguish the times either "good" or "hard." Those men and women who lived a year or two before the Civil war broke out, can remember the critical period in the nation's existence.

The times were hard, all the while for the pioneers, since their coming to the wild, new country. The first universal "hard times" came in 1857 to 1859. Men had to work for fifty cents a day. Those in the lumber business fell flat, the price of lumber was so low it did not return the cost of production. The feeling of unrest in the south caused many articles like cotton and sugar, molasses and tobacco to become high priced and hard to get.

The war came on and prices continued to soar. The settlers made maple sugar, soft soap, and corn bread and roasted grain for coffee, only keeping a little bit of tea for "company" and a mite of Castile soap with which to wash the baby.

Nowadays when we see a young lady wash her stockings with "Cashmere Bouquet" toilet soap, and the newly-wed housewife wash her windows and dishes with "Lux," we want to tell them of the hard times in the days of their grandmothers.

People complained in the time of the World War about the

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"substitutes" sold in order to save flour, but the sacrifices of 1918 were small beside those of 1861. The women at that time even wore home-made shoes.

Before the people fairly recovered from the effects of the war a panic struck the East, banks failed and many a rich man became penniless, among them was our own western soldier, General Grant. This was from 1870 to '73. After that another brightening up of affairs came on. Then a business panic struck the country in 1893, which was severely felt in Wisconsin. Scores of banks failed and prices went up. From 1896 to the Spanish War was another period of low value of money, high prices and shortage of work. Mills and factories all over the United States closed down. The country was swarming with idle men. It was at this time that the name "Tramp" was coined.

This period which was followed by the Spanish War, changed the general condition of prices and production. In the farming and dairying centers prices of grain, hay, eggs, and butter began to go up and have never gone back to the old ones.

Though that fact has been overbalanced by the increased prices in manufactured goods, and still higher prices put upon the farm products after they leave the farm. Another panic began to be felt in the fall of 1907. It began in New York City. As the people did not lose their heads and some wealthy men as Morgan, Stillman and Rockefeller sent money to be loaned, the depression soon worked itself off, and Wisconsin was not involved to any great extent. The World War made changes in the times, for better and also for worse.

Here is a fable which shows that it is best to keep on kicking, no matter whether we have "good" or "hard times."

"Once upon a time two frogs who had been living in comfort and ease in a cool pool of water were accidentally scooped up by a pious milkman in a bucket of water, which he poured into his can in order to give his milk more body, and thereby increase his revenue. The frogs were aston-

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ished to find themselves in an unknown element, in which it was not possible to support life, and they had to kick vigorously in order to keep their heads above the milk. One of them became disheartened by being shut up in the dark, in an element entirely new to him, said: "Let's give it up and go to the bottom; it's no use kicking any longer." The other said: "Oh, no; let's keep kicking as long as we can, and see what the outcome will be. Maybe things will change presently." So one frog gave up and went to the bottom. The other kept kicking, and when the pious milkman got to town and opened his can, behold the frog had kicked out a lump of butter large enough to float him and he was sitting on it very comfortably.

Moral: "In hard times never give up, but keep kicking."

ILLICIT LIQUOR MAKING

In our early history one can remember reading or hearing of moonshine in Kentucky and Tennessee, but at the present time "moonshine" is plentiful in Brown County and the wonder is, why is the making and selling of it not prevented or stopped.

It has been going on ever since the prohibition amendment went into force, and laws have been made to stop the traffic—but sad to relate, these laws are like lots of others, on the statute books, they are not being enforced as they should be.

Our county has been conceded to being one of the wettest of moonshine counties in the state of Wisconsin. There are dozens of stills in the county operating at a capacity all the time. The whereabouts of mist of the stills are known to a good many people; yet they are not suppressed.

It is to be hoped that the business will soon die out of itself, and the patrons become less patronizing.

William Allen White, commenting editorially on the fact that more than 2,000 persons were killed by poison liquor in the country this year, said:

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"When a lot of old soaks stuff their copper lined intestines with illicit hootch, in violation of the eighteenth amendment, and get killed in the process, it is supposed to call for tears. There is just one way to keep from death by illicit hootch in this country. Obey the law. If a man defies it he takes his chance, and if he dies—see if we care."

DOING CHORES

The time honored phrase or proverb, "A woman's work is never done," has a close second on the farm. Boys and men on the farm, as well as the women, have chores to do.

"The idea is, that we are getting away from the good old spirit of chores. 'Tis a homely word; but good, honest English, and it is one of the gems of our history. We can't afford to lose it.

Times have changed. Indeed they have! Primitive methods have given place to modern ways. We have comforts and conveniences of which those hard-headed, hard-handed pioneers never dreamed. Machines do a lot of the work that used to be done by hand; and yet there are still chores to be done; and it is a pity if we're all going to be too fine to do them. Let's cherish the dignity of labor. Let's have more of the old time American simplicity."

Our first settlers had to work and struggle for a living. They worked with their hands and their heads. They swung the ax, and the hoe, the cradle and the scythe. They ploughed and sowed and reaped; they fed and watered the cattle and horses. They hauled the corn and the wheat to the old mill at De Pere, or to Green Bay, to the Hoeffel mill, or to Cedar Creek, to Smith and Daley's mill, and brought home their grist of flour and meal. A trip like this often taking twenty-four hours.

"There were always chores to do, and pretty nearly everybody had a share in the doing. It was hard work; but there was a certain noble quality in it. You couldn't beat it for

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discipline. It made faithful, reliable workers, and it built up character."

Indeed, it is a new world we live in. Yet not a fairy world. Even in the house, the sewing, washing, ironing, cooking, canning and baking do not get done by spooks or brownies. Some one must be laboring at these chores that somehow have to get done, if folks are to consider themselves "civilized."

RED BANKS

On the eastern shore of Green Bay, nearly opposite the mouth of the Big Suamico River, is a marked prominence known as "Red Banks." It is a notable land mark, consisting of a red clay eminence, which projects into the bay at a height of perhaps one hundred feet above its water and about two or three thousand feet along its shore; and is so prominent that it has for all time been a reliable sailing mark for navigators along that shore.

It is more especially notable, also, for those acquainted with its structure, as being the locality of what seems to have been the site of an Indian fort, the marked military style having all the outlines of a work of defense or offense. It encloses several acres of ground within earthen walls several feet high, so located as to be easy of defense against any attacking party from the land approach, and so located on the bold shore as to be proof against attack from the water.

Its only point of access from the water side is by a winding path, so steep as to forbid hostile approach, and yet a means of reaching the waters of the bay for the inmates of the fort.

Many other features point it out to all observers as having been, at some remote time, a notable military locality, with bastions around its walls, and with all such outlines as would probably be adopted by a solid and compact force, determined to resist all attack from hostile outsiders.

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This is the briefest description possible, with only a mere allusion to the place which stands out so bravely on our opposite shore and does not cover the many points which indicate that, at some time and under some people, it was a standard place for a military establishment of strength. When that time or what the people or tribe, is almost useless to discuss.

We have historical facts to show that an historical people who came with Nicolet, Allouez and Marquette brought the knowledge of military defenses with them, but before their time, the road widens into broad avenues from which went the Aztecs and their brethren. Whether they ever came so far north is not known, although speculation hints that they did. Thus opens the broad field within which the question of these early forts and "Indian Mounds" and so on, are located. At any rate, this remnant of an ancient fort should be held as a work of positive value, historically.

This stronghold has no written history, nothing but a legendary tradition, telling of a great battle which was fought by several tribes against the Sauks and Winnebagoes who lived about "Red Banks." There is a legend which was told by an old Menominee Indian woman, Margaret "O Kee Wau," who it is claimed was 125 years old when she died and who lived within the memory of the first settlers here. She received her story from her grandfather when a child. "The fierce battle raged many days. The enemy surrounded the fort and kept the defending Indians really prisoners. They were hungry and dying for want of water."

"At last," so the legend runs, "about the tenth night, a deep sleep came upon the besiegers, through some magic spell placed upon them by a spirit which warned the prisoners. While the enemy slept the long, deep sleep the inmates of the fort fled far away. A few who would not heed the warning were cruelly murdered next morning.

In the memory of the old squaw the fort was never again occupied and went to decay. Thus we get the story of the very end and not the beginning of this great breast-work.

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The Winnebago tribe never had a settlement in the vicinity again, but were located around Lake Winnebago and other parts of the state.

A record is made of a cruel battle being fought at Lake Butte Des Morts (Butemore) between the Winnebagos and the Sauks.

We feel that Red Banks and the other Indian locations belong to the history of Suamico. The Indians loved and owned the land as far as they could see. A Green Bay man writes of this locality: "Plymouth Rock is a national shrine (every school boy and girl knows about its history from 1620), but hidden away amid pines and birches of northeastern Wisconsin is a great granite boulder that marks a place which to many of us is equally hallowed."

At "Red Banks," on the eastern shore of Green Bay just a few miles north of the city of that name lies this rough marker. It bears a bronze tablet, placed there by the Wisconsin Historical Society and tells us that Nicolet, the vanguard of a great following of Jesuit explorers and fur traders, landed at this point in 1634, just fourteen years after the Mayflower had dropped anchor in Plymouth harbor."

A Winnebago village was located here. The Indians are pictured on a wall in the court-house in Green Bay as greeting Nicolet as he landed. A mission was located in 1670 between this village and the great Pottowatomie village near Point Au Sable. This point was named by the French, the word means "all sand" in the French language.

An Indian tale is told by some of the oldest settlers of Menominee, Michigan, that some time in the early years of the last century a great battle was fought between the Menominee Indians and their friends and the Chippewas and some of their friends. It took place near the city of Menominee near the bay shore. There were seven hundred Indians on one side and nine hundred on the other, all painted and feathered. The few white people took refuge in an old grist mill. The fight was carried on for two or three

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days. At last with only a few men left on either side they stopped and held a council, at which it was agreed that an "imaginary" line be drawn through Wisconsin, the Chippewas holding one side, the Menominees the other for their home and hunting grounds. This line has always been respected and neither tribe has ever trespassed on the other's ground. Not many years ago a Menominee seeing a Chippewa Indian in Marinette County spoke thus: "Why for he over here? This not his hunting ground."

From Suamico at the mouth of the river, the bank is plainly visible; and from Pittsfield, at the old Hayden farm near "Buckman's Hill' and on a knoll "back of the sand hill" on Rice's farm a view of Red Banks can be obtained. On a bright summer afternoon when the western sun throws its glowing light on the red wall, it reminds one of the "pictured rocks." At least twelve miles distant, over the tops of trees the blue-green waters of the bay may be seen; on past that, the red bluff and still farther are fields of yellow and green, while houses and waving lines of white clothes are in plain sight.

On the water may be seen a sail boat, like some white-winged bird on the breast of the bay. The light house on the point of the island towers like a lone sentinel, watching the changing scene.

LONG TAIL POINT

This point of land, extending from the town of Suamico in a southeasterly direction out into the waters of the bay, is a long, low, narrow point of sand—a sand bar in fact. In some places it is covered by water. Upon this point stands the old stone-tower light house.

The following is a description given of the light station in the bay: "The old stone tower on 'Long Tail' was built in 1847, and has been a land mark for all those years. The tower was surmounted by an iron lantern; and the house of the keeper of the light was only a few feet to the north and also built of stone. This light house was abandoned in 1859

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and a new frame one erected." The old stone one was built on the sand and it was feared that it would wash out and fall, but it was a groundless fear. The new one is 27 feet square —three stories high. The ground sills are resting on iron piles eight feet apart. "The light surmounting the tower was a fixed white light of the fourth order, the local plane sixty feet above the water was visible fifteen miles."

"The present 'Tail Point' light station is a fixed light of the fourth order, visible fourteen miles. It is fifty-six feet high, standing on the westerly side of the channel.

The fog signal is a bell struck by machinery at intervals of ten seconds. Grassy Island is about a mile out and has a light on either end of the cut. Both lights are white lights of the sixth order. The keeper's frame house is on the island between the two lights. (Ref. Martin's History of Brown County).

Little Tail Point is farther down the bay toward Little Suamico. Along the bay shore buoy lights mark several obstructions; a crib light is at Peshtigo reef.

The old Indian camping ground was in the vicinity of Grassy Island, although not definitely set down in the Jesuit Relations, other writers have what they think is sufficient proof that the Indian village was on the mainland, on the south side of the river on what has been the old Tremble farm and mill property, now owned by Nels Anderson.

The Indian trail was close to the shore and their bark canoes, their means of travel to and from other villages and the mission church at De Pere. There have been quantities of arrowheads, hatchets and pieces of pottery found at this place. Fire pits or places where fires had been built, have been located in recent years.

It is more than likely that the same place was occupied by Indians who were here at the beginning of the last century, and the fire pits no doubt were theirs. The Jesuit Relations plainly locates the village and shows that Father Louis André lived among the Indians on our shore.

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However, one feels that, even though the exact spot is not definitely known, the locality is marked by the old stone tower, the first signal light at this end of the bay. It is a monument to Suamico's historic Indian village, as well as to the brave men who first sailed the waters of Green Bay.

In the old stone light house, the first keeper was John P. Dousman. Thomas Atkinson was the last and held the place for a number of years.

In the new wooden light house among early keepers can be recalled David Fleury; John Hamm, a discharged soldier; Marcus Shaler; William Mitchell and Captain Gaylord, a retired lake captain. The captain was a familiar figure in Suamico for many years. His old craft, the "Rocket," traveled the bay and lake back and forth for more than thirty years and carried many loads from the Suamico dock. Captains Trowell, Lake, Lobdell and Hawley were also Suamico visitors.

No mineral is found in either town except gravel in various places. A limestone pit on a farm near Kunish Corner in Pittsfield was opened in 1900.

Louis Gokey had lime kilns at the south side of Sec. 13, Pittsfield for a number of years. A fair grade of lime was made.

A skating and swimming place on the river near the kilns was an attraction for the Flintville boys and girls both summer and winter.

The water supply has always been pure and plentiful. The water from dug and stoned wells has been satisfactory, the veins resourceful. In several places artesian or flowing wells have been drilled to a considerable depth, through solid rock to three, four or even five hundred feet sometimes.

Wild rice grew in the marshes and was one of the attractions for Indians who camped near the mouth of the Big and Little Suamico rivers.

In the early days wild animals were plentiful in the forests. Lynx or wild cats were frequently seen or heard. Bears and deer were plentiful. The bear lived on berries

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and nuts and possibly small animals, rabbits, coons and the like.

Wild ducks and geese visited the wild-rice fields in the autumn. The rabbit, gopher, and squirrel were found. They lived in the trees and under their roots or in old logs.

PULASKI

The place where now the thriving village of Pulaski stands, at the intersection of three counties, Shawano, Oconto, and Brown, was up to 1880 a wild, swampy corner; a windfall of forest trees; untraveled and almost unknown. John J. Hoff of Chicago, a man with some money and a great deal of ambition and persuasive power, got in touch with some Polish miners and other Polish people who had not been in this country very long, and who were seeking a place to make homes for themselves and families.

Mr. Hoff secured a large tract of wild land in Shawano county, called it "Hofa Park" and advertised in a very skillful way, by issuing a booklet, representing nicely laid out farms, schools, churches and orchards.

It was attractive to those people, who so wished to find such a wonderful place to make a home. The land was bought "unsight and unseen" at $1.25 to considerably more per acre. The emigrants came in colonies and had to stay. Some settled at Hofa Park, some at Pulaski and some at Sobieski, a station on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R., at which place Mr. Hoff made his headquarters for some time, taking and letting contracts for building roads and making other improvements.

At Pulaski, a station on the new line of C. & N. W. R. R., a few settlers proceeded to build themselves houses and clear a little land for a garden. On November 15th, 1885, a little band of worshippers gathered in the office of J. J. Hoff, in Pulaski, while the Rev. L. Pescinski celebrated mass. That service marked the founding of the congregation of the "Church of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin." On

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March 28th the Franciscan Monastery for boys was started under the supervision of some Franciscan monks.

So much might be told of the work and inspiration of these humble "brothers" and their pastors. They have progressed so much and their congregation had grown and prospered so well, that they are now building a new church, which when finished will be the largest, if not the finest in the state. So well have those humble Polish families prospered that they really have the homes of their dreams; orchards, cattle, automobiles, churches, schools, and business places right in their midst. Who can envy the result, when he remembers the disappointed, tearful band of settlers set down in this vicinity, forty years ago?

Prior to 1920 Pulaski had but one short block of pavement. For many years it had no pavement at all; a wagon road was the main street. Men, women children, cows and chickens used the same highway. Now there are several stores, shops and offices, an elevator for grain, a nice school building, warehouses, garages, two banks, and a new high school; there are many good houses. Some good-looking ones. The homes of some of the prosperous merchants would grace a city of far more pretentious size than Pulaski. The project of paving the main street of the village was taken in hand by the town's Advancement Association and about one-half mile of concrete was laid, from the paved block to the Northwestern depot.

The association already mentioned has been an organization of which Pulaski is reasonably proud. It has about seventy members, all interested in the betterment of the village; and its telephone system, banks, streets, and schools are all better for their efforts. The Tri-County Fair, Farmers' Institutes, Cow-testing Association, and other things interest the farmers. The manufacturing establishments are not many. A chair factory has been built and a practical business will, no doubt, be developed within a year or two. Other lines of industry will soon enter into the activi-

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ties of Pulaski when they see the resources, advantages, and progressiveness of the village.

The people of the surrounding district as well as the people of the village are much interested in the education of the young people. Their grade building, the new high school, of which they can justly be proud, and the able corps of teachers, are monuments of progress. Thirty years ago, a small one-room school building, with Miss Flavia Doty, of Pittsfield, as the first teacher, was the only school.

There are dry goods stores, hardware, baker and meat shops. Doctors, dentists and blacksmiths practice their trades.

The names of a few of the men who helped make Pulaski what it is today are: John Peplinski, Roman Peplinski, V. Kubiak, Julius Bryschinski, Peter Wendzikoski, Julius Prokopovicz, Frank Paprocki, Felix Gajewski, Walter Behrendt, Martin Velsing, L. P. Wudlick, Frank Baker.

W. D. Rice takes great pride in Pulaski's progress; he built the first five-mile road over which the lumber was hauled to build the church and monastery.

CHAPTER IV.

MILLS

"You, of the splendid ancestry,
Who boast about your family tree,
Consider, stranger, this of mine—
Bethink the lineage of a pine."

In 1794, the Menominee Indians sold land to Jacob Franks for a mill site, upon which he later built a mill, the first to be erected in the whole "North West Territory." This was in the town of De Pere. Franks also had a primitive grist mill in connection. He sold out to John Lawe. A saw mill in the town of Suamico was operated by "Uncle George" Langton, perhaps the very first of more than a score of mills for which the two towns were noted. If tradition is correct this old mill was located on the north side of the river on a

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spot near the C. & N. W. R. R. bridge. Philip Franks, a well known citizen of Green Bay in early days was set down as having worked in the Langton mill in 1838. It was a one "muley" type and has been said to have been the first in these parts. Although it has been written that John P. Arndt built a small water power mill at Duck Creek, on government land, in 1827. In 1829, Daniel Hubbard built the first mill in Oconto County, on the Pensaukee River for John P. Arndt. For this site Mr. Arndt paid the Menominee Indians $15 a year and all the boards they needed; which was not more than a dozen a year for coffins for their dead. The Indians also expected Mr. Arndt to grind their corn for them.

John P. Arndt also built a small mill on the site of the old Langton mill at Suamico, some time in the fortys. But it was not in operation when the first permanent residents arrived, although there is no one to tell just when that was.

It is thought that 1848 saw the first family life in Suamico, other than Indians and logging camps. One of these camps would consist of a rude cabin with a cook and a crew of a dozen or more men. One Wheelock had a mill on the river in 1850.

"Uncle George" Langton's nephew, "Little George" Langton, was sheriff for Brown County for several years. It has been told that George Langton brought the small mill of Philip Frank, the first one on the Little Suamico river and did business there in the late forties. In 1854 he sold out to George A. Sayre and John D. Gardiner of Milwaukee. This company built a large steam mill near the old water wheel mill, with improved machinery, and larger capacity than any other mill in this region. In a year or two Mr. Sayre sold his interest to A. C. Conn, and moved to Green Bay where he died at an early age. Survived by his wife and one daughter, Mrs. E. Morrow.

Conn and Gardiner's business continued for a period of more than ten years. The mill which was rented or used by other parties for a time, was eventually owned by Mr.

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Gardiner and his son, Howard C. Gardiner. Mr. Conn having sold his interest, and moving to Florida, engaged in lumber business there. H. C. Gardiner disposed of the remaining property as late as 1890.

In the early sixties Gust A. Grosse, Sr., bought a mill at Chamber's Island, removed it, and set it up near the mouth of the Little Suamico river. He was always afraid that the old boiler would burst, but it stood the work for twenty-five years when the mill burned.

When Oconto County was cut off from Brown County, and the County seat made at Oconto, the business interests, tax-paying, County offices and the like took a considerable amount of traffic to the north. Green Bay had been the center of trade ever since the first settlers came, for the white people and the Indians along the "Bay Shore" and the rivers from Pensaukee to Little Chute. There was a steady stream of traffic on the roads or ice to and from "the Bay." But now things were changed and the early trail from Oconto County to Green Bay was not so busy.

Other mills along the Little Suamico river were built up in the next few years.

Chase and Dickey; Peters, Winans and Olson; A. Eldred; G. Grosse, Jr.; Lamont; and Stevens.

In 1849 H. B. Hinsdale put up a mill at Pensaukee. This mill in 1850 was purchased by F. B. Gardner of Chicago. A man by the name of Baptist went into partnership with Gardner. This mill had a capacity of 10,000 feet of lumber daily. An extensive business was carried on here for a number of years.

One of the finest hotels north of Milwaukee was erected at Pensaukee, with store, boarding house, offices and barns and other company property. Altogether it was a prosperous little town.

A hurricane nearly destroyed the town on July 7th, 1877.

Mr. Gardner died suddenly at Pensaukee from heart failure, while hurrying to catch a train. His remains were

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taken to Chicago for burial. He had one daughter, Mrs. Allee, who spent her summers at Pensaukee.

All these mills did great business for years; and in one way or another were associated with the jobbers and lumbermen of Suamico and Pittsfield.

In 1849, or near that date, Willard Lamb, a native of New York state, came to the west, he had operated a saw-mill at North Bay, N. Y., at one time.

On arriving at Green Bay, he looked over the mills around there with an idea of buying, but the cruisers coming in from Suamico direction, who gave a glowing description of the pine out that way, decided his location for him. He entered into a partnership with Oscar Gray of Ft. Howard. They at once built a mill at what is now Flintville, with a water wheel power. A dam was put across the river, and a crew of men at once set about cutting trees and building log houses. The oldest houses were on the south side of the river, on the brow of the hill. The road or trail led off toward Green Bay just south of the dam, going around the swamp, near where the road now leads away.

The first families were Munro, Davidson, Kane, Phillips, Tripp and Brunette.

The mill worked steadily for three years manufacturing lumber, planks and large timbers for docks and large buildings.

Mr. Lamb married Miss Caroline Watson. A brother, Lyman Lamb, was at the mill for some time. He went to Illinois and died in November, 1863, in Chicago.

The Gray brothers, William, Dexter and Albert, as well as Oscar, spent much time at the mill. All are now dead, except William, who still lives at Kaukauna. Late in 1853, Lamb and Gray sold their mill and timber to Richard Flint of Baldwin, Maine, and John Brown, a relative, who was located at Fond du Lac, having a saw-mill on what is now Main Street of that city.

From Fond du Lac they came to Green Bay to look over prospects. In shifting around among the busy men they

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found out that Lamb and Gray were anxious to sell out. So a trip was made to their mill in the woods to the Northwest. Before returning a bargain was made, whereby Flint and Brown took over all the holdings of Lamb and Gray.

Willard Lamb later went into a mill business at New Franken with George W. Watson. The mill here was burned in the fire of 1871. He afterwards removed to Los Angeles, California, where he died some years ago. His wife still lives there.

Oscar Gray built two mills in the town of Pittsfield in later years. One mill was near the South Branch of the Suamico river, where Mat. Miller had a mill in more recent years. The other was where the farm of John Allen is located on the north side of the town of Pittsfield.

Lumber and shingles were hauled to Green Bay from this mill with teams, making only one trip a day. The other mills had always hauled their products to the dock at Suamico, where they were loaded on boats.

At Flint's mill the work "went on fine and everything was lively." A house was built, and soon Mr. Flint took over Mr. Brown's interest, and brought his family here. Mrs. Flint died in 1855. A prosperous business was carried on for nearly ten years. In the winter of 1861, Mr. Flint went East to his old home. On the trip he took cold which developed into pneumonia and he died Jan. 26, 1861, in Standish, Maine. He left one son, a young boy, who is now Dr. Wm. H. Flint of Santa Barbara, California.

The holdings of Mr. Richard Flint were extensive. The mill, land, and timber in Pittsfield and Suamico, and lumber yards in Chicago and Peoria, Illinois.

Relatives took it up and settled the estate as soon as possible. The family all returned to the east or to Chicago, with the exception of Edward Flint, Sr., or "Uncle Ned," as he was commonly called. He remained here, having considerable land and a small store.

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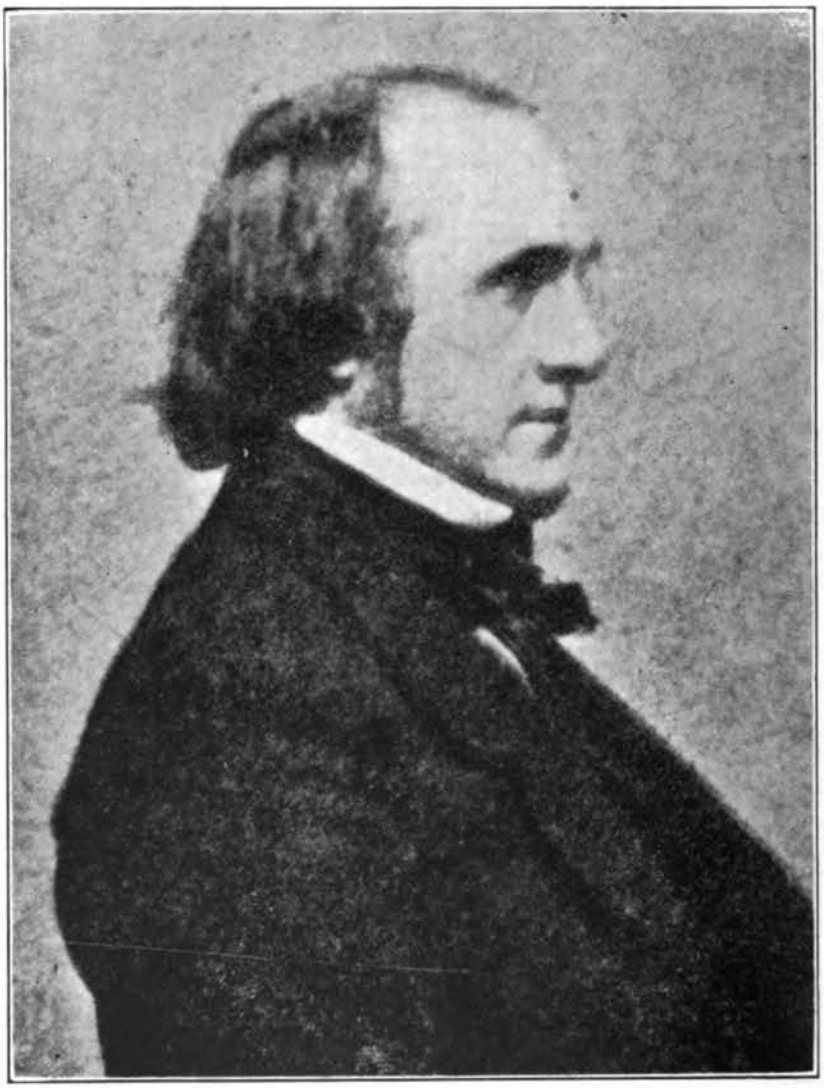

RICHARD F. FLINT

Richard Flint brought the first horse team to the town of Suamico from Peoria, Ill. They were high spirited and attractive. One of them, "Kentuck," was a fine specimen from the Kentucky hills where he was raised and got his name. He was an especial favorite with his owner and the teamster, W. D. Rice. He could make the trip to Green

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Bay and back, on the ice, in two hours. It was demonstrated when he was so driven, for the doctor for Mrs. Tripp, who was seriously sick.

"Kentuck" was sold to Dr. Ayres, with his mate, and put on his farm at Duck Creek. Dr. Ayres was appointed surgeon in the 7th Wisconsin Regiment. He took "Kentuck" with him to the South, and rode him all through the war, on all his rounds. When he stopped on the field to render service to a wounded soldier, "Kentuck" would stand by, waiting patiently, till the doctor was ready. "Kentuck" was brought back to Madison (Camp Randall) with the regiment.

Doctor Ayres intended to keep him, for he had become very much attached to his faithful friend; but one of the officers also wanted him for his own use, and "Kentuck" never came back to Brown County.

About 1867 the property in Suamico and Pittsfield belonging to the Flint estate was purchased by a company consisting of Willard Lamb, William Lamb (Willard's brother) his son, Lewis R. Lamb, Jr., George W. Watson and B. W. Richardson, Wm. Lamb's son-in-law. The company was styled "Lamb, Watson and Company." Mr. William Lamb took charge of the mill.

The mill was rebuilt and was quite "up to date." A new store was built, a new boarding house, a fire kiln and numerous barns and shops were erected; and business boomed again at the "Old Town," which about this time took the name of Flintville, in honor of the family who had once lived here. There were those who called it "Lambtown," and others who called it the "City." There is still one man, who, when he goes to the store or grist mill, says he is going to the "City."

At the end of ten years which seemed to be about the life of those early mills, one finds Lamb, Watson and Company going out of business. Dr. A. H. Van Norstrand and his son Fred, (who, with his wife lived here for a season) came

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into the property and did some business here. Then Charles E. Kanute, who had a store in Flintville, bought the mill, store, homestead and some land.

He turned the mill into a grist mill in which, with the store, he carried on business for a number of years. While owned and occupied by the Kanutes the old Flint house was burned. The old fence, trees, and bushes have marked the once popular spot for years.

After the fire Mr. Kanute and his son-in-law, George E. Burts, moved the "last old house" from the river bank to the place where the old boarding house once stood, opposite the store. It was repaired, an addition put on, and was occupied by the family till they sold out and removed to Amherst, Wisconsin, in 1899. In turn the property had been transferred to Paul Habeck, who with his family still lives here and conducts the store and grist mill.

William Lamb died at Flintville about 1877. His remains were taken to his old home at Rome, N. Y. The next year the Richardson family and Mrs. Rhoda Lamb, moved to Bloomington, Illinois. In less than a year they went to Stevens Point, Wisconsin, where Mr. Richardson and Lewis R. Lamb, Jr., went into the lumber business together. Lewis R. Lamb, Jr., remained in Stevens Point till the time of his death, which occurred on July 24, 1918.

In November, 1879, the Richardson family and Mrs. Lamb moved to Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Mr. Richardson died there in April, 1882. Mrs. Rhoda Lamb (wife of William Lamb) died in Sioux Falls, March 29, 1900. Mrs. Richardson and her daughter, Mrs. Alice Saenger, still live in Sioux Falls.

B. W. Richardson enlisted in the 81st New York regiment. He was promoted the same year to the office of captain of his company. He was wounded, seriously, at Cold Harbor, and was soon discharged. Another brother of the Lambs, Samuel, lived in Flintville for a few years of the early '70's. He with his family, moved back to Remsen, N. Y., where he died in 1885.

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Still another brother, Lewis R. Lamb, Sr., a school teacher and a doctor, came to Flintville in the '70s. He taught school for some years, then started the practice of medicine. He died at Flintville, April 22, 1903. He left two children, a daughter, and his son William, who was a small lad when they came to Fintville. W. W. Lamb now lives in Fond du Lac, Wis.

George Watson married one of the old time teachers of the Flintville school, Miss Susan Burnham. They lived in Green Bay for a number of years, but removed to the West in more recent years.

Near the bank of the river at Flintville near the "bend in the road," stood the old John S. Anderson mill. His home was up the river forty or fifty rods; it stood there for many years, as well as the old boarding house which accommodated the men who worked in the mill. The old store, which stood near C. J. Lucia's hotel, the "Live Oak House," was first conducted by John S. Anderson. At length he sold the mill and store to John A. Salschieder, who had operated a mill near David Davidson's farm. He sold this mill D. Davidson in 1865. Salscheider operated the Anderson mill for some time, then leased it to Robert Wright for a season. Wright later had a mill near the Kuska dam in Pittsfield.

A man named Thompson also operated the Anderson mill for a year or so. The store later became the property of C. E. Kanute, which he conducted for several years. Mr. Kanute was postmaster in Flintville for a number of years.

In 1850, John Bruce, who was a native of Vermont, came west to Akron, Ohio, where he located and opened the first grocery store in that town. In Akron he married Mrs. Susan Pettibone, who was a widow with three children, Rushford, Mary and Calista. A son, William G. Bruce, was born to them. The latter is now the only living one of the John Bruce household. He is now more than seventy years old. He has a wonderful memory.

As early as 1850, Doctor Crosby and his brother-in-law,

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Judge David King came from Akron to Green Bay and then to Suamico, and bought Wheelock's mill which was in operation at that time.

Mr. Crosby went back to Akron to his family and practice. In 1852 he sent his son, H. Clay Crosby, a young lawyer, and John Bruce, to Suamico to look after his interest in the mill. (The two young men were close friends.) Bruce stayed about a year then went back to Akron and stayed all summer, getting his business settled. When he came back to Suamico he purchased Judge King's share in the mill. In June, 1856, he moved his family to Suamico.

On the old "Michigan" with them, came a family named Richmond, who were to locate at Green Bay. A warm friendship was formed between the two families who met on this journey. The daughter, Miss Nettie, was a teacher in the school at Flintville, and also at Suamico. In 1859 she was married to Mrs. Bruce's son, Rushford. R. Flint and D. Thompson of Chicago owned a sailing vessel, the "North Star;" Mr. Richmond was captain of her for some time.

Bruce and Crosby continued to run the mill till 1859, when Mr. Bruce bought the Crosby share in the mill. Bruce had built his house and store and other buildings in the early part of 1856.

In 1857 his brother William with his family and "Grandma" Bruce, their aged mother, came from Vermont. The young people of the family were Albert, Emma, Lottie, May and John.

"Grandma" Bruce lived to the age of ninety-one years. Albert went to the southern part of the state and married Miss Sarah Blodgett of Randolph. He later moved to Rockwell, Iowa, where he was very prosperous. A farmer, banker and property owner in that locality.

Lottie married Daniel Davis and went to Iowa. Emma married T. Monroe Brown; they lived at Flintville for a few years, then they, too, went to Rockwell, Iowa, where they pioneered the second time.

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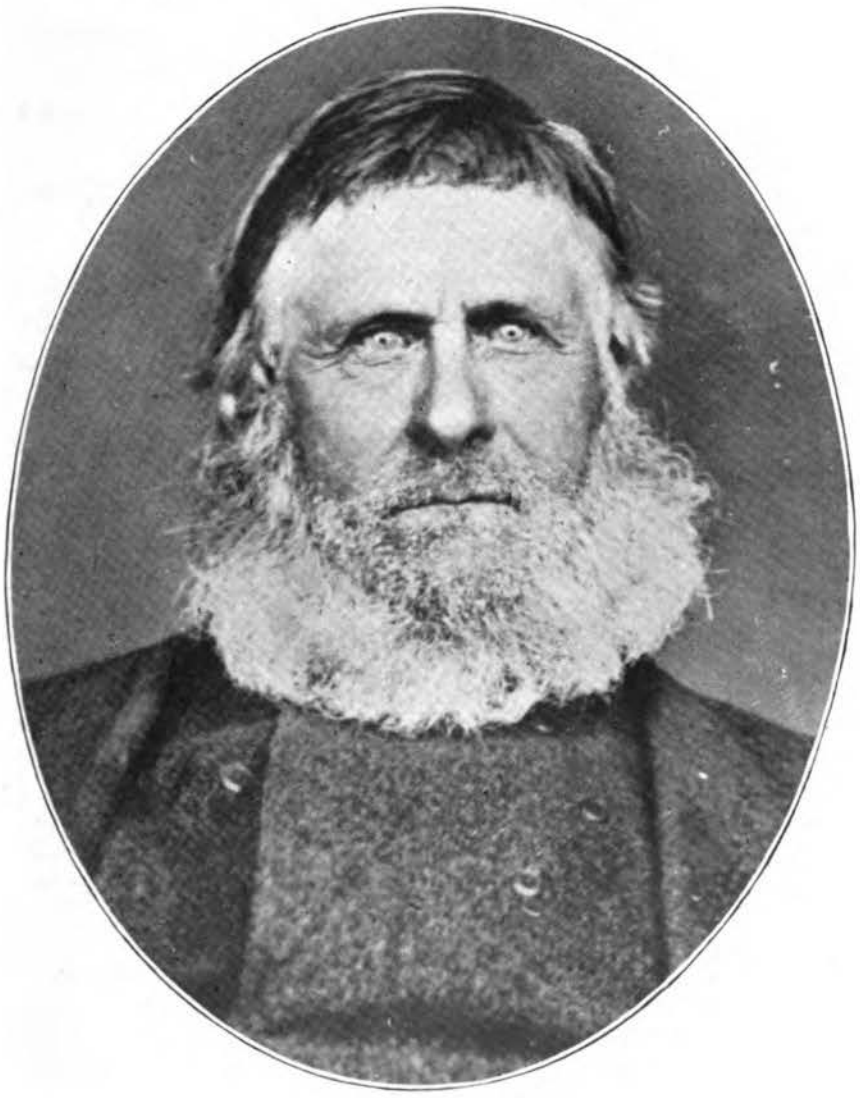
John Bruce married Miss Amelia Ager, a teacher in the school for several years.

It was the writer's pleasure, at one time, to visit the Browns and Bruces in their prairie homes.



JOHN BRUCE

About 1857, Mrs. Myra Robinson, a sister of the Bruce's, came to Suamico. She was the first teacher in the school

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house which stood where the John Delaney house was built later. Mrs. Robinson's husband died. In a neat little house, a gift from her brother John, she lived for many years alone. Her nieces, Susan and Clara Taylor, and their brother, Gardner, came west and at intervals made their home with their aunt. Susan Taylor taught school in Oconto County for a number of years. She married John Banta, and at his death went back to New England, where she has since died.

Mrs. Robinson lived her last days with her niece, Clara Smith.

The Pettibone son and daughters were nearly grown up when they came to Suamico. Mrs. Bruce died and her daughter Mary married a Mr. Gale, and went to Akron to reside. Calista was her father's housekeeper till 1866, when she married Peter Krouse. William G. married his cousin, May Bruce, who died, leaving one son, Arthur Robert. He then married Mrs. Jennie Wheelock Guesnier, who was a widow, with a little daughter.

Mrs. Bruce died in Wausaukee in 1897, at her brother's home, where her mother lived.

Her daughter Vina Guesnier, whose father was Alexander Guesnier, of Green Bay, lived with her mother at Suamico till her education fitted her for a bookkeeper. She was in the office of Bird and Wells at Wausaukee for some years, and was married to E. L. Bishop at her mother's bedside, shortly before her death. She now lives at Everett, Washington.

William Bruce was six years old when he came to Suamico. He acquired a business education and engaged in the grocery business. He was town clerk in Suamico for a number of years, and deputy county clerk for several years. He was married the third time, to Miss Stella Richardson, who died in the summer of 1924, in Rochester, Michigan.

After buying Mr. Crosby's share in the mill in 1859, John Bruce remodeled the saw-mill and put in a shingle machine.

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He did active work for ten or twelve years, built houses, sheds and barns and started what has ever since been known as "Bruce Town." Here he lived the rest of his life.

About 1863 H. C. Crosby and John Webb built a mill near the mouth of the river. Mr. Crosby built a house for his family and brought them to Suamico. This house was later the old Tremble house and still stands. The business did not thrive satisfactorily, and Mr. Webb withdrew and returned to Ohio. Mr. Crosby then bought the John Bruce mill and Bruce took over the mill at the mouth of the river. He managed this mill till 1870 (or near that date) when he sold it all out to M. E. Tremble, Reuben Doud, and John Lynch, three Racine lumber dealers. Then Bruce bought the old mill from H. C. Crosby, owning it for the third time. In the mean time the Crosby family had moved to Green Bay, where they lived for some time. They afterward moved back to Ohio. A daughter of the Crosby's died in Green Bay in November, 1860, only seventeen years old. Beloved by all her friends. In Woodlawn cemetery at Green Bay, on the white stone above her head, is just the inscription, "Dear Alice."

After a few months M. E. Tremble bought out his two partners and launched out for himself. He bought a large tract of pine land and operated the mill on a paying basis for more than fifteen years. He built a large boarding house, a row of small houses and a store. He improved the dock and straightened the channel at the mouth of the river so that boats could come up the river. William Larson, Wm. Humphreville and Henry D. Somerville were bookkeepers in the store.

The "M. E. Tremble," a three-masted sailing vessel, was built at Suamico, and was launched on August 15th, 1875. A gala day it was at Suamico. People came from far and near, to see the huge hulk slide into the water. The tall spar of this vessel was 60 feet long, "straight as an arrow;" it was cut by W. D. Rice's crew and hauled with two teams from the woods north of Flintville.

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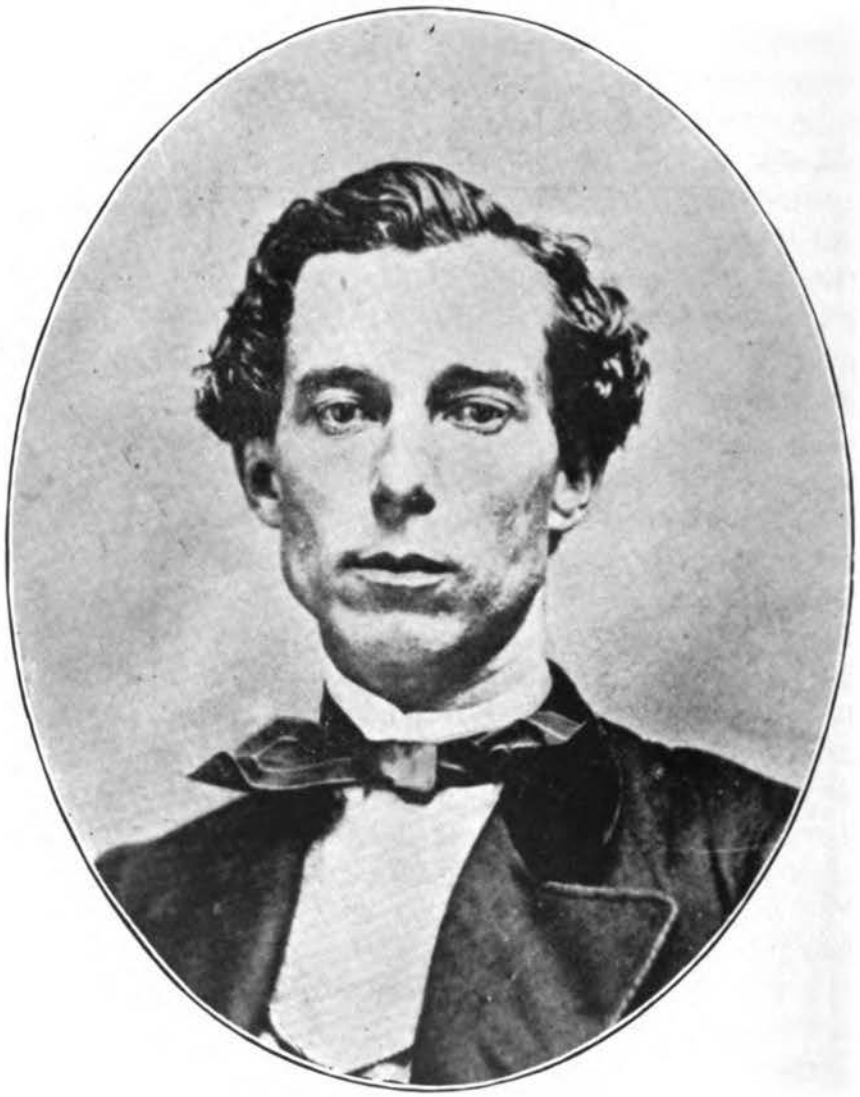

M. E. TREMBLE

The "Reuben Doud" and the "Rainbow" of Racine, as well as other boats and scows carried on a continuous traffic from Suamico to Milwaukee, Racine and Chicago, as well as other ports, for many years.

The strong dock at the "mouth," and a "pulp" dock were places of activity and business.

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There were often as many as twenty-five or thirty vessels anchored there in one week, waiting to be loaded with lumber or shingles from the dock.

At the time the "M. E. Tremble" was built it was the largest sailing vessel on the "Lakes." And used in the grain trade almost entirely.

John Bruce and George Sensiba each had a sailing vessel to bring in supplies and carry lumber to Green Bay, Oconto and other ports along the bay. R. Flint also owned a small sail boat at one time. There are two islands near the mouth of the Suamico river, "Weller Island" and "Dead Horse" Island.

Mr. Tremble married Miss Sarah Cook, who died in 1879, leaving four young children. Mrs. Carrie Page Gannon was housekeeper in the home until the death of Mr. Tremble in the winter of 1883. After his death the business was closed out by his brother-in-law, Mr. Beach, with the assistance of H. D. Somerville, the bookkeeper.

Mr. Beach's home was in Michigan. He was appointed administrator, and guardian for the children. The lumber, land and property were sold. The children grew up in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Beach.

The Station on the C., M. & St. Paul R. R. at Suamico was named "Tremble," in honor of the lumberman.

Peter Krouse returned from the war in 1865, the next year he married Mrs. Bruce's daughter, "Kit," as she was called. With assistance from Mr. Bruce, he started a mill and kept the store in Bruce town. They built a neat little home and were quite prosperous for some years. After leaving Suamico they managed two different hotels and later a restaurant in Green Bay. They bought a home on the west side. Here Mrs. Krouse died in 1908 and Mr. Krouse five years later. Leaving three sons, Fred, Grant and William, and an adopted daughter, Libbie Burns.

During the famous land sales in 1834 and later, many of the officers at the fort and numerous other men of Green Bay bought up land in Pittsfield and Suamico (at ten shil-

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lings to two dollars an acre), covered with virgin pine. They bought this land for speculation. Marcus Shaler, a son of Major Shaler, once owned the land bought for a farm by Allen T. Buckman.

Major Haller owned timber land near the north line of Pittsfield, now in Oconto County.

Some of those land owners put in logging camps and got out timber which was sold to local mills or carried to other places. Others held their property and sold it intact, to mill-owners or settlers.

In 1855 Col. James Howe and Robinson & Ballou had a mill in Green Bay. This mill, it is said, stood where Broadway and Clinton Street now intersect, not far from the west end of the Mason Street bridge. John B. Lucia was the head sawyer in this mill, at one time, and his family lived in the vicinity for a time. Later they moved to Little Suamico and then to Pittsfield where they bought forty acres of land, (Leavitt's farm). Joseph Lucia had a large farm at Little Suamico, and lived there till he died. He was a brother of John B. Lucia.

The Santy family lived near the Robinson & Ballou mill in Green Bay, in one of the first houses or shanties built there. The old "Hall House," which still stands on the corner of Broadway and Howard street, was the only boarding place south of Tiernan's on Walnut street. It was in this house that the Albert Buckman family spent their first night in Green Bay, after getting off the old "Michigan," on which they had made the trip from Buffalo.

The old "Robinson Shanties" were a landmark for years, at the sand-hill near Flintville. The names of Ritchie's, Bovee's and Fagan's shanties were familiar for years. Robinson & Ballou had a tram-road in the town of Howard. At an early date, a saw mill was built by W. O. Kingsley in or near De Pere. This mill was subsequently operated by John S. Monroe. Mr. Monroe and Curtis R. Merrill, some time in the '80's, bought a tract of land where the village

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of Wausaukee now stands. Mr. Monroe built the first log dwelling in Wausaukee, where only an Indian trading-post had been. This log house still stands there, the hospitable old "Log Cabin," where a good meal and bed are still to be obtained 'though the genial old host and his good wife have passed on. Many of our citizens remember the old Monroe homestead at Wausaukee, where the lumber work of later years took the loggers and workers from Pittsfield and Suamico. "Beach & Bishop" and "Bird & Wells" had mills there and did a thriving business.

One man in Wausaukee may be mentioned, this is Harlan P. Bird, a lieutenant in "our own 12th Wisconsin regiment." He was elected to the state senate in 1902. "Wausaukee's Grand Old Man."

About 1869, the A. Weed Company of Oshkosh built a mill on the river bank about one-half mile S. E. of Tremble Station on the ground of the present Herring "Rock Bottom farm." This mill, with store, boarding house, and other buildings was located near a bend in the river. It was operated for a number of years. Mr. W. H. Lett, a member of the firm, spent much time in the office and about the plant.

When this timber was finished they took the machinery to Green Bay where a new mill was built. A McKenzie was a trusted foreman and overseer of the lumber operations. The new mill was built at the foot of Washington Street, near the river bank. The cut finished here, the company built still another mill at Antigo, which they at length sold outright to another company after running it for a few years.

At Suamico there have been from time to time other smaller mills erected, even in 1922, a portable mill gave out a shrill sound of cutting timber, the first in thirty years. Peter Regal operated this for a season.

T. Tellor, Jr., and John Rabichaw had a small mill near where Vickery's park now is.

Peter July, who in his late years lived on South Broadway, Green Bay, once had a small mill at Suamico. He also had a

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threshing machine in early times, as well as a house moving equipment with Mat. Miller.

Another small mill was operated by Hirsch and Krause on the Little Suamico river in 1881.

MILLS CENTER

The mills about Mills Center formed the greater number of those which made this vicinity famous for twenty years, as the greatest milling section in the state or even in the "North West."

As early as 1846, the building of mills and the cutting of timber began along the Military road, also called the "Wolf River Road." Trowbridge, Gray and Root built a mill very early, on the Duck Creek river. This was sold to Linus Marshall, where he cut shingles for many years. It was in this vicinity that Hoskinson and L. Beard had a shingle mill in 1868.

N. C. Foster worked at Rice's mill near Sullivan flats. He took over the mill and a very successful run was made here, for a season or two. Then the mill material was moved nearer to Mills Center. George R. Cook had a mill in the vicinity. The two men married sisters, daughters of Mr. H. Stearns, who owned a farm in the neighborhood. George R. Cooke built another mill at Lily Lake. Mr. Foster and Mr. McCartney were very enterprising lumbermen and were among the most successful mill men of Brown county. Just a word about Mr. Foster, who died within the last year. He was born on a farm in Tioga County, N. Y. He came to Green Bay in 1854. He engaged in the lumber business, as before stated, which he carried on for twenty-five years. His home was in Ft. Howard. He bought land in Eau Claire and Clark Counties in 1876. The next year he built large mills at Fairchild, and moved his family there. His business was incorporated in 1891 under the name "N. C. Foster Lbr. Co.," with paid up capital of $500,000.

Mr. Foster was one of the best known business men in

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the "Northwest;" he enjoyed the unique distinction of having built a railroad without a mortgage. In 1882 he built forty-five miles from Fairchild to Mondovi.

Nathaniel C. Foster was 89 years old at the time of his death in the Spring of 1923.

Munro Brothers operated a mill for as much as ten years. They hauled their lumber and shingles to Green Bay. Other men who had mills were L. W. Dunham, Sylvanus Wight, A. L. Sanborn, Oscar Gray and D. McCartney. McLaren had a mill near McCartney's in the vicinity of the town line. This mill had a terrific explosion, but being at a time when few men were in the place, there was no loss of life. Things were blown to pieces. It seems that he did not rebuild. A lumber firm, J. P. Laird & Co., had a mill in this vicinity.

McNutt's, Lucas', and Upham's mills were also in this locality. Tremaine had a saw-mill near Munro Brothers' mill. Colin and William Munro came to Flintville from Michigan with their parents in 1853, and followed saw-mill work many years. Colin died a number of years ago at Superior. William still lives, in Chisholm, Minn. He has the misfortune to be blind. His two sons care for him and cheer his old age.

Stead's mill was at Mills Center.

Wm. Cook, Jerry and Alex Lucia and possibly some others did lumbering and mill work in these towns.

Mills Center was a busy milling center for a period of 10 years or more. S. Wight was the first postmaster and kept a general store. Elbridge Boyden started a general store in which he and his wife did a thriving business for more than twenty years. He held the office of town chairman in Pittsfield for a long term of years. He was also postmaster for several years. He has a farm and has retired from active business.

There was always a busy blacksmith shop in the village.

A shoemaking or rather, a harness and shoe mending shop, was carried on by John Withbro, a Norwegian, for a few years. He later brought his family to Green Bay, (from

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Norway) where, besides his shoe repair business, he carried on a small dairy for several years.

The first cheese-factories in the towns started in 1879 or 1880. Those we can mention were John Brown & Son's, S. Olson's, L. Goodchild's, about Mills Center. Others at Kunish, Flintville, Anston and Suamico, did a good business for years and are still thriving. It was the boast of the two towns for many years that for breakfast, dinner and supper, they could hear the whistles of thirty mills (more or less) as well as those of the furnaces at Green Bay and De Pere.

Seventy years is a long time, and by many the happenings, the "ups and downs," and hardships, are almost forgotten—and one drifts along with the tide of human events.

THE TRAM-ROAD

In years gone by, new ideas, or any new improvement was looked upon with disapproval by the slow-going people who were used to doing things "by hand." So it was, when some time in the seventies a "tram" road was started in the town of Suamico. This road extended from the bank of the river up into the woods, to the north, through section fifteen, for about one and one-half miles. It led into the deep pine woods which belonged to M. E. Tremble.

The idea of building this road was a novel one and drew attention from all parts of the state. It was easier on teams, increased the output of logs, saved time and expense, and made summer logging more successful.

The track was made of hemlock logs laid and spiked end to end. The wheels of the trucks were made with a groove which fitted on the log track. A team could haul an immense load, compared with what before, had been hauled on the soft sand road.

Albert Grenier was the jobber in this section at the time and the site of "Grenier's Shanties" could be discerned long afterwards by those hunting cows or picking berries in the old "slashings."

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When the logs were brought to the river they were put in roll-ways along the bank. When ready for them, the dam

LOGGING IN WISCONSIN

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was raised, the logs rolled in, and floated down to the mill, at the mouth of the river. This road was used for two or three years. Then the summer logging was discontinued. There was another tram road running from Weed's mill down the north side of the river, crossing the river near the railroad bridge and taking the road side to the bend of the river near the cemetery hill. Henry Fletcher drove the team on this road.

A record of a big load of logs hauled for M. E. Tremble by A. Bouchard with his team "Kate" and "Pete." There were 24 logs which scaled 14,378 feet. The load was 19 feet, 8 inches high, on a ten foot bunk. March 11th, 1881.

SHINGLES

The shingle industry in Brown County began with the shaved shingle.

Every farmer, or settler rather, had an outfit wherewith he could cut a few bolts or blocks and turn out a few thousand shingles to sell or cover the roof of his house.

The process was entirely by hand. A "horse" was made with a board or slab, with "legs" at each end. Near the front end a hole was cut, and a lever put through with a foot-pedal at the lower end, this moved back and forth and had a clamp projecting above the board to hold the shingle or strip of wood which was cut from the block with a cleaver or hatchet. While the man who sat astride of the horse shaved it into shape with a draw-knife or "draw-shave" as some called it, while he held it tight with his foot.

The shingles were packed in a frame made of boards, with pins or bolts at the corners. A certain number were put in each bunch, (four bunches made a M.)

It was quite an industry in the Belgian Settlement in the southern part of the town of Suamico and over the line in the town of Howard.

They made the shingles and hauled them to Green Bay in ox-carts.

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After a few years shingle machines were put into the mills. John Bruce, it is said, put in the first one hereabouts. After the war more shingles were made and cedar timber came to be used extensively.

When the settler got his house built he proceeded to build a wood shed and a barn, however small they were. In the group, too, a shingle shanty was a necessity, unless the kitchen could be used for that purpose as many of the Belgian farmers did.

In early times shaved shingles, which were usually made of the best white pine, were considered to be better than the sawed shingles of that time, and brought the best price. Not many years passed before machine made shingles took the place of the hand made ones, except as one wanted to "turn an honest penny," he would make a few shingles and take them to town to sell. Shingles and lumber became so cheap just before the war that it didn't pay to make them, and a great many mill men became discouraged. In 1862 prices became better and business began to pick up. By 1870 the locality around Green Bay was recorded as leading the world in the marketing of shingles.

A demand for Green Bay shingles reached to the Atlantic States. In one year there were sold about $500,000,000 worth of shingles.

The trade or work of packing shingles in the mills grew to be a contest of skilled workers. George Glassett and Arthur Buckman won notoriety at Lamb, Watson Company's mill at Flintville, for being great packers. The Farr and Fox boys, Adna Ledger, Charles Hayden and George Chrysler became known as "Shingle Weavers."

In the mills of Foster and Gray the girls as well as the boys became experts. In these mills, as elsewhere, there crept in a little bit of romance. In Gray's mill one season, Mr. Caesar N. Nolan ran the shingle mill by the thousand.

His three boys and four girls and some of the neighbors' boys were his crew. John Patrais, Will Boyden, Almond Howard, and Henry Clark were among them.

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In later years these four boys were Mr. Nolan's sons-in-law.

CHAPTER V.

SCHOOLS

Looking back over the history of Wisconsin we see that men have ever been ready to take issue on almost any question that might come before the public.

But while all other questions might have earnest workers for and against, there has always been one question upon which all parties agreed perfectly, and that is, the establishment and maintenance of our public schools.

It is proverbial that the school is the corner-stone of our national strength and prosperity. "This country is admitted by all to be the best in the world. That it has faults cannot be denied; but it is based upon three principal foundations; resources, people and schools."

As always, we have to look backwards. The common school system of Wisconsin was early made use of by our people, even before Wisconsin was made a state. The first public school in the state was organized in 1845. Certain lands were donated for the school fund and when sold the money was set aside for the maintenance of the common schools of the state, and the purchase of suitable libraries and apparatus. The districts to be as nearly uniform as possible and free tuition given to all children between four and twenty years of age. Each town had to raise by taxation, annually, a sum not less than one-half the amount received from the income of the school fund.

The supervision was in the hands of a state superintendent and such other officers as the legislature directed. The instruction was plainly confined to what we consider the rudiments of a school education. For ten years the supervision of the district schools was in the hands of a superintendent chosen at the spring election, to look after the schools of each town for the ensuing year.

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Usually the best educated man in the district, or more frequently, the one who had the most spare time got the job. Reading, spelling and writing were given considerable attention. Arithmetic was a popular study, especially with the older boys, in the winter term. There was not the varied program of today. Nevertheless, those schools were practically sufficient to enable the pupils to transact all the common business of life correctly, and to maintain honorable and useful positions in society.

After the first Monday in July, aspiring teachers hastened to visit the clerks of the district schools. One young man going on such a trip found the clerk in the barn, milking. Stating his errand and being careful not to frighten the cow, he received the clerk's answer. "Yes, we had our meeting last night and decided to have a man for the winter and a girl for the summer term. Do you think you can keep order?" He got the school for the winter term.

In 1862, the office of County Superintendent was organized, so that one superintendent should take the place of numerous town superintendents, both to concentrate affairs and as a measure of economy.

The names of those holding the office in Brown County have been J. K. Anderson, Edward Hicks, Oscar Gray, Thomas Lynch, T. E. Sedgwick, Miss Minnie H. Kelleher, George F. Steele, D. S. Rice, John A. Kittell, John B. Fournier, Joseph F. Novitski, L. J. Martell and Edward A. Seymour. In Mr. Martell's official time an assistant was taken. Now there are two, and they are supervising teachers for the schools in each town.

SCHOOL TEACHERS

When men wore whiskers and girls wore red flannel petticoats and boys wore copper-toed shoes, the business of teaching a rural school could be listed as one of the "hazardous occupations." About 1875 an incident occurred in the town of Pittsfield where two or three big boys horsewhipped the teacher, Miss Annie Viert, who did not teach

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school according to their ideas. A law-suit followed, the teacher resigned her school and a young man took her place. Everything was pleasant thereafter.

In these early days the teacher earned little more than the plough-boy, and his board was part of his pay. The wages of the early girl teachers were very small. In an item in the old Pittsfield record book is the following:

A. J. Parrish, Supt. of Schools, reported that he had received, Aug. 12, 1859:

Public School Money	$13.55
Paid teacher's wages in District No. 2, for twelve weeks' teaching	12.00
Balance still on hand	$ 1.55

From the above we can see how economical the girl teacher of 1859 must have been in her dress and other expenditures.

The idea that girls should teach for a much smaller salary than men was a hard one to get out of the heads of the school men. In those days teaching was not a profession as it now is. It was merely a stepping stone to something better for the men teachers and perhaps matrimony for the girls. In those times the teacher, like the preacher, was respected for his knowledge, and despised for his poverty.

Nowadays it is asserted that school teachers are one of three classes of people working for others, who have the hardest jobs and need the most patience. The others are street car conductors and ministers. Note for teachers: "Do what you are paid to do—and then some; it's the "then some" that gets your salary raised."

Much has been said about teachers who teach for the salary only, but that is not a true assertion. We are all seekers after knowledge and every teacher even though he or she does not know it, is handing down better things to succeding generations, and this without thinking of salary. Every one who has been taught by teachers, as teachers come and go, holds some one teacher in sacred remembrance,

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some one teacher is enshrined in the very sanctuary of his heart, some one teacher was higher and better than all the rest. Who would not like to have been that teacher?

It is beginning to dawn on a rapidly increasing number of taxpayers that money spent on schools is a community welfare investment, without which any community is doomed.

More and more teachers themselves are beginning to respect their own profession and thus compelling the respect of the public. A noted scholar and educator, Charles W. Elliot, says: "Of all inspiring and moralizing agencies in American society today, the public school alone has gained most in influence and increased most in strength since the Civil War. Legislation has declined in efficiency, the courts are less respected, the church has been left behind, and education—public education alone has retained its hold on democracy and is becoming more and more effective as the years go by."

The Parent-Teachers Association, a comparatively new organization composed in 1922 of 300,000 members is now officially recognized by the schools of several states, and its work has been so beneficial to all concerned that from the outlook now, it will continue to be an educational blessing.

The organization brings parents and teachers together to study child life in the home, the school and the community. It aims to co-operate with the school intelligently, to work for the public welfare with regard to health, morals, playgrounds, children's courts, mothers' pensions, etc. There are parent-teacher associations in every part of the State of Wisconsin, and the partnership is working out great good everywhere.

THE JANITOR

"God bless the janitor!" That was the theme of an address made at the convention in Atlantic City, of the National Association of Public School Business Officers. It jarred on the everyday notion of the attitude of the janitored toward the janitor, but the speaker proceeded to make out

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a pretty good case in support of his contention. Moreover, he pointed out that the modern janitor of a public building has thrown upon him duties of such importance that his manner of executing them means much to the comfort and welfare of great numbers of people.

"Janitors are born, not made," it was declared. They must be able to shovel coal, sweep, clean and dust. They must have "a thorough knowledge and understanding of the science of heating, ventilation, humidity and sanitation." Their work in the schools nowadays means "an intelligent exercise of brains in the proper direction of efforts toward the accomplishment of certain objectives, among which are cleanliness, orderliness, tidiness and sanitation."

The man who attains such objectives, in a school or out of it, deserves all the blessings that may be showered upon his honored head.

STAY-IN-SCHOOL CAMPAIGN

Experience has shown that boys and girls who are restless and dissatisfied with school and even those who feel that they can ill afford further training are often ready to make sacrifices to remain in school, once they realize the value of an education. The Stay-in-School campaign accordingly is designed to show both children and parents that school may mean the difference between a position with a future at steadily increasing wages, and a life of unskilled labor and low pay. It is intended to emphasize the fact that every year of training after a boy or girl has reached the legal working age has a value in dollars and cents and in health and capacity for enjoyment as well. Communities that make an effort and succeed in keeping their children in school will find education profitable, because it will mean for them more efficient workers and better citizens.

There is an urgent need of more extensive Americanization work in this country, especially in the public schools; and above all, a cultivation of a spirit of fellowship for the immigrant, who comes to our country with a good inten-

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tion, instead of patronage or contempt or even letting him alone to follow some foreign nation's plan.

Every boy and girl should be taught to say, "I am proud to be an American." During the past year a new course of study has been presented to the rural schools of Wisconsin. Although the change from the old to the new methods of teaching has been going on for the past few years, it is now instituted in a manual setting forth the details.

Elimination of purely memory work and the substitution of "problem procedures" is the main characteristic of the new plan.

Comparisons of countries, in geography study, with regard to population, products and industries, and why those things are possible. History is taught no longer with a mass of dates and facts. It is translated into a study of mankind —what the masses of people have done and its significance in the progress of civilization.

Dramatization, supplementary reading, current events and handiwork have each their place.

The one purpose of the new course is not to simply supply facts and figures, but to translate knowledge into life relationships, to make children better masters of their surroundings on the farms, better citizens, and to awaken a social responsibility.

It seems as if a new era were opening for the children in the rural schools, and even though statistics show that the advantages of the rural child are far below those of the city child, there is much that can be said about the improvements which have been made in the schools within the last few years. Better supervision, better buildings, better teachers; and better students are the result of the newer methods in dealing with a very old problem.

The boys and girls should be taught the beauties of the farms, the woods, birds, trees and flowers, and must be made to feel that those who live in the open and till the soil are in the last analysis the back-bone of the state and the nation.

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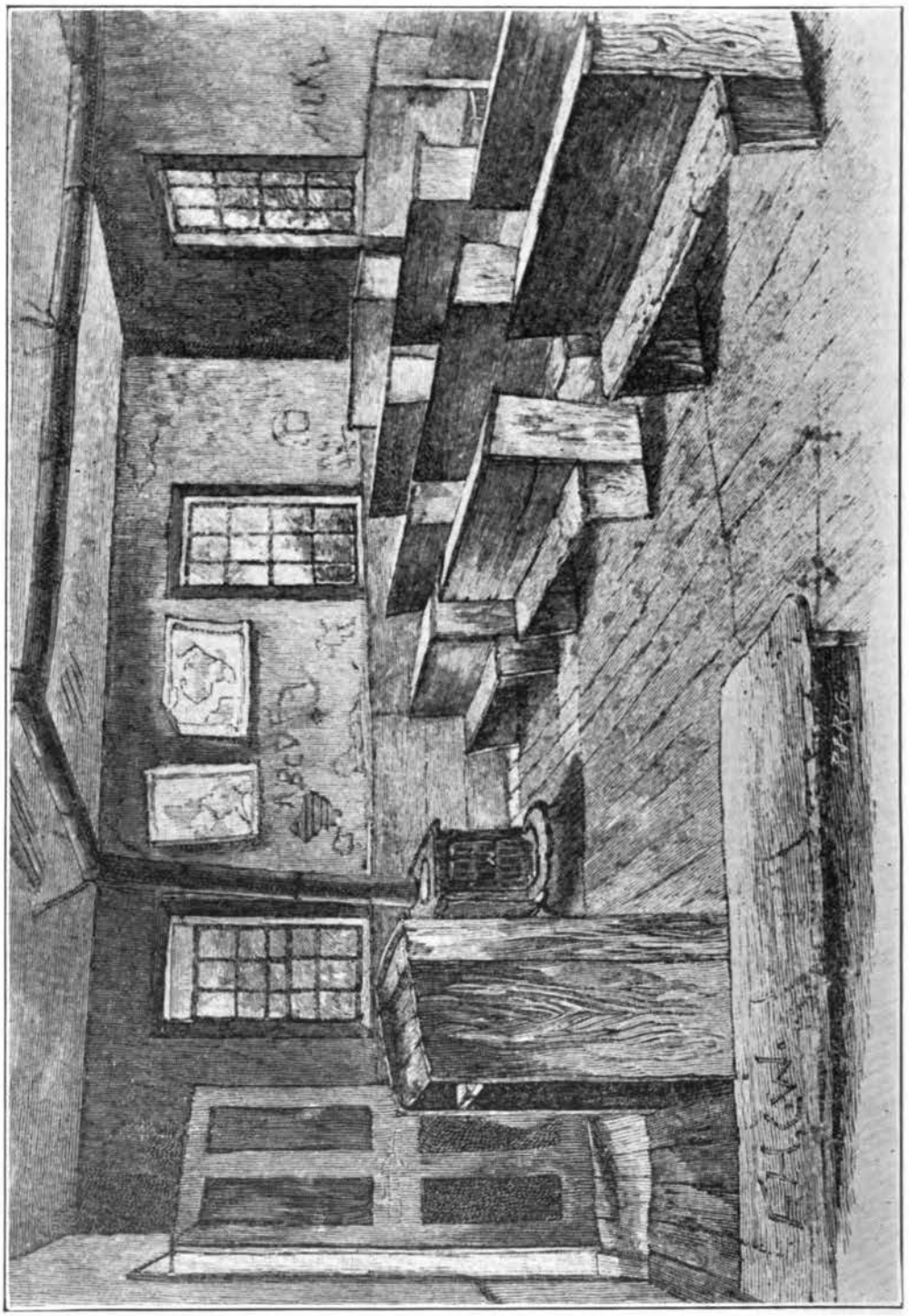

A TYPICAL BACK-WOODS SCHOOL HOUSE IN EARLY DAYS

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Handiwork in school, the work in manual training and in agriculture surely help the boy who does it, to feel that he has accomplished something. He sees his finished tool-box, table or chair and feels that he has made it. He has done well. Can we not forgive him his self-pride?

To do anything—no matter what it is—better than it has ever been done before is an astounding thing. To do anything better than anyone else whom you know, is an achievement. President McKinley once said that "a boy who can do any one thing better than he can do any other thing, will never be without a job."

The world today belongs to the young people. This is the age of the young man's opportunity. Let the public school inspire the boys and girls to great and good things!

In this connection a brief history of each school of the towns of Pittsfield and Suamico will be given as accurately as possible.

DISTRICT NO. 1—PRESENT TOWN OF SUAMICO

This school, the first to be started in our section of the country, was held in a small "shanty" on the hill, not far from the east side of the cemetery; and was taught by Samuel Watkins, who was then a comparatively young man, well educated; one who took an active part in the organization of the town called Pittsfield in 1852, and was the first chairman. He had before coming to Suamico, been in service at Forts Dearborn and Howard.. He married the widow of one, Joseph Smith. Soon afterwards they came to Suamico where he and his capable wife lived the remainder of their lives. A large family of seven daughters and two sons blessed their household. Of these but two are still living, Mrs. Grace Daggett and Mrs. Elizabeth Maynard. In 1856, John Bruce built the first school house on a spot near where the M. E. church now stands. It was used for every purpose—school, Sunday school, town meetings or any public gathering. Church or "meeting" was held in it for many years. The Reverend William Rowbotham was the first

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clergyman of any denomination to come to Suamico. He rode on horseback from Green Bay.

The first teacher in the new school house was Mrs. Myra Robinson, followed by Emma Bruce, Nettie Richmond, Miss Marryett, Daniel Davis, E. D. Burnham, Julia Woodruff, Naomi Rowbotham, Don F. Smith, John Dockry and Thomas R. Purdy. Of these teachers but one is now living, Mrs. Naomi Campbell of Green Bay.

A new school house was built in 1885 on the present school grounds. Miss Amelia Ager was the first teacher in the new building. At this time, this school house was a very pretentious building—painted white—with a belfry tower and a flowing well. It stood in its place for over thirty years. When it was decided to build a more modern building, the old one was purchased and moved to a site on the north side of the river and converted into a church, by the Catholic Congregation of St. Benedict. In this school house besides Miss Ager, other teachers were James Gibson, Julia Whiton, Josephine McLean, John W. Corse and Edna Doty.

In 1917 a new three room "bungalow" school house was built. It was organized into a state graded school and employs three teachers. The first teachers in the state graded school were Miss Edith Fleck, Miss Hagerty and Frank Diedrick, followed by Moses Rousseau, Marguerite Johnstone, Elizabeth Philleo, Rose DeNoble, Elizabeth Phemister, and Clarice Roy.

The name of the school is "West Lake School." A large class of graduates, each year, finishes the eighth grade; and work in the ninth grade has been taken up.

SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 2, TOWN OF PITTSFIELD UNTIL 1858, THEN SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 2, TOWN OF SUAMICO

District No. 2 includes all territory from Sections 25 to 36 inclusive, in Township 25, N. Range 20 E., and, at the time of first meeting, had 17 qualified electors. A record of

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the first meeting is set down in a small blank book dating back to 1856. The date of the first meeting was November 15, 1856.

John A. Salscheider had been instructed to call the voters either by written notice delivered at their homes or by personal meeting. Following is the list of voters:

Jos. B. Whitcomb	Chauncey Woodworth
Stephen C. Babcock	John F. Catherschall
Neil Munro	Adam Wallingfang
Hugh McCay	John Early
Thos. Smith	David Davidson
Francis Blazer	Edward Yeates
Julius Supprise	David Baker
John McCormick	John A. Salscheider
Levi Whitcomb	Albert B. Oatley.

"The meeting was held at the home of John A. Salscheider on the Suamico and Fort Howard Road, at two o'clock P. M., Saturday, November 15, 1856. The following men were present: David Davidson, Levi Whitcomb, Adam Wallingfang, John A. Salscheider, Hugh McCay, Joseph B. Whitcomb and Chauncey Woodworth.

The following officers were elected: Joseph B. Whitcomb, Clerk; David Davidson, Director, and Thomas Smith, Treasurer.

Voted to build a frame school house on south line of Salscheider farm, one-haif mile north of the south line of the present town of Suamico, on the west side of the Suamico and Fort Howard road in Section 28 (S. ½, S. E. ¼, Sec. 28). Job was let to Joseph B. Whitcomb for $200.00. Money raised to pay a teacher for next year was $50. Meeting adjourned."

The next year the director resigned and Albert B. Oatley was elected.

The first teacher was Maria A. Cady, who received $12.00 per month. Neil Munro was elected director in September, 1858.

The school house was moved to a more central point in

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the fall of 1864, by a vote of majority. It was moved by Neil Munro, for thirty dollars, to the foot of Bresslan's hill on highway, near the place where Mr. Moes has built a small house. The old structure stood in its little nook by the side of the road until 1880, when a new school house was built one-half mile to the north of the old one by David Baker for five hundred dollars. The old school house was sold to R. McCleod for fourteen dollars. Another room was added to the north end of this new building in 1907. It was the first school in either town to organize into a state graded school. Miss Jennie Leanna and Miss Rousseau were teaching at the time. Near the school is a grove of pine trees. It was calleld the "White School House" for years, but has now registered the name, "White Pine School."

Among the very early teachers were J. S. Whitcomb, Elizabeth Spence, Emma Yeates, Maria Campbell, Miss Remington, William H. Bartran, and Nellie Lusha. The latter had been one of the pupils. She taught for two years, and was married to Charles W. Wilson in 1867. They built the frame house in Section 30 and started a home. Mr. Wilson died in 1874, in Morristown, N. Y., at the home of his father. In the old home, for forty-five years lived George H. Wilson, the only son, and his worthy mother. In 1920 they sold the farm and retired from the strenuous toil and care, and have a comfortable home in West De Pere.

Other old homes in the district are (most of them built of logs, which have since been sided up and remodeled and are still occupied); the old Niel Munro house; Adam Wallingfang's, now owned by his son, John; Paul Keyser's, occupied by relatives. Also the old John Bresslan house on the hill, now owned by the Moes family.

The names of teachers who have taught in the district at one time or another, besides those mentioned are: Mary Prince, Jennie Plunkett, Ella Cusick, Lucy Prine, Elizabeth Allen, Ella Woodward, Jennie Munro, Delia Mogan, Kate Murphy, Ed. Keiser, Maggie Joyce, Emily Pamperin, Gussie Lindsay, Alice Durkee, Edna Doty, Eva Strong, Myr-

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tle Whipple, Miss I. Halsted, Miss Thomas, Winifred Knapp, Miss Leanna and Miss Rousseau. In this district George H. Wilson was clerk for twenty-five years, (his mother took the office for two years during his absence, at one time) a period from 1890 to 1917, when he resigned.

DISTRICT NO. 3—PRESENT TOWN OF SUAMICO.

School District No. 3, town of Suamico, was set off and received public money in 1856, but the school house was built before that, it is believed. On the highest piece of ground in the settlement the staunch old house was built. It was a question whether it would be a log or frame building, it was decided to have a frame one. An expert mechanic hewed the timbers for it, this was Peter Salscheider, who later had a home at Suamico. A community "raising" was held and the house was soon finished. It was set facing the east. The seats were on the north and south sides, facing each other—one row at first, then another and another, till they almost met in the middle. A stove and a teacher's desk, on a little platform, occupied a space up the center, from the door. In later years more windows were put in, and a hall built on, at the front. New patent seats were put in, facing the teacher's desk, with backs to the door.

Miss Emma Bruce was the first teacher. This, brave, old house stood on the hill for more than sixty years, yet was not torn down, but was moved to the road-side and converted into a store. Miss Nettie Richmond, whose father lived in Green Bay, was the second teacher and taught for two years or more. Pleasant memories of her sweet face were held for years by the boys and girls of her school. Other teachers who in later years taught in the "old school house on the hill" were: Callie Hudson, Mary Murphy, Rose Ann Low, Naomi Rowbotham, Ann Dawson, Eliza Douglas Cook, Susan Burnham, Mrs. Deckner, B. M. Bodle, Dr. George R. Bartran, Mrs. Loy, Libbie Decker, Bessie McNeil, J. F. Byers, Maud Dolber, Otis Tucker, Ella Cushman, Cora Barker, Edna Doty, Lizzie Rice, Ella Rohan, Charles Loper,

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NETTIE RICHMOND PETTIBONE,
Teacher in Dist. No. 3, Suamico.

Nettie Longden, Mathew Mogan, Emma Bygdell, Anna Arndt and Josephine Donckers. A new, modern school house "bungalow" style with hall and basement, has been built near the bank of the river on the north side of the Suamico road. It is called "River Side School." This is a state graded school and has sent out a good number of grad-

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uates from the eighth grade. Teachers who have taught in this school are Gussie Buckman, Estella FitzPatrick, Mary Holoway, Miss Roberts, Miss Everson, Miss Hayes, Miss Ludwig, Josephine Donckers and Esther Burdeau.

A strong effort was made, a few years ago, to have a consolidation of the Suamico schools, but it did not meet the consent of the people

It is to be hoped that at some future time not far distant that the people of the towns of Pittsfield and Suamico can be made to see the need of a township high school. Much can be said in favor of such a movement. A saving of considerable money spent for tuition in outside schools. The companionship and assistance of the boys and girls for the four years they are away at high school should mean much to the parents. Then too the influence that has been brought to bear upon the young people too often spoils them for future usefulness on the farm.

At a period in their lives when home training on the farm seems so necessary, a home-town high school would be best for them.

DISTRICT NO. 4—TOWN OF SUAMICO

This district was set off from the once large district number one. When settlers came in and made homes, west of the St. Paul Railroad and to the north of the river, they began to clamor for a school nearer than the one at Brucetown. It was decided to make a new district to the west, to consist of sections eight, nine, fifteen, sixteen, twenty-one, and twenty-two in township 25 N. of Range 20 E.

A school house was built near Tremble Station, on a site near the Fletcher home. This had a plain "out-of-date" school room, even in the time it was built, rude wooden desks were put in, when patent seats were being used in other schools near by. Whether it was for a makeshift or for economy, no one can say. By degrees improvements were made, and at last the old building was displaced, a new site chosen a little to the north and a neat little school

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house now serves the purpose of the old one. Teachers who have taught in this district are Ella Rohan, Mary Dougherty, Ella Cusick, Catherine Lehan, Anna Ahearn, Jennie Munro, Maggie Higgins, Lizzie Rice, Etta Lucia, Emma Rathman, Fay Darling, Anna Mahoney, Inthia Dunham and Melina Beauchamp.

DISTRICT NO. 5—TOWN OF SUAMICO.

District number five was set off of territory which had always belonged to district number one in the year 1899. It includes all territory north of the first road running east, on the north side of the river, as far as the county line and as far east as the bay shore. (Sections 1, 2, 3, 10, 11, 12, Town 25, R. 20 and 6 and 7 in R. 21.)

The first teacher in this new district was Miss Myrtle Whipple. The school house, a neat "bungalow" style of building, is neatly painted and is named "Woodview" school.

Later teachers were Maud Streckenbach, Marie Hnelica, Joseph Bogden, Thelma Court, Helen Johnstone, Rosella Brogan, Harriet Wilson, and Anice Ryan.

DISTRICT NO. 1—TOWN OF PITTSFIELD.

This district was organized about 1856, a log school house was built and used for many years—when in 1872 a new, "red school-house" was built—(the first two in District No. 3 were exact counterparts of those in No. 1). The old structure was used for a town house for as many as twenty years. At last it was decided to give it up and to buy the little M. E. Church farther west, for a town hall. The old landmark was then torn down.

For over thirty years the old red school house, as it came to be called, stood in its country corner. At length in 1915 it was decided to build a more modern building. A good-looking house was put up and the old building was moved farther west ond converted into a warehouse, near the railroad track. The school house corner is lonely no longer. Two or three residences, a depot, a store and a cheese fac-

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tory have been built near by, and a new concrete road takes the place of the old wagon road with its ridge of grass between the tracks.

In the days when school was "kept" in the old school houses the young people hardly knew what a lecture was. There were no public entertainments for the amusement or enlightenment of young or old, such as are enjoyed today. Yet they provided their own amusement as best they could. In the winter they had singing schools and spelling matches, and those who have attended neither have no idea how much wholesome fun can be had when a few dozen high spirited young people meet in such capacity. Then, there were coasting parties and the literary society where the boys did themselves proud in speech-making and debating, while the girls sang their sweetest songs, recited or read, or starred in dialogues.

Then there were the annual exhibitions where everyone from "Horatio" to "Baby Larry" took a part. The Christmas tree for the community, too, was a great event. The parents as well as the young folks enjoyed these homely gatherings where for a time hardships and disccouragements were forgotten in the enjoyment of the hour.

Thus passed the early years, until new roads, new methods of travel, new amusements and new people brought on a different, but, can we say, a happier civilization?

The first teacher in the district was Frances Van Dusen, who came from the east with her relatives, the Potter family. Other teachers were Emma Yeates, Elizabeth Spence, Rosa Campbell, Libbie Watkins, Miss Mahan, Nettie Richardson, Emily Boyden, Nettie Hollem, Mrs. Turner, Barbara Lindsay, C. C. Lovett, Mary Hoffman, Miss Dingley, L. K. Strong, Abbie Strong, A. Struthers, Mr. Atwood, E. A. Noyes, Rufus Choate, Frank Martin, Emma Rathman, Lizzie Rice, May Burns, Katie Martin, James Lawrence, May Salvas, Gussie Lindsay, Nellie Dougherty, Jennie Doty, Emily Smith, Mary Milan, Susan Kane, Nora Murphy and Lila Granold. About 1869, Miss Dingley taught the school. An

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ususual teacher she must have been, for tradition has it that one of her pupils, a bright boy of six or seven, mastered the first, second and third readers in his first half year of school. We shall not divulge the pupil's name, but we are sure that none of his children nor his children's children have ever been able to perform a similar stunt.

MRS. MELISSA BUCKMAN
The First Teacher in District No. 3, Pittsfield.

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DISTRICT NO. 3

District No. 3, town of Pittsfield, was formed in 1862 and consisted of sections 1 to 13 inclusive in township 25, N. Range 19 E.

A school house was not built until the next year. The first teacher in the district was Mrs. A. H. Buckman, who "kept" the school in her own house. There were from 10 to 15 pupils. A log school house was built on the half acre lot which can still be located. The site was donated and deeded to the school district by Mrs. Amelia Page. The terms of said deed were to the purpose that the parcel of land so deeded be used by the district as long as desired for school purposes. When no longer used for that purpose it would then revert to the donor or her heirs.

The school house was small, built of hewn logs, chinked with mortar between the logs. It had long boards on each side, full length, with desks before them two or three feet apart. The west side of the room was for the boys, the east was the girls' side. On one occasion the boys and girls traded sides, but habit was strong and they traded back again.

The walls of the room were rough. A teacher's desk was at the north end of the room, exactly in the middle, with a tall, narrow cupboard under the chimney, just behind the teacher's chair. Above the cupboard door hung the funny octagon-shaped clock. On either side hung a map and a painted piece of blackboard, the sole decorations of the bare walls, unless it were autumn leaves and trailing pine, which were gathered from the nearby woods and put over the windows and door in the fall or green branches in the spring and summer.

Teachers in the old school house were Lizzie Lindsay, A. J. Wheeler, Eliza Sharrett, Orpheus Wilson, Nettie Richardson, Dr. L. R. Lamb, Mrs. St. Pierre, and Clara Taylor.

In 1872, a new school house was built near the old one. This was painted red with white trimmings and green blinds. The school room was cheerful and the change from

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the old to the new was welcome. This building stood by the roadside for more than thirty years and was burned in 1906. The fire was without doubt, the work of an incendiary.

Teachers who taught in this school were John Stewart, Jennie Lince, Mary Mason, Barbara Lindsay, Boyd M. Bodle, Thomas J. Wells, Katie Tobin, Robert L. Sabin, David Evans, C. J. Thomas, Alice Phillips, James Dillon, Cora Handeyside, Lizzie Rice, Ella Woodward, James Lawrence, Katie Keefe, Lola Strong, Grace Howe, Emma Sheridan, Jennie Doty, Lizzie Dewane, Annette Harden, Winifred Knapp, Miss Mousseau, Hannah Cushman, Rena Lucas, Emma Marchant, Lizzie Fox, Ivy Abbott, Nellie Dougherty, Katie McVey, Lydia Baker, Flavia Doty, and Clara Rice. Ella McDowell taught one term in the Ryan house, at foot of hill.

A new school house was built in 1907 near the center of the district on a site purchased from W. A. Leavitt. It was organized into a state graded school in 1917. Miss Ruth Maas had charge of the upper grades and Adelaide Wheelock of the primary room. Other teachers in this school were Kathryn Doctor, Julia Lynch, Minette Montgomery and Rosella Tierney and Clara Rice.

Memory goes back to the days of school in district number three. The "crick" was at the foot of the school house hill. Here the big boys with sleds and stave "schooners" coasted from the top of the hill away to the other side of the creek at the end, the girls and smaller boys taking their chances to slide too.

It was here that the boys went for water. "Please, can Charley and me get a pail of water?" With the necessary correction, assent was usually given by the teacher. Occasionally the pail, which was carried on a stick under the bail, had the luck to be spilled just as they reached the hill-top, so that another trip had to be made. When the water at last reached the school room, many hands went up, "Please may I pass the water?" The water was passed in the tin dipper, allowing the teacher to drink first, all innocently disregard-

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ing the danger of the germs which at the present time would have been lurking on that dipper. Then too, the same piece of gum went the rounds, borrowed, with the promise, "cross my heart, I'll give it back at recess."

A favorite play ground for boys and girls was the deep woods of maple and beech trees. Almost directly across the road from the school house door was the path where the cattle went every morning toward the creek. Near the path were two large maple trees and an old beech tree with a broken top in which was an owl's nest. Here for years the children ran to spend their recess and noon hour, playing school or housekeeping—as good imitators of teachers and mothers as the world has ever known. Here the three-sided beechnuts were gathered—the blackberries were most plentiful in summer—the brightest spring flowers grew in abundance. Then too, it was only a short run to the boys' old swimming hole, from which, sometimes, the run had to be made after the bell began to ring.

A wonderful place, this woods, for children to live in, to play in, to love and long for in after years. Oh, those rare times—old school days—and home days. From this distance they seem so near that one's heart yearns to live them over again. For you and for me this is our past, old schoolmates, this was our childhood.

"The merry companions of those bright days,
Are scattered like rose leaves of Junes long fled.
For some have wandered to other lands,
Some are sleeping and some are wed."

There is something terribly important and lasting about childhood. Too bad, that children grow up so rapidly now-a-days. Almost any environment will suffice if only the child is happy. It is the child that counts. Its world stays in its memory. Childhood is the best part of life.

Old time punishments were sometimes severe, sometimes ludicrous. Long switches from the nearby woods kept most in awe of what might happen if the law was not obeyed.

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Old master Lamb brought his ferrule down,
And his face looked angry and red.
"Go seat you there, now Daniel Brown,
Along with the girls," he said.

DISTRICT NO. 4—PITTSFIELD.

This district was set off from District No. 1, about 1874. Miss Minnie Burdon of Howard was the first teacher. The small log school house, with wooden benches and desks which stood in the corner of the farm of Joseph Reimer, was the temple of learning for more than ten years. On the bleak "country corner" the little building with its wooden blinds and whitewashed walls served its purpose well. It was replaced by a new brick building after 1885. To this building was added an annex—and became one of the first and best state-graded schools in the county, organized under the direction of Miss L. Champeau and Miss Matilda Van Lier. Some of the early teachers after Miss Burdon were Annie Viert, William J. Brown, Caroline Buckman, William Ross, Emily Pamperin, John Holzer, Lizzie Rice, Charles Loper, Michael Ryan, Lizzie Dewane, Minnie Hanson, J. Elmore, Hanson, Katherine Meagher, Peter Van Roy, Grace Johnstone, Liel Pariezak, Estella FitzPatrick, Marie McCarthy and Isabel Burkhardt.

JOINT DISTRICT NO. 1—TOWNS OF PITTSFIELD AND HOWARD

Mills Center School, Joint District No. 1, Towns of Howard and Pittsfield, was established in 1856. The first old school house was in the town of Howard on the south side of the "Wolf River Road" near the old Dunham farm and mill. The farm now belongs to Herman Feist. The building was of the same old log type found everywhere, where many boys and girls enjoyed their schooldays and struggled with 'readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic.

Moses Bunnell, as near as can be learned, was the first teacher in the old school. Other early teachers were Han-

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nah Gray, Frank Houghton, Mrs. Nettie Boyden, Elinor Gunn, Eliza Plunket, S. C. Olmsted and Wallace Hager.

A new schoolhouse was built in 1882, on the Wilson road, near the "Flat Iron" corner. An acre of land was bought from John O'Niel. The old school house was sold to James McAllister and moved to his farm. A frame building of good size was built and painted white. It had a bell in a small tower. A new-fashioned heating stove was installed. This stove which was stationed in the southwest corner of the room had an outdoor ventilator. It took a person with a philosophical turn of mind to start a fire in this stove, but when it "got a goin'," as it sometimes did, it took a mechanical engineer to regulate it. A fine well was drilled in the school yard. There was a pump, which also answered the purpose of a hitching post. The attendance in the school was nearly one hundred; which for one teacher, was a handfull.

After due consideration another building was put up and two teachers were employed. Average wages paid the teachers for many years never reached more than $30.00 per month. Summer and winter terms were taught by a "lady in summer and a man in winter." When work on the farms slackened up in the fall the older boys and girls up to twenty-one and twenty-two years of age took up a term of school, brushing up their early knowledge and becoming a little better equipped for the work of life.

One year of this school will be mentioned particularly, as it came within the near knowledge of the writer—namely 1888-89.

The first class to graduate from the rural schools of either Pittsfield, Suamico or Howard finished the work of the eighth grade in June of this year, at this school. The members of the class were Lewis Colson, Lena Mickleson, Nettie Dickinson, Minnie O'Connor and Gertrude Ames. Lottie Ames would have been of the number, but withdrew to attend the Normal School at Oshkosh. The class passed the same examination that was given by Superintendent George

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F. Steele for a teacher's third grade certificate. The diplomas were awarded at a little entertainment, one early June evening, in the flower-decked school room, a pleasing close to the school days of those who were to leave the home school for new work. Four of the number became teachers the same year and one a bookkeeper. Nettie Dickinson became secretary and bookkeeper for Ex-Governor Upham at Marshfield, a position which she held for years.

In looking over an old record book, there are notes about different pupils. The best speakers in the school were Clara Dickinson, George Mauers and Grace Boyden. The latter won the Demorest medal contest at Big Suamico this same year.

The most mischievous, John Lawler, Gertrude Ames and Ernest Van Horn.

The most studious, Lottie Ames, George Mauers and Amy Boyden.

The pupil who made the most advancement was Peter Terp. A word about this young Danish boy who lived for a year in the home of Luther Wilson. He was about fifteen years old. He had a fair amount of learning in his native language. He could grasp the work in numbers and arithmetical principles easily, as he had been over such work before, but geography, reading, history and spelling were mountains to climb. He worked eagerly and asked questions untiringly of the pupils and teacher, who helped him willingly. He mastered the lower readers in a few weeks, doing class work after he could read fairly well in the Fourth Reader. He learned to speak English rapidly and played ball and "pull away" with a vim. He was an all-around favorite at school and did his farm chores with the same cheerful spirit as he did his school work. After leaving Mills Center he drove delivery wagon and clerked in M. Corbett's grocery store in Fort Howard while taking a course at Green Bay Business College at the same time. He has been a traveling man for many years, married and has an interesting family of growing boys and girls. He has never for-

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gotten the Mills Center school or the teacher who "gave him his first English."

Another boy, Ernest Balza, was also a pupil in the school that winter. He lived at the home of Charles Howard and helped for his "board and keep." Although not then a remarkable student, he has made remarkable strides in a business way since he reached manhood.

Still another boy who claimed the Mills Center school as his starting point in America was Iver Terp, Peter's brother, who came from their old home in Denmark in 1888. The next winter he took a turn at doing chores at Mr. Wilson's and worked on the farm the next summer. His progress was remarkable. The next year he took a course at the Green Bay Business College, worked and studied alternately until he was able to take a position in the office of M. J. McCormick. Here were two boys of our towns whose life destinies seemed to have been pre-arranged by fate—Michael J. McCormick and Iver Terp; going from youth along similar paths, working their way through school—fellow workers in the steamboat office and both officers in the Northern Paper Mills in Green Bay at the times of their deaths. Success was achieved by industry and conscientious efforts, with personalities that made a friend of every acquaintance. Each was taken from life at an early age without a moment's warning.

In 1919 the school house at Mills Center was condemned for school purposes and a new, modern school house built on the old site. It is a State Graded school, and each year sends a delegation of students to high school. A library has been started from the state library fund, as has been in all the other schools of Pittsfield and Suamico. A certain number of books are allotted to the schools according to the number of pupils in each district. Sometime ago a notice in the paper was given of the presentation of a set of Encyclopedia to the Mills Center school by Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wilcox of Green Bay.

Among other teachers who have taught in the Mills Cen-

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ter school were Mr. Falvey, Lizzie Rice, Mrs. A. Hardwick, Tracy Copp, Myrtle Whipple, Amy Boyden, Nellie McGrath, Harriet Martell, Alida Nichols, Wm. Nichols, M. F. Martin, Miss L. Johnson, Edna Everett and Valborg Anderson.

HISTORY IN THE NEWSPAPER.

Just after the close of the World War the comment was made that if all records of the war were lost except what was printed daily in the newspapers, "there would still exist the most comprehensive and accurate history ever written of any war that man ever waged."

Teachers and parents should encourage their children to study history in the newspapers. It has grown to be a practice of some politicians and others to picture the newspaper as unreliable, malicious, immoral, and everything of which we do not approve. These things are no more true than the statements we often hear that all mankind are cowardly, bad, wicked, and so on down the list. Some say, "don't believe a thing you read in the paper about war, prices, politics or religion." What would most of us know, if we did not read, and believe, too, what is printed in the papers.

Gladstone once said, "Read what has happened the day before, or you will never keep in touch with the world."

Yes, children and all persons con find in the daily papers, many things which taken alone, or not understood aright, might do them harm, but the same is true of the best of books.

There are great, big, wonderful, world-truths in the papers. The parents and teachers can help children to read them, and understand that they are history as it is made, day by day, and as it is told in the papers.

Let them read current events every day and they will get an insight into the "wheels that go round" in the world, and the "springs" that make them go. They will understand life as it is.

One of the richest gifts of civilization to the children of

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today is the newspaper. They should understand it and appreciate it and get all the good out of it. If they read the papers carefully and understandingly in school and at home, they will some day be educated men and women, even though they never see the inside of a college.

In the early times newspapers were not so numerous as now; but blessed was the household that had reading matter for their evenings and spare times.

Even in our remote towns newspapers and books were read and shared with the neighbors. The first local papers were the "Green Bay Advocate" and "State Gazette," The Saturday Evening Post when it was in a sheet instead of magazine form, "The Toledo Blade," "The Yankee Blade," "The Massachusetts Ploughman." Even the "New York Ledger," "Saturday Night," "Peterson's Magazine," and "Godey's Lady's Book," with the Indian stories and romances were all eagerly, nay, greedily read and passed around when by chance they were obtained by one or another family. The papers from the old home place were sometimes received and read even to the smallest advertisement.

ARBOR DAY.

The planting of trees by school children on Arbor Day has been accompanied by ceremonies intended to impress upon those present the beauty and usefulness of trees and their effect on the appearance of school grounds, streets, and parks.

Arbor Day has become a school festival in the rural districts and is proclaimed by the Governor of this state each year. Since Governor Upham made his proclamation setting the day aside as Arbor Day and Bird Day at the request of his wife, who was a bird lover, birds as well as trees have been subjects that the children of Wisconsin have been pleased to speak and sing about.

Arbor Day has a still larger value than the artistic or esthetic side, and that is the economic side, and its effect

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upon our attitude toward the trees that are already growing. The average farmer is only now beginning to care for those trees. Arbor Day should teach conservation of the forest, both for the timber supply and the protection of the headwaters of our rivers.

Arbor Day should teach the use of lumber in a way that the school children can understand, so they will realize the importance of trees as well as their beauty. They are taught how timber from our woods is used in lumber, paper, and many other industries, thereby using every by-product which was formerly called waste and burned as worthless. And so Wisconsin is using Arbor Day to teach the children the real story of the tree as a national resource not merely a producer of pleasant shade. If other states followed the same line of thought, Arbor Day would become one of the greatest and mist important holidays of the year. In the eastern states roadside rows of large old trees are growing, making the highway shady and beautiful. The idea has not been observed in the west until in very recent years.

There can be much said on the economical use of wood. There should be a woodlot on every farm. In some parts of the state even with little or no attention the woodlot pays as well per acre as the most fertile or carefully kept field on the farm.

Destruction from forest fires and wasteful cutting of trees should be remedied by planting more trees and conserving as far as possible the present growth, or in other words, check the waste and increase the supply.

In May, 1892, the Mills Center School observed Arbor Day. The pupils with the assistance of school board members, Warner Wilson, George Cole and the teacher, Mrs. A. Hardwick, planted three trees in the school yard, which they named Peck, Wells and Rice, in honor of the Governor, State Superintendent, and County Superintendent. Flower beds were made and a program given. Of course, this is only one incident, for Arbor Day is universally observed in all the schools of Suamico and Pittsfield every year.

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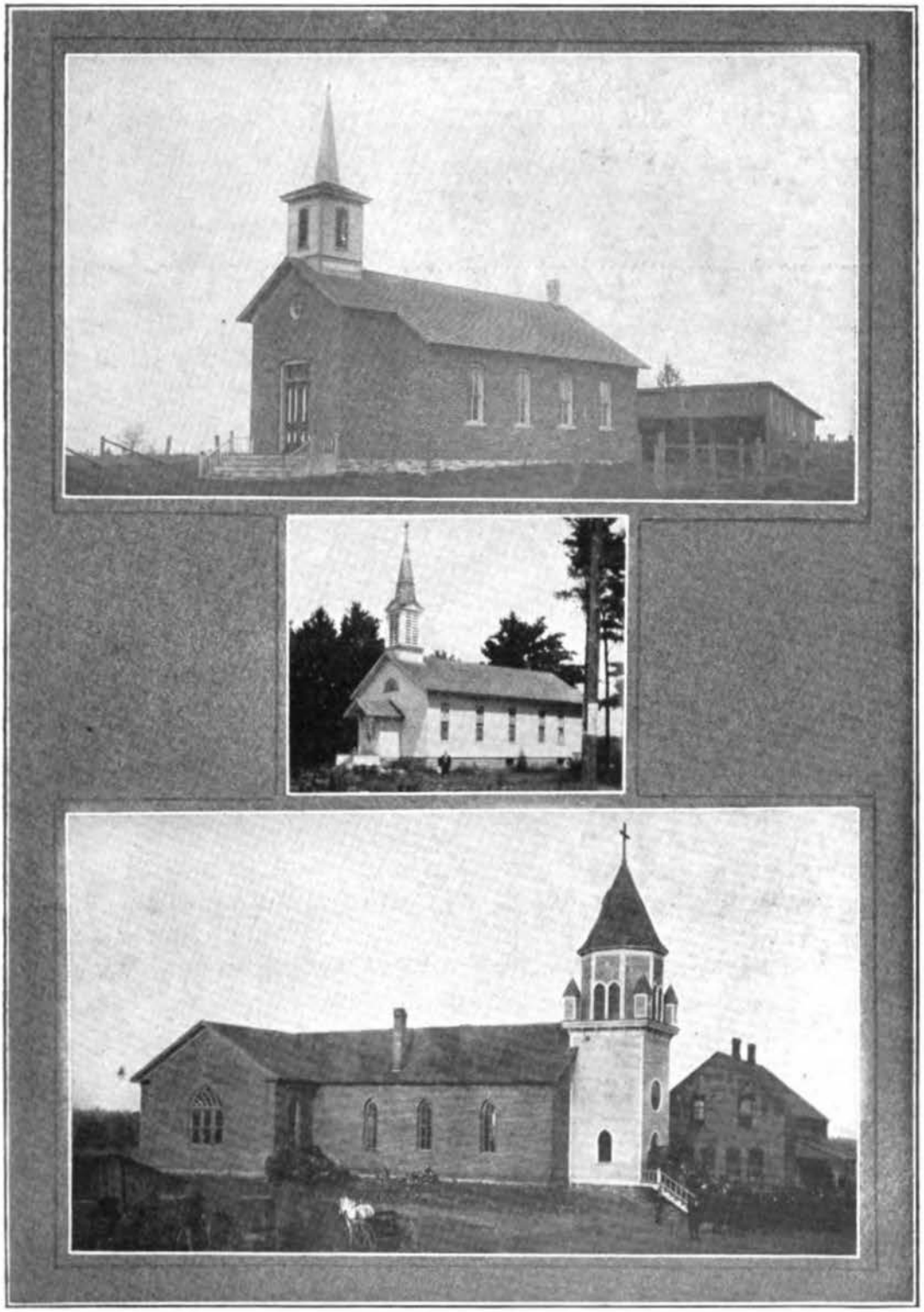

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, TOWN OF PITTSFIELD
ST. BENEDICT'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, SUAMICO
SS. EDWARD'S & ISADORE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, FLINTVILLE

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CHAPTER VI.

CHURCHES.

It is a certainty that the pioneers were more truly Christians than followers of creeds, though most every one had been brought up, in one or another creed. All mingled with each other, and never quarreled about religion, but worked for the common good of their community. A good illustration of this is shown when Lawrence College of Appleton was started.

In 1848, a man named Amos Lawrence came from the east to look over his lands which lay south of Depere (now the town of Lawrence) along the Fox River, which he had purchased from Eleazer Williams. Lawrence was a broad-minded man, educated and benevolent. He wished to do something to provide some educational advantage in this wild section of Wisconsin. He offered $10,000 on condition that Wisconsin would raise a like amount, and a site for a school. A Methodist church had been located at Kaukauna since 1832, and the church through the efforts of prominent members took up Mr. Lawrence's offer, and at once went about incorporation.

George W. Lawe of Kaukauna gave land in the woods (where Appleton now is) for the college and John F. Meade of Green Bay made a good offer, which decided the location. It is interesting to remember that two Roman Catholics joined forces with an Episcopalian, to found a Methodist school, which by the way, is one of the oldest and best temples of learning in the middle west.

In Suamico and Pittsfield no churches were built for many years. About the time the mills brought in more people, the times changed. Up to this time the people had held their meetings in the school house and those of every creed had taken part, even from the early days when Rev. Wm. Rowbotham, a farmer minister in Preble, near Green Bay, used to ride out to Suamico on horseback on Saturday night, once a month (or sometimes not so often) to "preach the gospel"

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on Sunday morning. He organized a class for the children, which in later years assumed the diginity of a Sunday school. When no minister came, Mr. Alfred Sensiba, a scholarly and pious man, "filled in" by reading long sermons and praying long prayers, which were duly appreciated. The men and boys sat on one side and the women and girls on the other.

As times became more prosperous after the war was over, and the settlers became more numerous, talk about building a church began. At last the generous hearted lumbermen and others decided to build a church at "Bruce Town." A site was given by John Bruce and a church was built; liberal donations being received in lumber and money. This was in 1874. It was to be a union church, the Methodists using it in the forenoon and the Episcopalians in the afternoon, on Sundays. This worked well until the presiding elder of this section of Wisconsin who lived in Oshkosh came on. He was very desirous of dedicating the church to the Wisconsin M. E. conference which he succeeded in doing.

The Episcopalians then went about securing a church of their own, with the result that they had one in less than a year. Rev. Wm. Dafter, Rev. Upjohn and Rev. Foster of Green Bay took great interest in the new mission.

Near the northeast corner of the old Cook farm stands the St. Paul's Episcopal Church. It is near the turn of the concrete road on highway 15. (41).

The site for the church was donated by Mr. John Cook in 1875. Mr. M. E. Tremble, it is said, donated the lumber and all material for the building. Mr. James Black is also given much credit for work and financial aid, during the process of building the church.

The Episcopal Mission at Suamico began with the work of a few women. A ladies' society composed of persons of that faith who were leaders in the work which ended by having a church as told above. The ladies who worked in this society were Mrs. Letitia Ferguson, Mrs. Jos. Doty, Mrs. H. D. Somerville, and her mother, Mrs. Martha Ely,

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Mrs. Wm. Horn, Mrs. Marshall Hubbard, Mrs. John Allen of Pittsfield, Mrs. Fred Herring, Mrs. James Black and daughter, Miss Rosa Salter, Mrs. Wm. Valentine, Mrs. Robert Vickery, Sr., Mrs. Jos. Bushey, and possibly others. They sewed and gave suppers to raise funds.

Mr. Jameson, a young minister, spent a winter in Suamico making his headquarters at the home of H. D. Somerville. He did much toward enlarging the congregation and organizing the society, as also did a theological student, Mr. L. B. Hastings, who spent several months in work here.

Not until 1906 did they have a resident pastor. At this time Rev. L. D. Hopkins took up his duties in Suamico and brought his family to live in our midst. Under his leadership the congregation has grown, and a church society called "St. Agnes Guild," organized.

A splendid hall has been erected in Bruce town, where the pastor's residence is also. The hall has become not only the hall of the society, as it is called "The Guild Hall," but the community center of the town, for dances, suppers and entertainments of every kind, that stand for the amusement and betterment of the people, young and old.

The work of Rev. Hopkins and his estimable wife, both in their own congregation and in the community has been worthy of unusual credit. During the war, Mrs. Hopkins spent much of her time and strength in Red Cross work as a member of the county organizations. She being chairman of the N. W. Section. Her work also in the organization of canning clubs for school girls has been deserving of notice in Brown county. Thy have one son, Lucius, just out of high school.

M. E. CHURCH

For a good many years the Methodist church of Suamico flourished. A parsonage was built and a resident minister had charge, holding services also in Flintville and Mills Center. At the latter place a church was secured, near the cemetery, at Wilson's corner in 1882. This was the old Good

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Templars' hall which had never been finished. It was bricked up and made very comfortable. Lumber and other material were donated and it was completed with very little debt.

At Mills Center they never built a parsonage nor had a resident minister, being supplied from Suamico or Angelica.

Among the old ministers after Rev. Rowbotham, we remember Revs. John Banta, Yarwood, Brevier, Hutchins, Roberts, T. J. McMurray, Graham, Couch, E. Kaneen, Cook, Gilling, and Sanborn. Rev. David O. Sanborn died at De Pere, June 20, 1922.

A Sunday school in the M. E. Church was organized and well attended. The teachers were members of the church. Mrs. Krouse, Mrs. John Bruce, Jr., formerly Miss Amelia Ager, who was a favorite teacher in the public school both before and after her marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Don F. Smith and Mrs. Clara Smith, a niece of the Bruce's, who was Miss Clara Taylor before her marriage to Frank T. Smith. Mrs. Smith played the organ in the church and Sunday school for years; her first little old-fashioned melodion furnished music for all of their doings.

A few years ago one of her sons, Emerie, was in charge of the station or depot at Beaver, on the M. & St. Paul R. R. There was no Sunday service in the burgh, so he gathered books, papers and periodicals and had a sort of reading room in the depot. He also started a Sunday school for the children and brought his mother's old melodeon there to enliven the singing of hymns. Thus the influence of the Suamico Sunday school went forth.

Sunday was universally observed in the backwoods settlements even though there were no churches or ministers of any denomination. The Puritan Sabbath beginning at sundown Saturday night and ending at sundown Sunday night was followed to a certain extent by some of the New Englanders. In any case the children were taught to revere the Lord's day, by cleaning up and wearing their best shoes and dresses. In pleasant weather the whole family would go with the ox-team to visit with a neighbor's family, two or

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three miles away. A break or lull in the monotony of work-a-day life, which answered the purpose of making Sunday different and better than the rest of the week. Praying, reading, chatting, and writing letters were always enjoyed on Sunday. One old lady said she "liked to have it rain on Sunday, or, at night, so that the men and horses could rest."

Everybody went to everybody's funeral; the population was small and funerals rare, but, if it chanced to be on Sunday, so much the better.

EARLY SUNDAY SCHOOLS

There were three early Sunday Schools in Pittsfield and Suamico. A Sunday school was taught by Mrs. Eliza Douglas Cook before her marriage to Mr. Cook. Most likely, it was the first in the town. In another Mrs. Agnes Page was the leader, after the coming of Rev. Mr. Adams. She held her Sunday school in the first school house of Pittsfield No. 3, for a long time.

She had a small library of books furnished by Sunday schools of some large cities. These books were kept in a cupboard under the chimney and surreptitiously read by the pupils of the day school as well as the Sunday school. Mrs. Elizabeth Martyn, who with her husband and son James, moved on to their farm in the town of Suamico about 1869, opened a Sunday school in the Flintville school house, which she kept up for many years. Summer suns nor winter storms (with rare occasions) ever forced her to be absent from her post. The work was simple and many men and women today, owe their knowledge of the scriptures to this little Sunday School and the good little woman who love to teach the young.

During the years that the Catholic Church was a mission, catechism was taught on Sundays by persons qualified to teach. Once a month a review was given by Father Van Hootegem.

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THE ADVENTIST CHURCH

In the fall and winter of 1881-82 Elder E. E. Olive held a series of protracted meetings in the different school houses and homes, and secured quite a number of converts to the Seventh Day Adventist creed. A small meeting house was bought and fitted up with seats and stove. In this church they held their services for a number of years. The congregation being small they united with the Green Bay church and sold their building in Flintville.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

During the year 1880, Mr. H. C. Todd, a young man formerly from Brooklyn, N. Y., was introduced to the people of Flintville by Rev. Mr. Curtis of Green Bay. He was of a religious turn of mind and found willing listeners among our residents. After preaching and praying for about two years among the people who were beginning to wish for a church, it was decided to go on as they had started. They prepared to build a church, and Mr. Todd decided to become an ordained minister. Mr. Todd seemed to be a sincere, active and devoted Christian, and worked zealously in securing funds to build the little brick Congregational Church in Pittsfield west of Flintville. Mr. Todd said he wished every man, woman and child in the community to own a brick in the church. In a few months (with considerable labor donated) he secured enough money. Every one fell in and paid for the brick. A bell was placed in the tower, donated by Silas Hayden. This neat little church still stands beside the road. The pastor stayed for a few years. He married Miss Ella Cushman and took up work at Peshtigo. Mr. Todd was County Superintendent in Marinette County for some years. There has been no other pastor.

At the time Mr. Todd was ordained in April, 1882, a committee from the Congregational church in Green Bay held an open meeting in the Pittsfield school house in District No. 3, to question him on his knowledge and preparation for the

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step he wished to take. The following from a Green Bay paper tells the rest:

THE PASTOR OF THE PITTSFIELD CONG. CHURCH ORDAINED TO THE MINISTRY

An interesting service occurred at the Presbyterian church in this city, being the ordination to the ministry, of Rev. H. C. Todd, pastor of the Congregational Church of Pittsfield. The exercises were held in the chapel of the church.

In the afternoon the pastors and delegates from the various churches in this section which were invited to participate, held the preliminary service, which consisted of formally organizing for the occasion and of conducting the examination of the candidate. This was conducted according to the Congregational form and proved alike creditable to the candidate and satisfactory to the council.

The exercises of the evening began at 7 o'clock, and the chapel was well filled. They were opened by reading the minutes of the examination by Mr. Eastman, an attorney from Kaukauna, who was Scribe of the council. Then followed singing by the choir which consisted of Mrs. M. D. Kimball and Mrs. M. Joannes and Messrs. M. D. Kimball and O. J. B. Brice. The Invocation and reading of the scripture, by Rev. Q. L. Dowd, of Kaukauna, followed. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. D. Willard, of Appleton, from the text I Cor. XVI, 13: "Quit you like men, be strong." It was a vigorous discourse and attentively listened to. The Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. L. J. White, of Green Bay, and in conjunction therewith the Right Hand of Fellowship given. The charge to the people was given by Rev. Q. L. Dowd. Singing, and the Benediction was pronounced by the newly ordained minister

An interesting feature of the occasion was the presence of some thirty of the congregation of the Pittsfield church and six from Peshtigo. They attended and participated in both services. Rev. and Mrs. White extended the hospitali-

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ties of the parsonage, and the entire company was entertained there at tea. The Gazette reporter obtained the following names of the Pittsfield people who were in attendance: H. P. Hayden and wife, Mrs. M. Glassett, Mrs. W. Lucia, Mrs. J. Allen, Miss Ettie Lucia, Miss V. Hurley, Mr. and Mrs. C. Furness, Milo Ames and daughter, Miss Rose Ames, Mrs. L. Huntington, Mr. C. Huntington, Miss Emma Brown, Messrs. Clark Huntington and Albert Borden, James Martyn and wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Martyn, Mrs. Fox, Miss Anna Fox, A. H. Buckman and wife, G. W. Hayden, Miss May Bursell, Clark Ames and wife, James McAllister and wife, and possibly one or two names were not obtained.

The Rev. H. C. Todd is a young man formerly from Brooklyn, who has been acting as pastor in Pittsfield, near Flintville for the past two years. He is a sincere active, and devoted Christian, and has been largely instrumental in building up the church which has accepted him as pastor, and being now a regularly ordained minister his field of usefulness will be enlarged. There is a strong bond between this people and pastor which was exhibited in a marked degree at the services on Wednesday."

ST. BENEDICT'S CHURCH

A Catholic Mission of the Flintville church, is at Suamico, not far off of Highway 15, (41) where it crosses the river. A neat little church with a fair sized congregation. This church was built in 1917, and is called "St. Benedict's."

A court of Catholic Order of Foresters was organized at Flintville a few years ago and has a good membership. "St. Felicita's Court of Women Catholic Foresters" was organized at Suamico about 1917.

In the late '70's a German Methodist church was built in Pittsfield near Kunish Corner. The membership was small and at last the building was closed. The town of Pittsfield purchased it for a town hall. About 1878 an Evangelical church was erected near the farm of J. D. Mason, there is still a small congregation. A German Lutheran church is

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located about one-half mile north of Kunish Corner. A good sized congregation worships here. A minister from Seymour or some other place fills the pulpit. They have never had a resident pastor.

SS. EDWARD'S AND ISADORE'S CHURCH

In the year 1881, Father E. F. Van Hootegem was appointed to take charge of the Catholic church of Duck Creek, a very old parish which was founded about 1850. Father Van Hootegem was a young man, twenty-eight years old, full of life and energy. His work counted with the moral forces which have had to do with the development and progress of our towns. He was a man of strong mental force and keen sagacity. His disposition and manner, as well as good-fellowship, made him popular with people of all nationalities and creeds, and served the parish as well as the mission at Flintville, inasmuch as he had the magic power of winning his way to the hearts as well as the purses of his parishioners and friends. He founded the Mission at Flintville, in the fall of 1881. At first services were held in Currier's Hall (which stood on what was later the Elmer Burdeau lot). Then, the next year a building at Suamico, near the old Weed mill site, was given by Mr. John Crooks. Services were held here for a time. A house in Flintville (Lepp's) was next purchased and fitted up. The next year, 1882, the church was built, a harvest festival and other forms of entertainments were given, and generous donations were secured. An altar was donated by a church in Green Bay (the old Holland church). This altar is very old but is still in use in the parsonage chapel. Thus from a very small beginning, with a very small congregation, of not more than ten families, the Flintville parish has grown to more than a hundred families at the present time. Father Van Hootegem labored with his church at Duck Creek and the mission at Flintville for more than eleven years. His farewell sermons in both churches were very impressive and touching. He reviewed as well as he could, his work for eleven years,

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not without a little self-pride, it is true, but giving due credit to those who stood by him and brought to be, the church and school at Duck Creek and the church and parsonage which was in progress of construction at Flintville. He was sent to Merrill where he spent some years and then was transferred to Hollandtown in Brown county. Other good pastors took up the work started under so many difficulties, and have assured us that "churches and prayer are the forces that keep civilization alive and make the world safe."

Father Van Hootgem died in the winter of 1903, while pastor of the Hollandtown church.

MORMONS OR BADGER LATTER-DAY SAINTS

On the old Geneva road in Walworth county not far from Lake Geneva and a few miles from Elkhorn stands the only Mormon church that existed in Wisconsin for many years. The little church has a plain building with a belry, neatly painted white, with wooden letters above the wide front door forming the inscription: "Latter Day Saints Church."

Most people in that vicinity believed that but for the public feeling against bigamy, the Mormons would have practiced polygamy in Wisconsin. Naturally there was a good deal of prejudice in the neighborhood against them, and especially the missionaries who raised such a breeze, as early as 1843. In 1845 a number of these preachers sought converts among the people of Racine county. A young lawyer named James Jesse Strang, became converted to their ideas, and eager to gain glory for himself went into the Mormon movement with great energy. He went to Nauvoo, Illinois, and was baptized by Joseph Smith, Mormon prophet, into the communion of the Latter-Day Saints. He was made an elder and sent back to Wisconsin to plant a stake of Zion. He even aspired to gain the place of Brigham Young, as head of the church.

Joseph Smith and his brother were shot to death after an uprising of citizens of Nauvoo and the followers were

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driven away. Some went west on their way to Utah, others followed Strang up into Wisconsin, where he claimed the dead prophet had instructed him to build a temple and city. Strang became known as the prophet James, and as Joseph Smith had done, professed to have visions and revelations.

After a while Strang's ambitions expanded. He wanted temporal as well as spiritual power, to be king as well as prophet. He selected Beaver Island, in Lake Michigan, as the seat of his empire, and arranged to remove his faithful followers there. Strang's "City" in Wisconsin was at a place he named Voree, now Spring Prairie.

The women wore the bloomer costume, and were generally coarse and sensual. The men were rough and illiterate, but tried to make up in zeal what they lacked in education. They confounded the Bible with the "Book of Mormon" in the most amazing manner.

In May, 1847, Strang established his new colony, whither he and most of his followers went, leaving however, a few of them in the Wisconsin settlement. This invasion was resented by the island fishermen. But the stake grew in spite of obstacles and in two or three years there were about 2,000 saints on Beaver Island, with houses, mills, docks, and a large tabernacle, also a newspaper called the "Northern Islander."

The Island City was called St. James, and in 1850 the colony was reorganized as a "Kingdom," following all the rules of an empire. Strang was to be "king, apostle, prophet, seer, revelator, and translator." Polygamy was established, Strang being allowed five wives. Although most of the men were faithful to one wife; but when Strang chose some buxem housewife to come to him it was cause for trouble. In this way many homes were broken up, and finally led to serious trouble, and conspiracy among his subjects.

One case which comes very near to our knowledge was the breaking up of the family of Israel Hayden, who was a brother of H. P. and Silas Hayden. He was born and married in Fitzwilliam, N. H. In 1838 he removed with his fam-

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ily to North Bay, N. Y. (near Rome.) Here he worked in a lumber mill. At this place, he, with his wife joined the Mormons and when the colony went to Beaver Island in Lake Michigan, he went there with them. King Strang deprived him of his wife and persecuted him and his eldest son Ezra, who with his father tried in every way to get his mother back, but to save their own lives they had to leave the Island. Ezra swam to a neighboring island, and the father got passage on a boat to Green Bay, when he arrived there he found out that Willard Lamb, whom he knew in North Bay was located at the mill on the Suamico river (in 1852). He at once came to Lamb's mill and went to work. Ezra later came to Flintville but the mother and small brother were never recovered. It is said that the woman died with an emigrant expedition from Nauvoo, Ill., on the way to Utah. Ezra Hayden married and lived in Pittsfield for several years. He moved to Missouri, and has lived there many years. Israel Hayden married twice thereafter and lived in Suamico township until his death at the age of nearly seventy-five years. It was through his influence that his brothers and nephews came from New Hampshire to the new western settlement. Another brother, Otis Hayden, came, but he returned to his old home in Fitzwilliam, N. H.

To return to the story of Strang; two of his fellow Mormons assassinated him on the 16th of June; he died on July 9th, 1855.

About the year 1856 the people of St. James were so offensive to the fishermen among the islands that an uprising was threatened so forcibly that the Mormons were obliged to give up, and abandon their island home. They went on boats to the mainland, about Sturgeon Bay, Fish Creek, and other points. A fragment came on the U. S. cruiser Michigan, to Green Bay, and later located in a small settlement in the town of Suamico, (Sec. 7,) about a mile from Flintville. There were six or seven families and their minister or "elder" Wm. Savage. They were not at all offensive to the

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settlers and were good citizens as a whole. Only one of the old houses is still there.

A sketch from the Green Bay Advocate concerning an old printing press: "We remember well the incidents of the breaking up of the settlement on Beaver Island, and the fact that many of the Mormons drifted through here, some of them lodging in this city for a few years; in fact possibly some may have become assimilated with our population. But what we started out to say is supplemental to the history of the old printing office. The material all fell into the hands of the late William Scott of this city. The type was mostly "small-pica" with a little "nonpareil," a few fonts of old wood type, a lot of curious wood-cuts, and several pairs of cases. When the printing office was wrecked, all the type, including standing forms, was piled indiscriminately into fish-kegs. These, with the press—a Washington hand press, were brought to Green Bay. In the course of dicker the whole outfit fell into the hands of the Robinson Brothers, of the Advocate, for $300.00. The type in the kegs was eventually all sorted out and distributed, and as near as we can remember there were five or six pairs of cases of small-pica and one of nonpareil, beside the wood-type. The small-pica was used in the Advocate office for years for brief and blank work until it was worn out. As the press was being taken off a dray in front of the office (the Weise block, on Washington street) an ex-Mormon came along and uttered a warning against it. He said bad-luck always followed it. Just then by an unlucky move, a corner of the frame came down on the foot of the writer of this article, tearing his boot and injuring the foot.

The end of it all was that the press was put in a warehouse and afterwards traded off to the Milwaukee type-foundry for $100.00 worth of new type. What became of it later we cannot tell. Perhaps it is doing duty yet in some back-woods town."

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FRATERNAL ORDERS

The Independent Order of Good Templar had societies at Suamico, Flintville and Mills Center as long ago as 1875. The lodge at Flintville was the first to give up their charter after a year or two of active work. A comfortable hall was built at Suamico and one at Mills Center was put up, but never finished. Later it was turned over to the Methodist congregation and bricked and finished up as a church. The hall at Suamico was converted into a residence. In 1885, "Jack" Warburton's temperance work resulted in more members joining the lodges in Green Bay and others brightened up for a period of years. At present the I. O. G. T.'s are not so busy in this part of the state.

In 1900 the Modern Woodmen of America organized at Flintville and Mills Center. The auxiliary, The Royal Neighbors, organized a lodge of women at Flintville in 1900. The Woodmen camp at Mills Center is still flourishing with a large membership. The Woodmen built a fine hall in 1901. In this hall all community gatherings have headquarters.

CHAPTER VII.

WAR TIMES AND SOLDIERS

"We prayed and hoped; but still, with awe,
The coming of the sword we saw."

—Whittier.

The election of a northern president fired the "war demon" of the south, and party feelings ran high at the close of the year 1860.

In the north men had but to drift with the tide in the dark hours of that dismal year. The men, women and children talked of little else save war. The skeleton of war took its place in the closet of every home. Our own state and county were not behind in the preparation for what seemed inevitable. When the south attacked Fort Sumpter the cli-

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max was reached. When the call for men and arms came on April 1st, 1861, it was responded to with alarming rapidity. Colonel James Howe was the recruiting officer in this section of Brown county. One day he said jokingly that he would "go fishing out to Suamico for volunteers." He drove out to Suamico and returned with a full slate—many more than he had expected. Most of the following men enlisted and were sent to Madison in a few days:

Peter Krouse
Albert Smith
Charles Daggett
David McMonagle
Saml. Daggett
Robert Ferguson
Levi Coddington
Saml. Watkins, Jr.
Joseph Smith
Pulaski Fraker
Charles Fraker
George Sensiba
Joseph Whidden
Alex Adams
Ira Adams
John Adams
Carl Krouse
Charles Lusha
Elisha Lusha
James Coffin
Albert Cady
John Larraby
John Jumps
Joseph Oryall
Adolphus Page
Enos Page
Toussant Tellor, Jr.
T. Monroe Brown
George W. Hayden
Thomas Bursell
Daniel Huck
Daniel Brown
David Page, Jr.
Christopher Shadaker
Hiram Tellor
William Tellor
James McClure
J. Gebeau
Peabody Danes
William Willis
Henry Willis
George Page
John Page
Lewis Hale
John Doran
Hugh Doran
M. D. Lawrence
Edward Skilling

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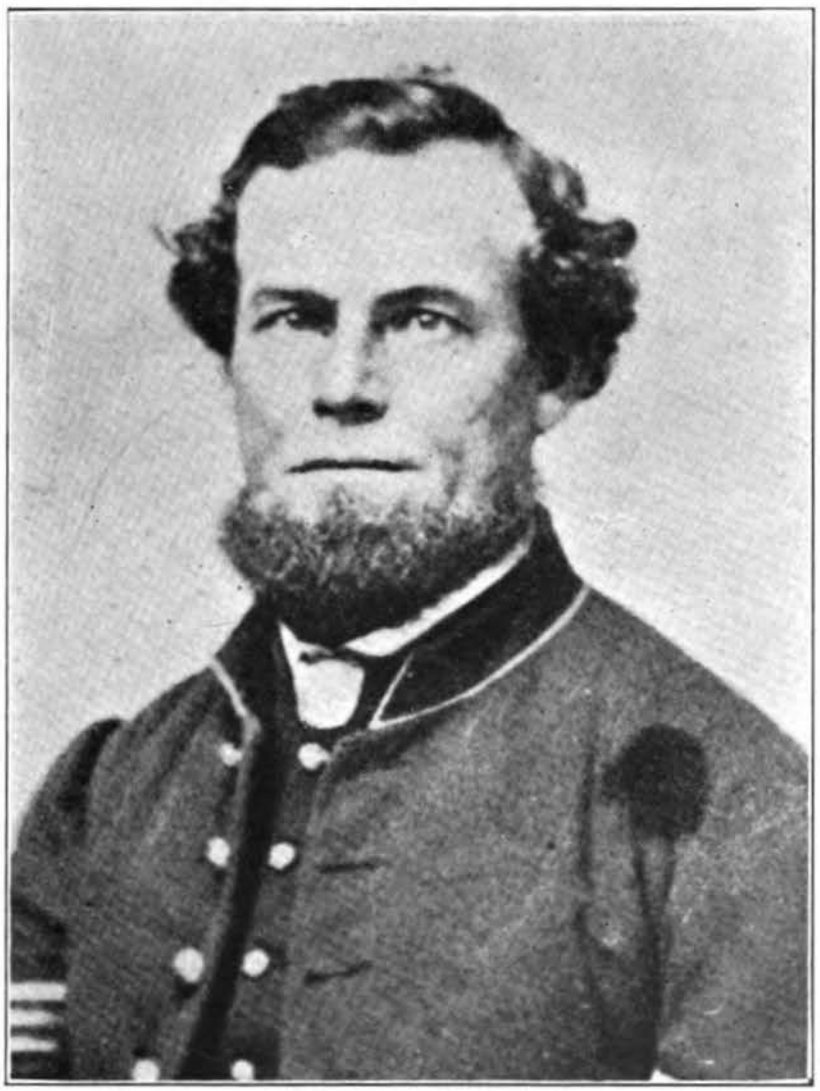

THOMAS MONROE BROWN, CORPORAL, 12TH WIS. REG.

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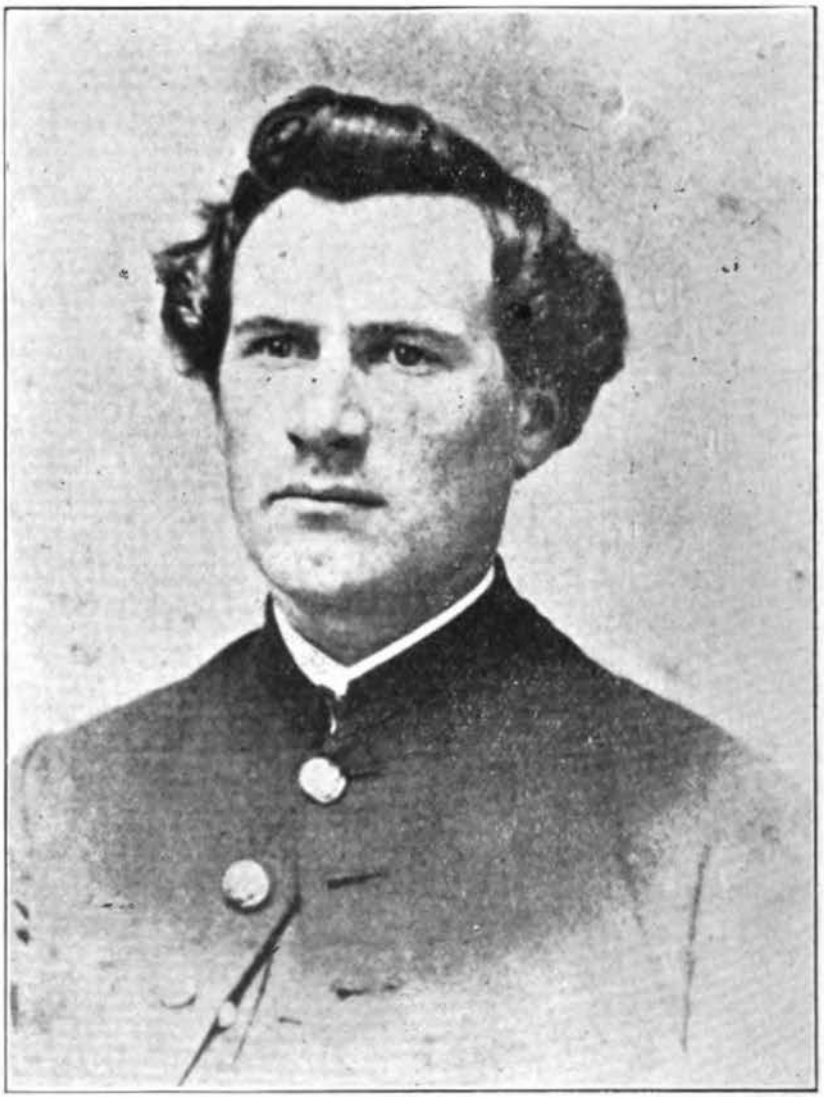

ALBERT SMITH, SUAMICO, 12TH WIS. REG.

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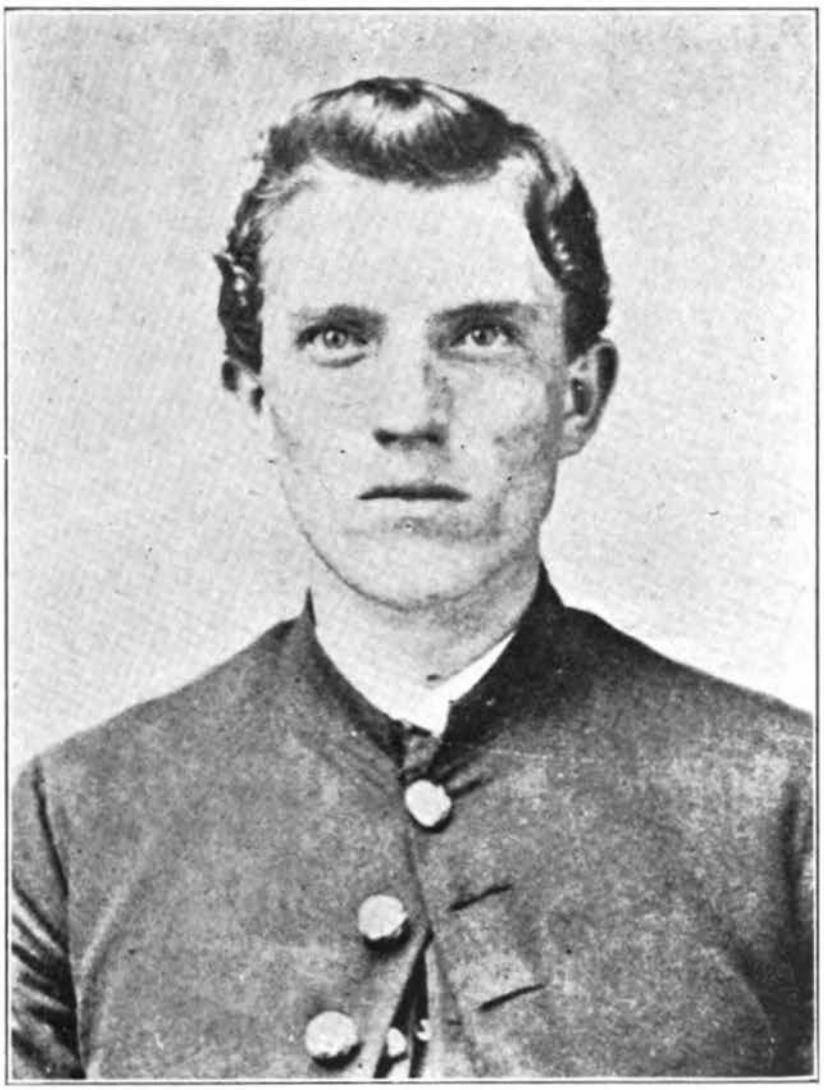

PETER KROUSE, SUAMICO, 12TH WIS. REG.

These men were nearly all put in the 12th Wisconsin Regiment. On the 11th of January, 1862, the 12th left Camp Randall, Madison, in the midst of a blinding snow storm, to take the train for the south.

George Bryant was captain of the 12th Wisconsin. We will skip everything up to the last home run.

The battle of Atlanta and the storming of Leggett's Hill

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on July 22nd were two of the fiercest of the war. From there they (the 12th) marched to the sea with Sherman, and won the title of "The Marching Twelfth." They started to join Grant at Richmond, but Lee surrendered before they reached there, so the regiment went on to Washington and took part in the "Grand Review."

Daniel Brown, Christopher Shadaker and Samuel Watkins, Jr., were three of the first five Union Guards from Brown county to be killed or die.

Mrs. Watkins of Suamico lost both her brother and young son at nearly the same time. Another son, Joseph Smith and a grandson, Robert Campbell, were also in the same regiment. David Page, Jr., of the 32nd division, died from sickness after being released on a furlough. He did not live to reach home, but died at Hagerty's hotel in Green Bay and was buried at Shantytown, now Allouez cemetery. Sergeant Joseph P. Whidden was the only one of Co. F. to be killed. William Tellor and Robert M. Ferguson were two more Suamico boys who laid down their lives for their country. A Jackson Hayden, brother of George W. Hayden, enlisted the next year. He died from sickness later and lies at Ironton, Mo. Edward Skilling is 83 years old and lives in Soldiers' Home at Waupaca. George Page died at Soldiers' Home at Waupaca. M. D. Lawrence (Tip) and John Doran joined at Oconto, in 1862, and went in the "Log-drivers" company.

The situation of affairs hereabouts was dubious. War had come on and the lumber business was dead. The mill men were actually driven to bankruptcy in many cases. The pioneers had nothing to sell and could earn very little, so that frugal meals and scant clothing were the rule in our towns. John Bruce found his business poor and income growing small, but still he was the philanthropist of Suamico. He loaned money, gave credit for groceries and clothing, and helped townsmen and former employees to tide them over the war period. In the reminiscences of one old soldier, Henry Smith, for "Martin's History of Brown County," he

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says that "at one time Bruce had in charge, seventeen families of soldiers, while the providers were gone to the war, and in many instances no charges were ever made. Such men as Bruce were very useful—in fact, the Rebellion could not have been put down without them, and they deserve fully as much credit as those who carried the muskets." Without doubt John Bruce made and handled more money than any other man in Suamico, did more benevolent acts than most, had a better business instinct than many, yet when he grew to be an elderly man, he lived a simple life, lacked many comforts and pleasures that he deserved, and was far from being a rich man.

After 1865, Henry Smith, said: "Now that the desperate struggle was over, the government was saved intact, slavery was abolished and the Brown County boys came home with ranks sadly thinned in some cases; but thankful that so many were left. Everything had changed in our absence—a fine bridge across the Fox, and a railroad running into Green Bay. Lots of work for all of us and good pay. How we did slash the timber during the next few years! How the farms grew and multiplied and how everything has flourished ever since!"

Brown county can well be proud of the record made by her soldiers of '61, more than sixty years ago. And what is said of Brown County can also be said of our state. "Today Wisconsin, as a state, has a military history in which is written with "pen of gold," the work of more than a hundred thousand men who fought, lived or died that the flag of liberty might be sustained."

TWELFTH WISCONSIN AT LEGGETT'S HILL

"Forward! Guide right! our colonel said,
Drive home your steel and spare your lead!
Wisconsin's fame is in your hands,
And Illinois behind you stands.
Show them no mistake was made
When Bryant joined the first brigade.
With Badger boys, of fear bereft,

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As those of Reynolds on your left,
Keep Proudfit's towering form in view,
And crown yon hill with Union blue."

The Twelfth Wisconsin in its movements in the four years of war traveled 3900 miles on foot, 3935 by boat, 3506 by rail. They were called the "Marching Twelfth." A company from Oconto was called "The Sackers."

THE SPANISH WAR

There were a few boys of these towns who donned the uniform in 1898 and went with Uncle Sam's men to Cuba to fight under the flag of our country. They were put with those who were from other parts of Brown county. Jerome Massey of Suamico, Edward Mauers, William Minch and W. Hudson of Pittsfield. Benjamin Millington, one of the Flintville boys, joined the army at Bessemer, Michigan, and went through the siege and was mustered out at Bessemer, sick and weak. After a short illness there at the home of a sister, h edied (1898). His remains were brought to his old home town and buried in the family lot in Rural cemetery. He enlisted in the 34th Michigan Vol. Inf. His was the first military funeral in Flintville. Colin Munro, a son of William Munro, who was at one time a Suamico lad, died from disease acquired in the hot, unhealthy climate at Manilla.

WORLD WAR PERIOD

To write the history of the part taken in the late war by the towns of Suamico and Pittsfield we, as we did in the beginning of this story, will be obliged to lean backward and first say a word about Wisconsin and Brown county.

Wisconsin as part of the Northwest Territory, as part of Indiana Territory, as part of Michigan Territory till 1836, has always been so closely connected with Michigan that fate seems to have arranged the union of Wisconsin and Michigan. In relation to Indians, missionaries and wars, "Badger" and "Wolverine" took their places side by side. In each war Michigan's and Wisconsin's whites and Indians

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took leading parts. In the French and Indian War, the War of 1812, the Civil War and the World War, the combination was strong and significant.

From an address at the first reunion of the 32nd Division we take the following:

"Over sixty years ago the soldier comradeship of Michigan and Wisconsin had its birth. Sixty-one years ago the Wisconsin Guard was at its old time highest point, when Detroit and Milwaukee cemented their friendship and asked that when the time should be ripe, Badger and Wolverine might go into action together. In May 1861, they had their chance. The First Michigan under McDowell in front of Washington, The First Wisconsin near Harper's Ferry under Patterson, had their baptism of fire in July.

In the Army of the Potomac there was from the first to the last of the Civil War just one brigade of infantry made up of western troops. In the fierce battle in the summer of '62, it won the title of The Iron Brigade (our own Brown county boys of the Twelfth and Seventh Wisconsin were in this).

Here again Michigan and Wisconsin struck hands and prayed that should ever in the future the honor of the nation be imperiled they should again stand shoulder to shoulder in the same brigade, and further cement, with their blood if need be, the compact of the old guardsmen of '59 and '60.

And so it came—so it was ordained of the God of Battles Himself, Michigan and Wisconsin were destined in the most destructive, stupendous war the world has ever known, out of a combination of forty-eight states and heaven only knows how many possibilities, to be linked, not as had been their fathers, in a single brigade of some 5000 men, but in a huge division, built upon modern lines to a strength of 27,000, almost every man of whom at the onset hailed from those sister states of the middle west."

Born of such a union, it was to be expected that the result would be of great merit.

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Although we were confident that they would uphold the honor of the Flag and their country, yet in our wildest dreams we never pictured the triumph which was to be awarded them.

When the final ceremonies of the campaign came the 32nd Division had a prominence exceeded by no other. The Frenchmen named them "Les Terribles." Their insignia was the "Red Arrow."

Most of the Brown county boys were in this Division. One of our own boys, Clarence Santy, of the town of Pittsfield, was the first Brown county boy to be reported as having made the supreme sacrifice.

BROWN COUNTY MAN KILLED IN BATTLE

Clarence Santy, the first Brown county man to die on a French battlefield, was born May 15, 1892, in Pittsfield. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fabian Santy of that town.

The young man was inducted into service on November 19, 1917. He did not wait for his draft call, but insisted on taking another man's place who was included in the summons rather than go later when his turn came. Trained at Camp Custer, Michigan. Word that he had died from injuries received in action was received by his parents on June 3, 1918. Clarence Santy was in Company A, 34th Infantry until February, 1918. Went to France and was transferred to Co. D, 103d Infantry, 26th Division. Died May 11th, 1918, of wounds received in action on the Meuse river near Verdun, was buried at Vignot, Meuse, France. On June 25th, 1921, the remains were buried at Flintville, with military honors.

MILITARY FUNERAL HELD FOR BURDEAU

Pay Honor to Flintville Soldier Who Died in Battle in World War.

"One of the largest military funerals ever held in this county took place November 14, 1921, at 2 o'clock at the Flintville Catholic church when the last rites were perform-

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ed for Private Irving Burdeau, Co. K, 338 U. S. Infantry, a war hero whose body was sent home from France.

The funeral procession was preceded by a United States Marine, Jos. Dujac, mounted on a white horse, carrying the American flag. The military escort was composed of former members of Battery B, 121st Field Artillery, and two members of the new state battery organization in uniform, under command of Sergeant Clarence Dashnier. A military salute of three volleys was fired over the grave of the dead soldier.

Private Burdeau at the time of his death was slightly over twenty-three years of age. He entered the military service of the United States, May 29, 1918, at Camp Grant, Illinois. He went overseas with the 85th division and upon its arrival in France he was transferred to the 3rd Division. With that division he fought in many battles on the St. Mihiel front and later in the Argonne. While in the battle line near Laon, Private Burdeau contracted pneumonia from exposure in a severe rain storm and was removed to Base Hospital No. 6, near Bordeaux, France, where he died three days later, October 1, 1918. He was the son of Honorable W. E. and Sarah A. Burdeau of Flintville, who survive him, together with several brothers and sisters."

George White of Suamico township, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas White, was a member of Company "C," 21st Engineer Corps, served in France.

Corporal William L. Rice, born at Flintville, April 4, 1899, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard D. Rice, was a member of Battery "D," 120th F. A., 32nd Division. Enlisted at Milwaukee with others from Stevens Point and Wisconsin Rapids, was sent to Camp Douglas, from there to Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas. Served twenty-two months—seventeen of which were in France. Came back to the United States on transport Wilhelmina, landed at Boston, from there to Camp Devon, Ayres, Massachusetts, thence to Camp Grant in Illinois, where he was discharged May 17, 1919.

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John Fiest of Mills Center and Clement Horn were in the service.

Private William Ryan, son of P. Ryan, Pittsfield, was a member of 140th Machine Gun Co., A. E. F. Died in France.

Harry E. Hayden, Co. A, 30th Machine Gun Co., 10th Division, A. E. F., son of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hayden, stationed at Camp Funston, Ft. Riley, Kansas.

LEST WE FORGET

Those who fought, bled and died on the battlefield that we may enjoy peace and prosperity.

Soldiers of Suamico and Pittsfield, who offered their lives for humanity's sake, and were taken:

Civil War

David Page, Jr.
Christopher Shadaker
Daniel Brown
Samuel Watkins, Jr.
Robert M. Ferguson
William Tellor
A. J. Hayden
Joseph P. Whidden

Spanish War

Colin Munro
Benjamin Millington

World War

Clarence Santy
Irving Burdeau
Frank Simmons (missing)
Harry Buckman
William Ryan

"We who are left, now shall we look again
Happily on the sun, or feel the rain,
Without remembering how they who went
Ungrudgingly, and spent
Their all for us, loved too, the sun and rain."

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY

The stars and stripes stand for union. There is no more wonderful sight upon earth than these forty-eight independent states stretched over an immense territory, with their separate governments, separate rulers, separate climes, separate customs, and separate people clinging to their union as the rock of their safety; one White House, one Washington, one Flag. Every man, woman and child should show

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respect to their flag. In war time it was frequently shown that though women were patriotic to the last degree, they used no demonstrative way of showing it. At one place a great patriotic parade took place. For hours marching men and women passed in solid line. During that entire time the two curbs were packed with spectators of every nationality, of every age.

The idea of the parade was to show that no matter what the birth place of the marchers, all were now Americans. Each group carried an American Flag. Indeed, as the procession continued, the spectator grew to feel that the parade was made up of one wonderful silken wave of the Stars and Stripes.

As the flags passed by about a third of the men in the crowd lifted their hats or "saluted." In that long parade along the avenue, one woman and one little girl were seen to salute, not one boy. No other woman or girl showed one moment's notice of our wonderful flag. This is all wrong. The flag is the symbol of the ideals by which this country lives and dies. No woman, or girl, or boy should see it pass without showing the sacred affection they bear for it in their hearts.

Of course it is not possible for a woman to remove her hat as a man does when the flag passes, but the salute with the raised hand to the forehead is easy or bowing the head respectfully will be sufficient. Which shall it be?

One of the best tributes to the flag that has come to our observation is the following given by a Modern Woodman at Mayville, Illinois:

"Under the security of the stars and stripes, the sacred emblem of democracy, it is my privilege as an American citizen, and a Woodman, to honor the high purpose for which it stands. To me, as I believe it is to you, it stands as the highest token of honor to which a free people may pay tribute. It is pure and undefiled in its characterization of the loftiest principles yet conceived by man in the governing of his civil relations. It sprung from the hearts and

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minds of a just people as an emblem of justice and equality. It was founded upon those sacred principles of liberty and equal rights to all irrespective of kind, color or creed. Its purposes are inviolate in its foundation of truth. It stands not for a race of people. It stands for a great principle in which we are united as one; one mind, one cause, and one flag; and thus in the pursuits of happiness and prosperity we have reared this, our star-spangled banner to the loftiest pinnacde of modern civilization, and from this high pinnacle we have sounded the clarion call of freedom to all the world, the echoes of which shall resound through the pages of history, whence a liberated civilization will spring in consequence. That day of reverence and commemoration shall come when liberated nations other than our own, shall pay tribute to the stars and stripes, as a benefactor to the enslaved and oppressed peoples for whom we fought. The emblem of our faith and national integrity floats before you. It was conceived in the faith of mankind in a united brotherhood of man, and thus it has rightly earned the name of Old Glory, and as we stood in the midst of a great conflict pitted against autocracy the arch enemy of freedom and human liberty, Old Glory, the symbol of justice, added new lustre to Columbia, the sovereign queen of democracy. A flag noble in principle. A flag undefiled in its purpose of human liberty. A flag of truth. A flag of the people, by the people and for the people. A flag that has no crown except the will of the people. A flag that floats over a haven of refuge for the poor and oppressed of other nations. A flag that has fearlessly stretched a protecting hand over the western hemisphere against the aggression of the crowned monarchs of the rest of the world. A flag that has never fostered a quarrel with another nation except in defense of its honor when forbearance had ceased to be a virtue. A flag that has carried relief and charity to the needy in every part of the earth. A flag under whose protective doctrines a nation of free people have sprung, and in a single century has surpassed in scientific development the combined nations of the

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earth. This my tribute to the star-spangled banner; our flag. Salute it."

MEMORIAL DAY

In memory of the honored and heroic dead, Decoration Day was introduced by Commander-in-chief John A. Logan in 1868, and has come to be an established holiday all over the United States.

Each year adds more meaning and interest to the exercises given to honor the dead soldiers, and in a manner to honor the surviving soldiers, who, on this day march more proudly than they did during the service from 1861 to '65.

More and more the masses of this favored land have come to understand the sacrifices in blood and treasure made by these men, and realize the responsibility that rests upon them and future generations, to be the type of citizens worthy of their sacrifice.

The thirtieth of May has become the best day in all the year for impressing patriotic lessons upon the minds of the young so firmly that they will not be forgotten, though the men who fought have passed their last review. Let every one vie with the surviving comrades, in honoring those who gave their lives that this nation might live.

In the schools and churches of Suamico and Pittsfield it has been a custom for many years to observe the day with exercises consisting of songs and speaking by the school children.

In District No. 3, Pittsfield, at the church near Rural cemetery, where lie several old soldiers, exercises have been given yearly and a number of Green Bay lawyers here made their maiden speeches freely and gladly, to honor the soldiers living and dead.

Of the old soldiers who formerly answered "Here" to roll call, George W. Hayden, Milo Ames, Herbert Davis and Matthew Lynch and James L. Martyn have passed away, responded to their last roll-call. James McClure, Robert Hamilton, Alvin Hunter, Henry Mauers, Henry Huntington,

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and Edward Lawler still live to see the veterans of the World War take up the meaning of Memorial Day.

The Grand Army of the Republic is still marching on, and it is the wish of its members to have the younger veterans take up the work they have so nobly carried on. When the G. A. R. men march off the stage there will be no more blue uniforms with brass buttons, nor the Grand Army button. We should know that the idea of this button, which has been worn by hundreds of thousands of old soldiers, came from a Wisconsin man, Major Henry G. Rogers. Lieutenant Col. R. B. Beath of Philadedphia, who was an officer in the G. A. A., took the suggestion to headquarters. The badge worn by the members was large and showy and at a meeting in Milwaukee it was decided to have something smaller. It was Major Rogers who suggested to take the center of the badge and have it made in button form. Millions of them have been made from the cannon captured by the union forces in the Civil war.

Undoubtedly the introduction of the little bronze button has led to the use of many other society buttons.

"Through the hushed music of our devotions on Memorial Day the faint clamor of forgotten guns.
Those guns once menaced our country, our homes, ourselves, but heroes stood between.
Young lives, laid down at Gettysburg, on San Juan hill, and in the Argonne, paid for our peace and liberty.

ARMISTICE DAY

Away back in 1918 we celebrated what we conceived to be the greatest event of all history—the winning of the World War. We wanted to show our delight and give expression to our joy, but we were chained by the limitations of our commercial work-a-day existence which had not been trained in such enthusiastic expression as we desired, and so we formed parades, rang church bells, blew the factory and mill

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whistles hoarse, made all sorts of discordant and meaningless noises, and some even partook of strong drink to stimulate their enthusiasm. We were all a little ashamed of it, and disappointed that we had never been taught to express great joy or emotion in a becoming manner.

Our observance of Armistice Day is now and was then shallow and unbefitting the occasion. We have not yet come to honor the men who fought in the World war as we should. No doubt in due time Armistice day will, as it should, be made a legal holiday. When that is done we shall give better attention to its observance, and doubtless we shall find some expression of national sentiment more appropriate to the great event it is intended to celebrate.

CHAPTER VIII

REMINISCENCES

"In the heart of this ancient woodland,
I came on an ancient man;
He told me a tale of the by-gone days,
And this is the way it ran."

William Dexter Rice tells of his first work in this community:

In the fall of 1853, when I was 15 years old, I came to Wisconsin with my uncle H. P. Hayden and his family and uncle, Silas Hayden and his son George, on the old "Michigan," landing in Green Bay the 12th of October. We stayed all night at the hotel of John Tiernan. The next day my uncles, George and I walked out to Lamb's mill, leaving the women folks in Green Bay to wait for a ride.

I soon got a job jointing shingles. I worked at this or jacking logs until snow came, when I was set to driving oxen, hauling hay from the bay shore. From that I was put on the supply road to Green Bay, taking a load of planks in for the docks, and bringing back a load of supplies the next day. It would be about ten o'clock at night when I'd reach the camp. On every trip I could hear the wolves howling in the woods.

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On night as I was coming through the woods about the place where Nelson's farm is now (the old Sharp place), I heard sharp, shrill cries off into the woods. The cries frightened the oxen and they started out on the run. The cries came at intervals, nearer and nearer every time.

When I reached the mill my hair was raised up quite a bit and the oxen were pretty well winded. The next day some Indians and their dogs came to the mill, from their camp near Indnan Brook. I told them of the animal I had heard. They started right out to hunt for it. They followed the tracks through the woods and caught it in a clump of trees near the old "Rough and Ready" house on the Green Bay and Suamico road. It was a large panther, a very rare find in Wisconsin, and the only one ever found around here, it is thought.

About March 1st, 1854, Richard F. Flint came to Green Bay; he got a team and drove to Lamb's mill. I was on the road with the ox-team and a load of feed and some quarters of fresh beef. When Mr. Flint overtook me he called to me to let him pass. The snow was about three feet deep, so I had to go a little farther before letting him go by. He asked me how far it was to the mill. I answered that in about four rods it would be four miles. He asked me how I could tell in the dark. "By the section lines," I answered. Mr. Flint joked me about it afterwards. The wolves were worse than ever that night, because they could smell the meat. They followed me almost to the clearing.

A change was made in the business, but I kept my job. Getting the lumber down the river in the spring was a great piece of work. When the freshet came the lumber was thrown into the river and floated down to the Bay, a million feet of it. At the mouth of the river it was taken out and piled, then, when the vessels came we rafted the lumber out and loaded it, to be shipped to Kenosha and other places. About June 1st, of this year Mr. Flint's brother Fletcher came from Maine. He was an old surveyor and I was appointed as his assistant. We cruised the woods till

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fall picking up pine timber for the company. This work took us all over Brown, Oconto and Shawano counties. We reported at the mill every Saturday night, to turn in our papers and get a supply of flour, beans and tea. Starting out again Monday morning. The next winter I worked in the woods, and the next summer I worked in the mill again. This year I bought my 80 acres of land from the government. Shortly after that I went home to New Hampshire, where I spent three months. On my way I had to stop at Mackinac, here I purchased a pair of Indian moccasins and a bright red sash; and the first Sunday I was at home I wore them to church, to attract the notice of my old friends. On September 1st, I set out once more for the west with the Silas Hayden family. We came to Buffalo, N. Y., on the train and waited there three days for the old Michigan. It did not come so we took a boat to Cleveland; from here to Chicago on the train, from Chicago to Sheboygan on train; from Sheboygan to Fond du Lac on a lumber wagon, through solid woods, only one house on the way as a stopping place, from Fond du Lac to Neenah on a small boat, from Neenah to Green Bay on a stage, then the last stretch to Flint's mill with an ox team. Not a pleasure trip, truly.

I hauled the timbers for the first dock in Green Bay from Lamb's mill. This dock was at the foot of Cherry street. When Richard Flint took over the mill, he furnished the lumber and timbers for many of the improvements at the fort, and for many of the oldest houses in Green Bay.

The first Walnut street bridge was built in 1862. This bridge was an event for Suamico and Flintville. The stringers and planks were made out here. Some of our carpenters worked on it, and then too, it was to give us better facilities for getting across Fox river when we came to town. The ferry boat crossed the river for our summer convenience and the ice road across the river was used in the winter. But it was not handy to take horses and wagons over on the boat. I remember one day in the late fall, Mr. Flint and I drove to town, he was to attend to business on the east

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side and take his lodging at the Astor Hotel. I put the team in the barn at Hagerty's, then got my load of supplies, grain, feed and groceries. We were to stay all night and start for home the next morning. During the night the "mercury" dropped and the river was covered with two or three inches of ice, the ferry could not operate and there we were on the "other side." Mr. Flint said, "Well, Deck, there's only one thing to do, that's to be the first to go across that ice. Do you think we can do it?" "Well," I said, "my advice isn't worth much, but my father always said that two inches of ice in the fall is stronger than six in the spring. So if you want to try it I'm with you." So we fixed the whiffletrees and tugs so they could be let loose easily. We both stood up in the box and I said "Go" to our spirited horses and we fairly flew across the river and made the landing, but left a watery track behind us. A crowd of our friends were there to greet us, having watched us as we came across. Mr. Flint said, "There, Deck, we are over, but we won't ever try it again." Albert Buckman and others who had watched us said that they expected every minute to see us go in.

Here is where a story of James K. Prosser's comes in, too. Mr. Prosser was a young man then, his home was in northern Illinois. He hired out to a drover, who took herds of cattle to the pineries about Lake Superior. He was bound for Escanaba, Michigan. They got their cattle as far as Green Bay, one afternoon in the fall, and put them up for the night on the west side of the river and fed them. The men then looked out for their own comforts. Mr. Prosser and another man went across the river on the ferry, found a lodging place and spent the night there. In the early morning they arose and found that the river was frozen over and the ferry out of business. How were they to get over to their cattle? "Necessity is the mother of invention." They went somewhere and got two boards and shaved them smooth on one side, then with some iron spikes in their hands, they lay flat on the boards, pulled or slid them-

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selves over the ice in a jiffy, fed their cattle, got their breakfast at Tiernan's and started on their long walk to Escanaba. This was not the last trip Mr. Prosser made to this section.

He came to Suamico about 1856, and worked for the winter. Here he became acquainted with his future wife, Miss Lucy Ledger. After his marriage he went back to Illinois, spending a number of years there, then moved back to this section. He later bought a small farm in Pittsfield where he lived until the death of his wife in 1889. He then sold out and went to Wausaukee and to Antigo to be with his children. He died at Flintville, in the winter of 1909, from the effects of paralysis.

About the year 1855 the first circus came to Green Bay; it was the "Yankey Robinson Show." The mill was shut down and everybody that was able to leave home went to the circus. It was a small affair comparatively speaking, but it was an exciting time, and a day long to be remembered.

The first presidential campaigns to be noticed hereabouts were the first and second elections of U. S. Grant. The second campaign in 1868-9 was especially exciting. Grant and Wilson were opposed by Greeley and Brown.

A speaker's stand was erected at the southeast corner of H. P. Hayden's farm, a tall flag pole on which a banner with the names of the candidates hung under the stars and stripes. At W. N. Brown's corner another flag pole bore the name of the opposing candidates. On the 4th of July the Rev. A. J. Wheeler gave a patriotic address and prominent lawyers from Green Bay spoke. On one of the banners was the couplet:

"Put on your old white hat and coat,
And vote for Horace Greeley."

Grant and Wilson were elected by a large majority in spite of the many heated and bitter discussions on the question of re-issues of the late war.

Mr. Edward Flint, commonly called Uncle Ned by the boys, a brother of Mr. Richard Flint, was a storekeeper and

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a kind of manager of affairs about the plant. He had never married. After a few years at the mill he married Rose Brunette, whose parents were very early settlers. He died Jan. 19th, 1866. His grave is in Rural Cemetery. The only one of his family to be buried in Wisconsin. His young wife built a neat little house near her father's home. She later married Alvin Hunter, a young ex-soldier, whose native place was Pishion Ferry, Maine. Mrs. Hunter died in 1919, at Flintville. Mr. Hunter married again and now lives in Nebraska.

Mr. Edward Flint prided himself on being a famous horse teamster as well as somewhat of a surveyor, as also were his brothers Richard and Fletcher. The latter spent a great deal of time cruising and locating lands for lumber companies.

The following dry joke of "Uncle Ned's" is remembered by W. L. Buckman as told by his father.

A hard name.—One day as he sat in the store, Omer Harder, a business man of Green Bay, but a stranger to Mr. Flint, came in, walked up to the latter, said, "I presume this is Mr. Flint," "Yes," answered Flint, "it's a pretty hard name, but it's the best I have." "Well," said Omer, "it is a pretty hard name, but I'll guarantee that mine is Harder." "Wll," said Flint, "I'd like to know what kind of a name you have that is harder than Flint." "I admit," said Omer, "that yours is hard to beat, but mine is still Harder."

An introduction followed, "Mr. Flint" to "Mr. Harder."

PIONEER EXPERIENCES AS TOLD BY MRS. MARY J. LAWRENCE

In the fall of 1854, my father, Robert Tripp, with mother and six children, left the town of Moors, Clinton County, N. Y., to find a home in Wisconsin. It was so late in the season that father decided to spend the winter in Ogdensburg. It proved to be a hard winter, and hard for him to find work. He made barrel hoops and sold goods and managed to keep up with expenses till spring, when we moved out of the city

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to Becket's Landing, on the Ottawa River. In July of this year we left this place and made another start for Wisconsin. Traveling facilities were very difficult in those days and we got on the wrong boat and were separated and had so much trouble that by the time we reached Oswego, N. Y., we had to stay there. Father got work in the Oswego starch factory, for two dollars a day, which was big wages for those days. He worked here three months, and made another start for the west. We took a boat at Oswego to Toronto, waited there a few hours for the train to take us to Colenwood, where we waited three days for the boat to take us to Green Bay. This was a new route just opened. A great boom was on at this time, as it was the terminus of a new railroad. Indians with paint and feathers gathered about the depot. The third day near night the boat came and we got settled on the boat, and left the next day. We had a pleasant trip excepting when we crossed Lake Huron. It was rough and we were all sick, so I have good reason to remember it. When we neared Green Bay it was dark and rainy and on account of sand bars the captain was afraid to go on, so anchored for the night. (There was no light-house at that time). At daylight they took up anchor, so we got into Green Bay early. It was still raining, cold and windy. We had to stay all night in Green Bay. The next day we took a little tugboat to go to Little Suamico where some of our relatives were located. To our surprise the John Lucia family had just arrived the same day. They had come from Plattsburg, N. Y., and had been three weeks on the way, while we had only been seven days on our journey. We liked our new home very much, and our mother and her sister were happy to be there with their brothers (the Ledgers), who were working here in the woods. In November of this year our grandfather and the rest of his family came to join us. Grandfather Ledger was eighty-nine years old at this time, and he lived to see much of this country cleared up and settled. H died at the age of one hundred and four years. Grandmother, his wife, was fifteen years

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younger than he was, and died one year before he did, at the age of eighty-nine years. It was not long after this that all of the families moved to Big Suamico. Where most of them lived for many years.

There were nearly as many Indians there as there were white folks. We had frequent visits from the squaws and their papooses. They were always friendly but not always honest.

In 1861 father enlisted in the service and went to Madison. He did not pass and came home. When the Indian scare took place we moved to Fort Howard and lived in one of the garrison houses for quite a while. We later moved out to the farm in the woods (the old Snow place); we lived here for a number of years. We all worked hard and managed to get a good living. We had a garden, and made maple syrup and when we were nearly out of flour, father would cut down a straight grained pine tree, one that would split well, and saw it into bolts, then into shingle lengths, 16 and 18 inches long, split them, then with his draw-shave and shaving-horse, make them into shingles and we children would pack them into bunches, then with an ox-team he would take them to Green Bay. It would sometimes take two days to make the round trip. This may seem a hard life but we were contented, well and strong.

A memory of the writer is that "Suamico," which to my childish mind seemed a queer combination on Grandmother's letters, was the first hard word I learned to spell, that, and "stomach-ache," though they had no connection whatever, seemed quite an accomplishment for my six years. These and the word, "manufacturers," which was printed on our kitchen stove hearth, occupied many oral lessons from our mother, while learning to wipe dishes near by. Brother Johnny, not to be outdone, also learned to wipe dishes and spell at the same time.

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LOST IN THE WOODS

Mathias Fiest was working for W. Lamb in the spring of 1853, before he bought his farm. One morning he set out into the woods on a hunting trip or to look at his traps. He went north from the "little lake" in section 12, and wandered around in the woods all day, "in a circle," he said afterwards. It came night and he began to realize that either he or the settlement was lost, he made a fire and laid down to spend the night.

The next morning he started out to find his way back to the mill. He ran out of ammunition and by the second and third day he was very hungry, and he had no more matches or means of making a fire. He wandered about in this way for nine days, listened with terror to the howling of wolves in the night, chewing beach leaves, and wintergreen leaves, growing weaker and more worried. The last day he heard a cow bell and followed the sound until he came out of the woods with the cows at Little Suamico, just able to drag himself along. It took him several days to recruit up enough to get back to the mill. This experience he never forgot, and "the spring Mathias got lost" was a way of marking time for years at the settlement.

After that, Mr. Fiest took up forty acres of land in Buckman's neighborhood and made a "clearing" on it, and found that it was the wrong piece of land he was clearing. He then secured a title to an adjoining piece of land and built his log house and made his farm home where he lived the remainder of his life.

In later years about 1890 another old man, named Eugene Reymond was lost. He was the father of Mrs. U. Roberts, who lived in the Mormon Settlement vicinity. The old man and with him a small house dog went to look for the cows, he did not return all night. The cows came, but no man. The family spent hours calling through the woods. In the morning a number of the neighbors, when told about it, turned out and hunted several hours through the thick

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woods near the head of Haller's creek. At last they were rewarded by hearing the barking of the little dog, and he came dashing to greet them, then ran frantically back again. They followed and found the aged man lying very weak, near a log. The neighbors carried him home on a stretcher; everything was done for him that was possible, but from weakness and exposure he died the same day, after three days in the woods.

Another Tale: One winter after a January thaw, the crust on the snow was frozen very hard. The Tripp family lived at Flint's mill at the time. Mr. Tripp, who liked to hunt, thought "this will be a good time to go hunting rabbits." He sent for John Cook, his brother-in-law, to join him and bring his hounds. They started out into the north woods. After a time they thought it best to separate, and agreed to signals by which they would find each other. One was that, the first one who came out of the woods was to discharge his gun. When it got near sundown Mr. Tripp came out of the deep woods and discharged his gun, but got no answer, nor saw anything of Mr. Cook. At last he went home. He roused a posse of men and boys armed with guns and dinner horns and started to search the woods for the missing man. They called and made noises until midnight, when cold and tired they returned to their homes, and went to bed. All but Mr. Tripp. He could not sleep, so thought he would go "down the river" and notify the Cook family of their loss. When he reached the house he dreaded to tell his sad news, but soon found that Mr. Cook was comfortably sleeping. He and his dogs had been home since early evening.

Mr. Tripp was not easily reconciled to the excuses made by Mr. Cook, and even to their old age they remembered and disagreed about the incident.

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INDIAN SCARES

In August, 1862, a new and unexpected danger arose in Wisconsin. The Sioux Indians in Minnesota, under "Little Crow," were carrying death and destruction through many a fertile valley, endeavoring to organize a general Indian uprising in the Northwest.

The Wisconsin Indians were restive under the persuasions of their friends across the Mississippi. The white settlers in the northwestern part of the state were fearful that the bloody scenes in Minnesota might be visited upon them in their own homes.

Governor Salomon promptly dispatched arms and ammunition to the seat of worry, thus convincing the Indians that they were being watched and would receive punishment if they deserved it. The disturbance was quieted and the timid settlers were not molested.

About the same time the reports in the papers were read everywhere and "Indian Scares" were hatched up at a minute's notice.

In the southern part of the state, a report that a band of hostile Indians was coming. All the people of Waukesha started for Milwaukee, taking what food, clothing and even household goods with them, that they could carry. Before many hours they found out that it was a false alarm. They thereupon turned about and dragged their weary loads back to their "deserted village."

In Big Suamico an alarm was made at Kincaid's mill, near the old A. Weed mill site of later years. A few of the mill fellows had bought new guns and were trying them. This started an alarm that the Indians were coming. The nearby families started for Bruce Town, one family after another joining the procession. When they reached Bruce's they put the women and children on Mr. Sensiba's sail boat near the mouth of the river where they spent the night in terror. The next morning the "sun was still shining," they decided that it was a false alarm, so all went back to their homes in time for breakfast. J. W. Prosser of Antigo was a baby at

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the time, but he says that he remembers that he lost his cap and had to go home bareheaded.

Just about the same time, the families around Flintville heard some rumor that the Chippewas were coming this way with ugly intentions. Several families drove with ox-teams to Green Bay where they took refuge at the fort or with friends. Here they spent two or three days, then returned to their homes. This was the last and only time our settlers had any fear of the Indians.

As a rule the Wisconsin Indians have always been friendly with the white people. They are useful in their own way, and at the mills in Neopit, Keshena and Waubena are good workers.

From the western part of the state the Indians have nearly all been located on reservations in Nebraska and other states farther west.

Nearly all of the remaining tribes have been declared citizens and are well informed people, though they still have their own tribal habits and customs.

Mrs. Esther Lucia used to tell stories of the Indians that visited her home in the woods (Leavitt's farm), which was near one of their trails. A "good Indian" used to visit them often, bringing venison as an offering in exchange for bread or a warm meal. One day he came in a great hurry from the south. He stayed but a short time, and went toward the north. Within an hour, two or three fierce-looking fellows, possibly of another tribe, came running along the path, and disappeared in the direction taken by the "good Indian." Whether foul play was used or not, they never knew, but the family never again saw their old friend.

Another band of hunters came along one day and asked for bread. She had none, but dared not refuse them. She had no water or milk in the house, and would not go to the spring for water, so she took her dish-water from the pan and made them a batch of pancakes, which they ate with great relish. Some of the Indians were great beggars, asking every one for food or whiskey.

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W. L. Buckman of Amberg, Wisconsin, tells the following about Hop Growing:

While the clearings of the settlers were yet too small to make it practical to raise grain for the market. There was much casting about to find a crop which could be grown on a

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small acreage and sold as a money crop. My father had come from New York state where hop growing was quite a business, and it occurred to him that hops might solve the problem. He talked the matter over with his near neighbor, H. P. Hayden, and they decided to each try two acres, which they did. The roots for starting the plants were mostly wild, being dug in the woods along the river. These were planted in hills about six feet apart each way. The vines were thinned to two to a hill and a cedar pole twelve to fifteen feet high stuck in the center for the vines to climb on. They were cultivated the same as corn; it was a nice shady place to work in during hot weather; but the real fun was hop-picking time in the fall. Each yard had about three crews of four girls to the crew, each four girls had a large box holding sixteen bushels which was divided into four quarters of four bushels each which was called a box and was considered a day's work for a girl. A man tended each crew, bringing the poles and taking them away, and woe to the one who jarred the box, shaking down the contents. The girls received fifty cents per box, with board and lodging. The two yards were only about forty rods apart, and every night the girls had a gay time. Our house was small and sleeping room was short. The girls had to sleep "three in a bed," and I remember one girl, who complained one morning that she "had to sleep all night on the ridgepole."

My father put up a building for a dry kiln, where the hops were dried by artificial heat until by taking one by the stem and blowing on the tip, one could blow off the petals. Then they were baled and ready for market. After two or three years the price of hops went so low that the yards did not pay and they were plowed up. This was about 1870, and as far as I know, th industry has never been revived in Brown county."

At an early date Richard Flint purchased a small sail-boat, the "Kitty Clyde," from Mr. Precor, a Frenchman, who came to Suamico from Chamber's Island. He carried on a traffic up and down the bay for a long time, carrying

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tobacco, liquor, groceries and other things which he traded to the Indians among the islands, for fish. His wife was an Indian woman. She always steered the boat. When Mr. Flint bought the boat the woman or her sister helped W. D. Rice, by steering till he and some of the other men became used to the boat. The boat later became the property of John Bruce. W. D. Rice tells of trips on the bay going to or from Green Bay, the squaw sitting stolidly in her place, chewing tobacco and tacking, never saying a word to anyone. If the tide was right, they would come through Bass Channel and make the turn into the Suamico river; otherwise they would have to go around "Grassy Island," much farther. If the wind was contrary, they sometimes had a hard time making the channel, especially if overtaken by the darkness of night-fall, which frequently happened. The "Kitty Clyde" was eventually run ashore near the bend in the river and sunk by a log jam during a spring freshet.

ACCIDENTS

Accidental deaths of people of Pittsfield and Suamico, at one time or another, have caused sadness in a number of families.

Mrs. John Rabishaw and her little daughter were so severely burned that death followed. Mrs. William Robinson, formerly Jennie Baker of Pittsfield, met the same fate.

Henry Rabitoy, Benj. Hebert, Mike and Walter Piontack, and two Alberts brothers were drowned. George Mauers, Mason Potter, Julius Gokey, Lewis Harding, Fred Streckenbach, Wallace Wilson, Charles Kuska, Bernard Lynch, Frank Czarpottes, and Leo Scannell were killed in various accidents on the railroad or in the woods. John Stender was electrocuted while working on an electric line. Mr. James Pelegrin of Suamico was killed on his farm, by a large stump falling on him. Mrs. Lina Fletcher Crooks, and her brother, Edward Fletcher of Suamico, were killed in auto accidents.

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George Phillips and Clarence Cook died from the effects of accidents in the lumber woods.

One of Pittsfield's favorite boys was John Delaney. He disappeared, and no one ever knew what became of him. A man named Tom Buckley, who worked for H. P. Hayden for several years in the lumber woods, was burned to death in a fire, which destroyed the first courthouse of Brown county, which was located at De Pere. This was in 1871.

In the winter of 1883-4 Welman N. Brown spent a few weeks in Florida visiting relatives and looking around for new prospects. He came home about Jan. 15th. An article in the Green Bay paper tells that he brought back samples of oranges and lemons, one of the oranges measuring 16½ inches in circumference. He also brought three young alligators; one of them he named "Jeff Davis." This one lived some weeks, the others soon died from change of climate, food or environment. Miss Clara Rice still has one of these, "Gen. Beauregard," preserved in a bottle. In his collection, also, were a variety of sea shells. Mr. Brown was not convinced that Florida was a glittering paradise. He later sold his farm in Pittsfield and moved with his family to Spirit Lake, Iowa, where he purchased a large farm. Mr. Brown was the son of James Brown, one of the oldest settlers of Pittsfield. He married Myra Hayden. A large family of sons and daughters came of this union. Most of them are married and live in Iowa. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are both dead. Their old farm was the property of A. Gaygafski for some years. He sold it to Patrick Ryan, and it is now owned by John Ryan, who married Margaret Fitzpatrick. Mr. Ryan is making Pittsfield famous for potatoes. A few years ago he developed a gravel pit which has netted him a neat sum.

WOLF HILL

In the '60's on this hill about two miles north from Rice's sand hill, for ten years there seemed to be a gathering place for wolves, especially in the winter time. On one occasion

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in the early evening a man named Eli Sheeley was working at H. P. Hayden's camp in the woods. On his way out to the Hayden home he came along the old "Brownville" road; when he reached Wolf Hill he heard a pack of snarling wolves, but kept on his way. Soon the noises of the hungry wolves seemed near and he discovered that they were following him. He began to run and they followed closer and closer, till he reached the sand hill, the wolves stopped, but he ran on until he reached Rice's door. He was so much frightened that he could scarcely tell his story.

Another time as a settler, in what is now the town of Chase, named Hummel, was riding horseback with a colt following the dam, he was followed by a pack of wolves near Wolf Hill. He could not go fast enough to keep out of the way, and they caught the colt and killed it. Mr. Hummel and the mother fought the wolves for a time, but at last had to give up, and mounting, he spurred the poor beast to leave her colt. When he reached Rice's home, the horse, and the man's clothing were besmeared with blood, which verified Mr. Hummel's tale of his fight with the wolves. A few wandering wolves have bothered farmers who raised sheep up to quite recent years; but they are rarely seen or heard at the present time.

It seems that the pine-laden air of the early days was invigorating. The people could endure work and exposure, long drives and late hours without noticing it.

Horses and cattle, too, seemed to have more endurance.

In the late sixties the Randall Brothers came to this section to work in the pineries, their home was in Ohio. They were cousins of Mrs. Albert Buckman. They brought with them a fine team of Morgan horses from Indiana, which they sold to Charles Wilson. He hauled shingles from Flintville to Green Bay, hauling twenty thousand or more of shingles to a load, making three trips in two days. One day after he arrived in Green Bay, he met one of the Randalls, who was to leave for Indiana the same day. He had discovered that he had left his pocketbook and all his money in his

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room at A. H. Buckman's home in Pittsfield. He asked to borrow "Lib" one of the horses so that he could go after it and get back to take the train two hours later. He made the twenty-five mile run and got back in time to take his train. The horse had drawn a load to Green Bay, took the run to Pittsfield and back, then went home as fresh as ever, and was not injured in the least.

CHAPTER IX.

OUR POLITICS.

On this much talked of subject there is no need to bring into our story anything but the things that will correspond with our history, and just enough to awaken or arouse a little thought on the part of our readers.

In the history of Wisconsin there has been more than one time that the state has attracted nation-wide attention through some question of political significance. One of those instances was the stand that was early taken for prohibition.

To quote an article: "State Fathers Fought for Prohibition." "Despite Wisconsin's reputation for wetness in recent years, among the fathers of the commonwealth, a strong prohibition sentiment existed, and the national dry enactment merely realizes belatedly for Wisconsin an ideal which was vigorously fought for, 75 years ago. Records preserved in the State Historical Library at Madison show that the Wisconsin liquor law passed in 1849, and was known as the "Bond Law," attracted nation-wide attention. The "Bond Law" made every liquor dealer responsible for the support of "all paupers, widows, and orphans, made or helped to be made" by this traffic. In 1850 the provisions of the law were made more stringent. After several efforts to have it declared unconstitutional had failed, opponents of the Bond Law started a campaign, chiefly among the foreign element which in 1851 secured its repeal and a license law took its place. Temperance forces now turned their

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attention to making Wisconsin completely dry. In response to their demands a popular referendum on prohibition was ordered, and by organizing their forces in every hamlet of the state the "Cold-water Jesuits" won a clear-cut victory. The wets controlled the governor and legislature, however, and the latter refused to pass the law demanded by the voters. The temperance forces then turned their attention to the law-makers, with the result that the next legislature was made a dry body. By it a prohibitory act was passed, only to be vetoed by Governor Barstow. The slavery issue then engrossed public attention, and the effort to make Wisconsin dry was abandoned.

Another was when in 1921, the state of Wisconsin through its legislative body, held out so long before it passed the "Woman's equal rights" bill, which gives full legal equality to the women voters of the state. When one of our facetious State Senators remarked that, "Women may wear trousers in Wisconsin." A New York paper took it up, "But they are not going to do it," predicts the paper, "the women of Wisconsin will be just as womanly as ever and the men will find that nothing happers to dim the old ideals of either the men or the women." Now, the fair sex in Wisconsin has had all the legal restrictions which governed them removed by one sweeping enactment, which places women on exactly the same plane as all men in respect to "holding and conveying property, elections, referendums, and bond approvals, freedom of contract, jury service, care and custody of children, and even choice of residence for voting purposes." Thus, Wisconsin has made a precedent which other states will be likely to follow.

The Nineteenth Amendment to the constitution was voted on in Wisconsin with equal success. Women workers all over the state worked hard for its passage.

It will take some time for women generally to adjust themselves to political parties, and to decide for themselves for whom and for what they wish to vote. The younger women are the ones who will lead the procession in the next

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few years, as they can more easily adjust themselves to the issues of the nation as they come up. Mothers and wives almost to a woman are going to "vote as father does." The woman who can think and act for herself and stand on her own feet should not be afraid to respond with her best judgment now that woman's voice has come to be heard in Wisconsin.

In Suamico and Pittsfield the women were not, as a rule, very anxious to vote, nor did the majority of them feel enthusiastic or jubilant when the Suffrage Amendment became a law. But neither did they feel that the voting privilege was thrust upon them and they are taking to it "like ducks to water." It will be some time before they become politicians of any reputation, but time brings forth all things. A Wisconsin author makes one of his characters say that "a farmer has only to wait long enough and all the world comes his way." So it may be said of the politics of Brown county women. Just wait and see. One writer says: "America needs the help of every woman to keep her to the well beaten path, holding high aloft the standards of patriotism, of home life and public service, of liberty under law, of religion held fast in the daily lives of the people."

Thus it shall be the purpose of the women to cherish the ideals that have been established. Let the standards of the women who worked so long and hard to bring about the light of human liberty and equal rights be ours. It is for the women to "carry on." It is the woman's part to keep America American in thought and soul. Each woman is her country's keeper, the preserver of the home, the mother of its children. Shall it be the America that we love, the America our soldiers fought for, or some strange product of the "melting pot" that does not melt?

It is sure that there will be scoffing, and many will cry out for "progress." Those same people forget that progress can go backward even to the cave dwellers. They forget that all things, even to the universe, can go in a circle, and following a bad leader, would bring us back where we started;

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but if we would reach the light of human liberty, we must keep in the beaten track of God's evolution onward and upward—that's progress!

In everyday life platforms have their use, and the man who said that "platforms are not to stand on, but to get in on," hit politics about as soundly as he did the fellow who always stopped to say good-bye, as he entered a train. Other men who said that "platforms are made to load from, not for bumping posts," also gave a slight insinuation to the platforms of some candidates. One who instead of helping himself, bumps another, does not use his platform to the right purpose either in or out of office.

Every political party and usually every candidate for an office has a platform, made up of "planks" or things which are pledged to the people who support them by their vote. Each voter, and especially the women voters, should choose and know the platform of the party who gets their vote.

It is our duty to follow our best leaders whom we elect to make our laws and guide our "ship of state," and our personal preferences must give way to national need. There are many things which we cannot understand. There are many vital facts in our capital which are not made known to the public nor discussed in the papers. While our president is in charge, Congress and the people should trust him to do what he deems best. In the World War the secrecy in which our troops were transported both on the way to points of embarkation, and their destined port, seemed almost cruel, yet it was best that every one did not know.

Another time, older men can recall it, when the Spanish War crisis was approaching, both houses of Congress were aflame for war. The President had all he could do to hold things steady. One night he summoned leaders and divulged the secret that the United States was short of powder. The whole nation did not know it and it was best.

Our leaders should know best what to do and how to do it, else, why did we elect them? Our farmers and industries should get together in united action, in such a manner that

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no senator nor congressman can find any reason for suggesting legislation against our methods. The trend of industrial philosophy would change entirely, and we would then get back, really, to the viewpoint of our forefathers who founded this country, as the place where every honest, wise citizen could go ahead and control his own business. The struggle for money has completely corrupted the world. Hope lies in honest, equality, and fairness, in honest democracy. There is nothing that will insure permanent peace, but universal justice. We boast that we are a self-governing people, but are we? Don't we allow too much dictation from leaders, both political and local?

The farmer's glory and his danger lies in his individualism, his independence, his intolerance of dictation. He is too aloof, too solitary, "keeping step is not one of his specialties." For 200 years there has been an effort to organize farmers and make them pull together, and still they are just beginning to realize that they could better help choose their "platforms," if they worked together. Not with some party or class but together with a "capital T."

Some of our readers don't know who Josh Wise is, neither do we, but we like his logic. He says: "No feller who was brought up to wash in th' old tin basin should marry inter a white wash bowl family." It applies in this case. The farmer and the city shop laborer, and the railroad man, are as different as the "tin basin" and the "white wash bowl," though both have the same calling, i. e., "laborer," but they are in different spheres; they have different interests, different hours, different objects in view. The one works for himself; the other does not. Now, how can they affiliate with each other and organize into one party?

The city laborers are anxious to have the prices of farmers' products lowered, so that they can reduce their own cost of living. They expect the farmer to sell at wholesale prices when they know he has to buy his clothing and sundry groceries at retail prices. They expect their own income to be a maximum or standard wage, while the farm-

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er's income may fluctuate according to the times. The farmer would receive more real assistance if he fraternalized with the traders who purchase his products.

Wisconsin does not form an important part of national politics. A reason has been given that we do not keep our representatives long enough in Congress, but perhaps we are living that reason down. Another reason has been cited that in but one presidential campaign in half a century or more has Wisconsin's electoral vote been regarded as a determining factor. No Wisconsin man has ever been nominated for president, although there have been and are aspirations.

There have been times, though, when the early statesmen of Wisconsin did great things. In the slavery question the attitude of Wisconsin men was courageous. The questions of sound money, free silver, and others of like merit were upheld by Wisconsin men with results. Although the citizens of this section have been faithful to those principles, they deemed best, there have been no political leaders. When Pittsfield first came into Brown county politics in 1852, the "Whig Party" had not as yet ceased to be. Who or what the favorite politicians or parties of our men were is only a matter of conjecture. At the election for Lincoln the first time many of our old time citizens cast their first presidential votes. The birth of the Republican party has been accredited to Wisconsin, and many of our settlers took it up as their own. The Democratic party also had some of our best men. The county, town or national questions received votes from Suamico and Pittsfield for each party.

In the sixty-six years, since the town of Pittsfield was set off in April, 1859, the issue of license or no license has been brought up, yearly, but the "noes" have always carried.

If each American, and every one in our town should be an American, would think for himself and uphold the party that wishes to promote true Americanism and uphold the best constitution, in the best country, on the face of the

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globe, politics would not polute parties nor parties mislead voters.

To quote a U. S. Senator in 1922: "There is a rising tide of socialism today which threatens the foundation of representative democracy the world over. There are well-meaning men in their ranks. They believe that the millennium is coming, that the government can exercise the functions of all private enterprises and that all fields of human endeavor can be equalized.

"It is an old, old dream, which the world has discarded again and again since the dawn of civilization. The best guarantees to the people of this country for the security of our institutions are those principles embodied in the "Bill of Rights," which have been tried by the experience of ages and are firmly fixed in the constitution of this land."

STRIKES

When organized labor leaders hold out for freedom of labor, every fair-minded person gives them support. But there can be no freedom, if by trying to enforce the principles of unions, the whole life line of the people is paralyzed in so doing. The question of the legality and Christianity of strikes has been, and is questioned. It seems that in the time of peace to be always in a state of war is not living up to the ideals of freedom. We must have industrial peace or we will not have any other kind of peace anywhere.

One noted man in our country once said, "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time."

Lady Astor, who is a member of the English Parliament, was an American girl and she carries her broad-minded views into a speech she recently made, she says: "I want good conditions for all people who work; but I would rather have my children labor under the worst conditions than to join the loafers."

W are finding out that strikes are poor ways of settling labor disputes. Labor and capital will have to reach agree-

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ments which will be fair to both sides. One writer put it like this: "Capital squeezes labor, and labor gets what it can and neither has much regard for the general public, which pays the wages of both."

We find that the great trouble is, that the laboring man will not admit that any crime is ever committed by labor; while the capitalists will never admit any justice in any demand which labor may make. Until this attitude disappears there must be more or less friction between employer and employee.

Most of the recent strikes have only aggravated and enlarged the condition against which they were supposed to be a protest. Labor must abandon the "take-it-easy," "don't-do-too-much" policy if it wishes to get anywhere.

The economic and industrial situation in the U. S. is not so bad as it is in most any other country; but a day of reckoning is at hand unless we turn our faces in the direction of real economy, greater thrift, and increased production.

In war time, the country found that some of the foreigners in our midst were more or less loyal to the standards of Europe. Why was this? Because they had been allowed, when they came here, to follow their own old country ideas, to have their foreign language newspapers, and they were not urged to learn to speak and read English. The foreigners were not supervised nor directed toward the patriotism of American citizens. We learned a lesson which it is to be hoped, was well learned.

The Monroe Doctrine is our safeguard which protects our shores against foreign aggression. It would be well if we had some doctrine which would protect us from attacks within our shore limits, from those who have no right to influence any of the citizens or others within our gates. Nothing can be more foolish than the idea that prices can be controlled by laws. The cost of living can only be reduced when the country, as a unit, goes to work in real earnest and turns the balance of supply and demand about

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so that there will be more production than the general public demands.

There is really more cause for alarm in the country today from the profitee than from the profiteer. If our young people are wiling to pay $10 to $20 for a pair of shoes, or $5 for a pretty dinner at the tea shop, and do it daily, why not let the shoe-man or tea shop-man profiteer? A few of these disciples of extravagance can so spoil conditions in a small town, that a man or woman, who really must be economical is not apt to receive respectful service in the shoe-shop or tea-shop. Who is to blame?

This article is from the pen of James M. Lawrence, whose idea of the international situation seems about right to us and is the idea of many people.

PLEA FOR DEBT CANCELLATION

Writer thinks Allies earned sum which we lent, by early sacrifices.

"Bend, Ore., Feb. 15, 1321. (To the Editor)—Two good and sufficient reasons appear to me, and I think to others, for cancelling the ten billions of European debts to the United States.

"In the first place, there is the outstanding fact that the countries with which we subsequently became allied or associated were fighting our battles long before we went into the fray for ourselves, and we were coining their travail into profiteering dollars. It may be admitted that we did good work, when we did go in and that the result might have been different without our active participation, but if we had done our duty at the proper time it is altogether probable that Europe would not have needed to borrow those ten billions and our own burden would also now be less than it is. At any rate, we made those billions, and more, out of Europe's agony. It was not normal profit.

Secondly, enlightened selfishness would dictate the waiving of those debts. This country suffers from business depression—production is curtailed, money is tight, trade

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languishes—largely because Europe is bankrupt and cannot buy our products, though sadly needing them. Our mills and farms cannot market their wares and labor suffers. If Europe could buy, this condition at home would be vastly relieved. She would buy our goods and all the agencies of production here would feel the stimulating effect of her hope and purchasing power, instead of the paralysis of her discouragement and exhaustion; to say nothing of such by-products as bolshevism and bitter ill will.

What our government would lose would come back to our people many times over in prosperity and good will—and what is government if it does not serve the constitutional purpose of promoting the general welfare? The United States government may drive Europe to the auction block and extort the last bloody dollar of the unhallowed debt, but the American people will foot the bill, just the same, in business stagnation and distress, if that sordid policy be persisted in.

Therefore, it seems to me the part of wisdom for us to forget that debt, on the grounds of high altruism as well as intelligent self interest. It will pay from every point of view.—J. M. L.

LABOR DAY.

Labor Day has become an established holiday in Wisconsin, made legal by proclamation of the state governors. The first proclamation in Wisconsin is as follows:

LABOR DAY FOR RECREATION.

Governor Peck Declares the First Monday in September a holiday.

Madison, Wis., August 16.—Gov. Peck yesterday issued the following proclamation:

"In compliance with chapter 271, laws of 1893, I, George W. Peck, governor of the state of Wisconsin, do hereby proclaim and set apart the first Monday in September in each

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year as labor day for the purpose of affording all laboring classes one day of rest and recreation.

"In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the state of Wisconsin to be affixed.

"Done at the capital, in the city of Madison, the fifteenth day of August, A. D., 1893. GEORGE PECK."

By the governor,

T. J. Cunningham, Secretary of State.

BLAINE DESIGNATES MONDAY LABOR DAY.

Governor Pays Tribute to Producers of Wealth in Official Proclamation.

Madison, Wis., Aug. 30, 1923—Speaking of the part which labor played in the growth of the nation and the state, Governor Blaine today issued a proclamation designating September 3d, as Labor Day.

The governor's proclamation is as follows:

"In this land of freedom, labor has achieved a dignity never before accorded it in any country of the world. Labor was synonymous with slavery in ancient times; but we have recognized its economic and its spiritual worth, and we have made it an honored custom in the United States to set aside one day in each year in commemoration of labor.

"Our state provides that the first Monday in September shall be observed as a legal holiday to be known as Labor Day. On that day all work ceases, all offices are closed, and the people leave their labors to seek rest and recreation. On that day all pay tribute to labor, giving it the recognition due it as the corner stone on which is built the happiness and prosperity of this country.

"We Americans love to honor those who have earned our sincere respect—the producers of wealth rather than the consumers of wealth. Working men in Wisconsin are wisely protected in their rights to organize for the betterment of their own conditions. Such organizations may use all lawful means to gain their ends. The laws of the state incor-

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porate many of the things for which labor organizations stand.

"This state has been remarkably free from disturbances, and has weathered periods of depression far better than any other state. It held its own in the industrial world; in manufactures as well as in agriculture. It occupies a rank in population as well as in land area.

"Because this policy has proven its worth, and in accordance with the statutes,

"Therefore, as governor of the state of Wisconsin, I John J. Blaine, do hereby designate Monday, the third day of September, as Labor Day, and I do recommend that it be observed as a holiday throughout the state of Wisconsin."

PROGRESS

"We accept what is given us by Progress, but we regard it in our own fashion."

"Behind the squaw's light birch canoe
The steamer rocks and raves,
And city lots are staked for sale,
Above old Indian graves.

I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be;
The last low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea;
The rudiments of Empire here
Are plastic yet and warm,
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form."

CHAPTER X.

RIVERS AND LAKES.

"The stream I love, unbounded goes."

The towns of Pittsfield and Suamico are watered and drained by the Suamico river and its branches. The main river is formed by two small streams, the "north branch" and the "south branch." The north branch, a brook formed

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by springs starts in the northwest part of the town of Pittsfield. It takes a very crooked course and joins the main river in section 13. It is a typical trout brook of northern Wisconsin and is so narrow most of its length that one can jump across it. A bridge crosses it on the old road near the Ryan farm.

The south branch takes its rise near the southwestern part of Pittsfield or possibly just over the county line, being formed by springs. It flows in a northeasterly direction for a number of miles. A creek flows into it near the old Getler farm. This creek was called "Potter's Creek" by old settlers. Another creek flows through Sec. 13 and unites with the main river near the mouth of the north branch. It has always been called "Indian Brook" or "Injun Brook." The south branch gradually grows wider until it unites with the "north branch." A bridge crosses the "south branch" on the Military road, and another on the Kunish road at the old Fritzler place where a dam was once located. Another bridge near the Kuska farms, where Wright's mill did business at one time; there is another bridge about half a mile west, also near a Kuska farm. Another crosses the river to the north of the "Getler hill," (this hill has been cut down and railings placed at its sides) a neat little bridge this is, with stone abutments and sides.

A fording place where the water was shallow was used, near the Lindsay dam.

The next is the bridge at Flintville located at the same place that the first rude wagon bridge, at the foot of the dam, was built nearly seventy years ago. There are still four other bridges spanning the Suamico, one near the old "tannery bottom," one at the Herring farm, in old times called the "John Crooks Bridge" and the "Weed Mill Bridge." Next comes the new concrete bridge which crosses the river on State Highway 15, (41) a little west of the old one which crosses the river where it has been for more than sixty years. The new bridge is a good-looking concrete affair with railings, built substantially enough to stand the traffic

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of "No. 41," and the wild freaks of water and ice in spring time, for which the Suamico at this point is noted. One or two private bridges also span the stream.

There are times, in the spring, when the banks overflow and the roads are actually impassable; when "Bruce Town" and the depot section are not on speaking terms, except over the telephone.

Speaking of bridges, the county board of Brown county was once accountable for the idea expressed that "just as soon as the town of Pittsfield or the town of Suamico made, or laid out, a crossroad, they immediately asked for an appropriation for a bridge."

Each year many spirited arguments took place at the annual town meetings, for and against a proposed bridge somewhere in town. Once in the meeting in Pittsfield, the debate was getting quite heated when Mathias Feist arose and said: "Mr. Chairman, I make a motion that we bridge the Suamico river lengthwise." This ended the jangle with a roar of laughter; but there was no bridge built that year.

Near the bank of the river north of the Allen T. Buckman farm, there is a spring, the water of which is very cold. Wood and clay are petrified, seemingly from the action of the water. The "petrifying spring" has been a place of rendezvous, or sort of "lover's lane" for the young people for more than half a century.

A long and narrow trout brook is Haller's creek which starts from springs in the woods of Oconto county east of the old "Boston place." It flows through the town of Suamico in a general southeasterly direction and joins the main river, not far from the railroad bridge, at Big Suamico. This creek received its name from Major Haller, who was stationed at Fort Howard in 1859. He owned a tract of timber land near its source. The course of the Suamico river is mainly in an easterly direction to the shore of Green bay.

There are no lakes of consequence, although in section 12, Pittsfield, there is a small cluster of lakes. One on the Rice farm, which has always been called the "Little Lake," or in

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later years, "Rice's Lake." It is situated between high hills, and covers about fifteen acres of ground. A marsh, with a growth of grass and moss and cranberry vines, surrounds the clear pond. It has no visible inlet or outlet, and is very deep; from soundings it must be nearly 100 feet deep, chains and poles have been put down, but failed to find a hard bottom.

There is skating and ice-cutting traffic on the lake every winter. The ice is clear as crystal which shows that the lake is not a stagnant pool of water. In the lake there is a profuse growth of water lilies, thought by some to be the Wisconsin lotus-lily, first cousin to the famous Egyptian lotus, rare and beautiful and only located in three or four places in Wisconsin.

"Just over the hill, in a wood that I know,
There's a dim, dusky hollow where wintergreens grow,
The leaves are all fragrant and shining and round,
With slender brown stems clinging close to the ground.
The berries are crimson and spicy and sweet,
They look like red apples for fairies to eat."

MARGARET ASHMUN.

Another small lake or marsh is on the T. White farm, another on the N. Terry farm. These also have a growth of cranberries. A marshy spot on the old T. Bursell place and one on the old Tripp farm once had an abundance of cranberries.

The same as for tobacco, hops, and flax, the conditions in Brown county are not favorable to the cultivation of the cranberry, as are the marshes in the central part of the state. A large marsh near Peshtigo was once operated, but for many years the project has not amounted to much.

Speaking of cranberries the Milwaukee Journal has an article as follows:

"There is a fortune in cranberries in Wisconsin. If you know where and how to raise them. Out of the marshes over which the Indians pushed their canoes and which were once thought to be useless land, thousands of dollars have

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been made yearly for the past several years. In the year 1922 the Wisconsin cranberry growers have just harvested the largest crop in the State's history. The total for the state is 50,000 barrels or more than 5,000,000 pounds. Wood county alone raised 18,000 barrels. A marsh near Phillips, Price county, this year raised what is probably the biggest berry crop ever produced west of Massachusetts and New Jersey marshes.

"There are two types of berry raisers: First, the pioneer who came into the wilds and learned by experience how to cultivate the berry; and those who learned how at state experiment stations and by observation in the marshes of the East where cranberry raising is a much older industry. Andrew Searles came into the marshes at Walker, Wood county, forty years ago. He has been picking and raising cranberries ever since. He originated the "Searles Jumbo," a very large berry. Other varieties have been developed in the state. Some are round, some bell shaped and some fashioned like a bugle. (These varieties are found in the Pittsfield lakes, probably seeds are carried by wild birds.)

"Mr. C. L. Lewis studied forestry in the Minnesota University, but in coming to Wisconsin to do work in an experiment station became interested in cranberries and gave up forestry. He worked in Wood county marshes, went to Massachusetts, which has the most extensive cranberry bogs in the United States, and worked in the fields there. Mr. Lewis owns a marsh near Spooner, Washburn county. The process of developing a marsh is a slow one, but the result is sure as there is not competition enough to drive one out of the business when he once gets into it, and because cranberries, due to the limited areas in which they can be raised, can always be marketed to advantage. There are still about 2500 acres in Wisconsin which can be used for cranberry culture.

"American cranberries were found growing wild by the early Pilgrims. It is thought that they served them with wild turkey on Thanksgiving feasts, and for this reason

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have become associated with turkey on Thanksgiving Day. Cranberries make a tart sauce or jelly. These are palatable with meat, and contain relatively large amounts of mineral matter, especially iron, calcium and phosphorus, which are valuable in the diet.

"Statistics show that each person in the United States consumes, annually, only three-fifths of a pound of cranberries. The growers believe that there should be a lot more of the fruit eaten. The state cranberry exchange is spending considerable money advertising the merits of the cranberry as a food."

The following verse is quoted by J. W. Prosser:

"A work of art and a sculptor's fame,
Gives many an artist a world-wide name;
But the work of art that pleases my eye,
Is the lattice work on a cranberry pie."

CHAPTER XI.

AGRICULTURE.

Wisconsin is one of the great states of the Mississippi valley, and has a rapidly growing importance in everything, from statesmanship and education, to mining, manufacturing and agriculture. Wisconsin has pioneered in promoting the welfare of her agricultural people, especially have the towns of Brown county turned their attention to farming and dairying.

We, as agriculturists, may boast, that saying nothing of the husbandry of the early Indians, Green Bay was a step ahead of any other place for its agricultural venture. About 1745, Charles De Langlade came to Green Bay, built a trading post and warehouse on the bank of the river near the spot where the street car barns are now located on Washington street. His small farm which consisted of a few acres, (in the heart of what today is the city of Green Bay) lying east of the post. History claims this same small farm plot as "the first to be cultivated by white men in all the vast

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territory now known as the 'corn and wheat belt' of the United States." On this farm De Langlade raised corn and other forage crops and a few vegetables which were carefully stored for winter use.

From the time that the earliest settlers came the chief occupation of most every one was lumbering or working on timber of some kind, in some way. Each family and some bachelors bought up pieces of land, for the timber; built rude houses and really started to "farm" before they realized the fact themselves, until in the '60's, when the hard times and war struck them they gathered up all old time knowledge and began to clear up their little farms and raise crops. In ten years' time, many quite thrifty small farmers occupied "clearings" in Pittsfield and Suamico. After 1875, when the mills and timber were no longer the sources of revenue that they were in earlier years, the settlers were busy clearing land and making roads and fences. Hard wheat and other grains, oats, rye and barley were raised on the new farms as well as corn, beans, hay and vegetables.

The winters were usually spent in logging and saw-mill work, and doing other things, like cutting cord wood and bolts, to pay expenses. The farms began to take on the aspect of homes and everything the owners put in, they put in to stay. How many when looking back to the "younger days" love to think of the work. As now, after the long, cold winter the farm and everything needed cleaning up.

The warm spring rains or April showers do the work; the robins chatter; the wood flowers come out; the trees begin to bud, the pussy-willow by the creeks come forth, everything smells fresh and sweet. The farm folks are busy, even to the smallest girl and boy. No other occupation in the wide world so includes the whole family, as does farming. A partnership which if well managed and made pleasant will pay. The spring seeding and planting is the main work, but the chores, maple "sap-bush" work, cutting potatoes for seed, the garden and poultry work, bring in the boys and girls and mothers. Seemingly the odds and ends of

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spring work on the farm is the largest part. When all this is done the rare June days have come, the beautiful green of the grass and the trees is glorious.

The blossoming orchards, and blooming lilacs fill the air with rare fragrance too exquisite to be described.

All in all summer is here and with it comes "haying time," which seems to mean more than the planting time did. The charm of this season of activity is more exuberant than that of any other.

The long summer days are filled with delightful sounds which the clear air carries far. Birds and bees and grasshoppers are everywhere. The soughing of the soft west wind through the pines, the songs of the early morning lark and Bob White fill the air.

Yes, haying time is the fullest, happiest time of the year. The men work with scythe or mower and cut the tall grass, roll it into windrows and cocks, to keep it dry in case of a shower or thunder storm, after a hot day has passed. The raking and hauling in of the loads of sweet smelling hay and clover is a hard task and "the boy in the mow" thinks it is the limit of hardship and injustice. Yet at the close of a day in haying time the tired farmer rests with a weary satisfied feeling; while the boys with cleaned up feet and dry, cool clothes, are ready for a frolic before bedtime.

In this wooded country there were stumps everywhere, pine stumps with endless roots. The stump-puller of recent years and the use of dynamite or nitro-glycerine were not thought of until later years.

The "Armstrong" stump-puller came in the '70's.

The flail to thresh grain was the only method for the very early grain growers, although a treadmill was used in that period in some places. The first threshing machine to be brought into the town of Pittsfield was that owned by an Oneida Indian, Tom House by name. He had a little shaker separator and a tread power. This "tread power" was a slanting stall-like affair with a movable bottom on rollers, (where a horse or mule walked ceaselessly, and never got

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anywhere), which made power that threshed grain, ground feed, etc. We have even read where a tread mill, with a mule, made power to propel a boat up the Wolf river from Lake Winnebago, before the Civil war. The flail went down before the horse power threshing machine. Horse power gave way to steam power.

Emotion of today is more airy than in times of long ago, when the Pilgrims originated Thanksgiving Day, it was out of pure thankfulness for an abundant harvest.

Yet in a measure there is still rejoicing at the bringing in of the sheaves, as of old. In country life all the poetry of the year is centered in the harvest. The joy and suspense and the reward for toil, make up for the work and anxiety. All summer the farmer watches with anxious eye for the boll weevil, the Hessian-fly, the chinch bug, and rust, in his grain and the blight in the potato field and he also watches the almanac or sky for weather suitable for the harvest.

In preparation the farmer gets his reaper ready, arranges for changing work with the neighbors, there are trips to town for binding twine, flour, sugar and coffee. The butter is saved up and a sheep or calf is ready to be killed, and the chickens are shut up. When the grain is all in the barn or stacks, "the threshing-machine may be here any time, now," is the word.

The boys and girls of early times are the men and women of today, and how many of us remember the thrill, when the machine did come?

In the old horse-power machine, the "power" was a combination of cog-wheels set at intervals in a box-like square, from which five "sweeps" or poles extended, five teams of horses pulled from those sweeps going around to the left. (This was ten horse power). The "power" was set at a few rods distance from the separator or machine. It was held firmly in place by stakes driven into the ground. The motion given to the machine was carried by means of "tumbling-rods" with "knuckle joints." The driver stood on a platform over the center of the "power," with a long whip

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with a very long lash. Driving was not such an easy job as it seemed to be, the driver had to be able to guage the speed and steady pull of the horses to the motion of the cylinder. The crew were the "feeder," the "driver," and the "boss," and they were called the "threshers." A band cutter, and straw-stack tender, and man to measure and a boy to hold bags, haulers, pitchers, and bag-carriers and numerous others made a crew of twenty or more men, all told.

The era of steam power was soon to replace the horse-power and now is the only thing known. To run the steam engine now, the farmer has to furnish coarse wood to feed the fire and water is hauled in a large box-like tank on wheels.

At last the threshers arrive. The shouting, singing boys and men, keep up the spirits of everybody, and, after all, thanksgiving is in the air. Nowadays in the windless September air the booming of the separator's cylinder is heard above the steam voice of the traction engine.

The bundles of grain are handed or pitched to the "feeder" who, with an easy movement, gathers the sheaves under his arm and feeds them into the gaping mouth of the machine. All the golden day the straw climbs the "carrier" and falls lightly into a misty mountain, and the chaff flies in a cloud; the grain flows out at one side, into measures and is put into bags and carried to the granary. Tired and hot the men labor on; the women folks would be anxious for them, if they were not so busy themselves; but the long afternoon has been all too short in which to prepare supper for twenty or more half-famished men.

Nearly a bushel of potatoes are peeled; a boiler full of chicken, the oven full of beef or mutton, a frying pan full of salt pork, beans, corn, cabbage, beets, and tomato pickles; bread, rolls and butter, baked apples, pumpkin pie, as well as berry and apple pies, making a loaded table of which the housewife is proud and hoping that no other has whiter bread or sweeter pies than her's.

When the six o'clock whistle blows there is a flutter of ex-

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citement in the house, the girls run for the butter, cream and milk in the cool cellar. The tea and coffee are ready to pour. The men chat, wash, and exchange jokes, and at a minute's notice flock in, to the table, with little ceremony. Some one speaks up in lieu of grace, "here's where we get the best bread and the best looking girls to wait on us, pitch in, boys." In ten minutes all that array of food has disappeared even to the third filling of dishes. Knives doing the double duty of cutting meat and scooping up gravy. Then there's a scraping of boots and a sliding of chairs and the men go back to the door yard. The younger ones must take a sly chance to see the girls as they pass out.

"Where on earth did they put all that victuals?" is the admiring plaint of the "women folks," who manage to find plenty for themselves and the children who are most too excited to eat. The farmer slips around to tell his wife that the wheat is turning out good, and the oats are going 50 bushels to the acre. She sees—visions! At length the supper dishes are washed, plans made for breakfast, the neighbors go home, the chores are done, the horses fed and the "men folks" spread blankets on the hay, and "roll in." Only the dog and geese show a sign of uneasiness till morning.

Threshing machines were owned in Pittsfield by Wm. Streckenbach, Robert Hamilton, Leonard Rice, and Julius Seeling. In Suamico by Charles Lucia, John Cook, I. Burdeau, and Louis Gokey. The "Victor," the J. I. Case machine, the "Agitator," the "Buffalo Pitt," and the "Chicago Pitt," were the oldest machines in Wisconsin.

Butter making in early days was only a matter of churning the cream from the milk of one or two cows with a dasher churn. As years passed by the number of cows on each farm steadily increased up to ten, fifteen, twenty, or more. The methods of saving the cream changed from pans set on the pantry or cellar shelves, to cans set in cold water, and different creamery improvements. The dasher churn was replaced by the new patent churns, one a wooden, churn-shaped affair with a cover and a crank was introduced but

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as not liked by the dairy women. Then the "Blanchard churn," which was a wooden box on legs, and having paddles inside which turned, when operated, with a crank; then another, a square box set in a frame from two corners, made to swing in a rectangular manner. Then came the barrel churn set on the same plan as the rectangular one, but being heavier it did the work easier and more quickly and was more universally liked than any of the others. Now creamery butter is fast replacing the dairy made butter, and the busy farmer's wife is relieved of one duty.

There is one fault to be found with creamery butter, it lacks the genuine flavor of the best dairy butter. The separator is used to take the cream from promiscuously mixed milk, some rich, some poor, some pure and clean, some not; the result is marvelous, yet there is not the flavor in it that there was in the butter made in some of our old time home dairies.

It is a notable fact that the quickest, best, and surest returns that have been received from pioneer farming, are those gotten from land where the axe has hewed the way for the plow. Yet plowing alone cannot make a farm; there must be a man behind the plow. A man, too, possessed of the necessary qualifications, a man of brain and brawn and industrious habits, that are bound to lead to success and comfortable competence. "Here's God bless the plow, long life and content to the farmer."

Suamico and Pittsfield are progressing in raising hay, corn, and grain. They will in a few years rank very high in raising potatoes and sugar beets, as well as alfalfa. Cattle raising for beef and dairying is given marked attention in both towns. A number of Holstein, Jersey and Guernsey herds are well bred, and productive.

The county agent, J. N. Kavanaugh, is now a useful addition to our agricultural staff and works among the farmers; at county meetings; farmers' institutes and grain shows; as well as taking an active part in the county fair.

He, with the aid of the County Superintendent of Schools,

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has organized boys' and girls' "calf, potato and corn clubs," and oversees the exhibitions of their products at the fair.

The agent has made himself very useful to the farmers in the county. Cow-testing associations are organized in several places and many cows have developed records.

Cheese factories and creameries are very successful in Brown county. The first cheese factory in Pittsfield was opened at Mills Center in 1879 or 80. Factories at Flintville, Kunish, and Suamico have been operated by different people. The Babcock test for milk, as well as the organization of the Wisconsin dairymen, served to bring Wisconsin cheese to the "front" both in price and quality. About 70 per cent of the cheese manufactured in the United States is made in Wisconsin. Our own county and towns ranking high in quality and quantity produced.

The Wisconsin Dairymen's Association was organized Feb. 15, 1872, at Watertown. When organized there were less than forty cheese factories in the state, now there are about 2000. Then there were about 30,000 ordinary cows in the state. Now there are a full million, and some of them of the best dairy breeds.

As early as 1876, Wisconsin won first place for cheese at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and again at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis. The Dairymen's Association was the mother of The Farmers' Institutes, The Dairy School, The Dairy and Food Commissioner, The Cheesemakers' Association, and The Butterman's Association. Wisconsin leads all the states in the number of cheese and butter factories as well as milk condersories. The stability of Wisconsin's Agriculture rests upon dairying which may be developed as the state's greatest industry during the coming years.

The Dean of the College of Agriculture asserts that "no more economical machine has ever been designed by nature or man than the dairy cow; and one outstanding feature of these times of stress, is, that dairying has stood the test of deflation better than any other form of husbandry."

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The state graded schools of Suamico and Pittsfield have been very successful and are helpful to the boys and girls through the course in Manual Training and Domestic Science. The very fact the boys could really "make things" has awakened interest and developed skill. The cooking, sewing, and supervised work have been very successfully carried out by the girls. One has to see the work done, and witness the pride and pleasure shown by the children, to realize the true worth of this instruction. The first state graded school in Suamico was in District No. 2, in 1915.

In Pittsfield the first one organized was Kunish, in 1916. Jt. Dist. No. 1, Mills Center, Dist. No. 3, Pittsfield, in 1917. Districts Nos. 1 and 3, Suamico, are also state graded schools with two or three teachers in each.

A brief history of the canning clubs and bread clubs of the country started and worked out by Mrs. L. D. Hopkins of Big Suamico, will be of interest. Mrs. Hopkins organized girls' clubs in New Franken and in the Pine Grove School in Dist. No. 2, Suamico, in July, 1919. This was the first work of the kind in Brown county, and was in accordance with ideas of the County School Superintendent. Teams from these clubs demonstrated at the county fair that year. New Franken won first place and the winning team of three girls and their leader had a free trip to the state fair, where they also took part in the demonstrations. The New Franken team won a second place. The next year for various reasons there was not much work done, but the seed was sown and the county people asked for more demonstrations at the fair, and wished for more clubs.

In 1921 three more clubs were organized, Oak Grove, Pulaski, and Denmark. In 1922, clubs were organized at Allouez, Big Suamico, and Greenleaf, bread clubs at Grant School in Lawrence and Lincoln School in Preble. At the demonstration Allouez won. In the bread contest Oak Grove won first place and the Lincoln team second.

At the fair in 1922, a new feature, was the boys and girls' camp on the fair grounds. The idea was unique, in that it

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was the only in the state outside the state fair at Milwaukee. It consisted of three tents, two for boys and one for girls. The boys in charge of the county agent, Mr. Kavanaugh, and the girls in care of Miss Elizabeth Phemister, one of the Suamico teachers. Each boy and girl had reason to be present, as they either belonged to canning or bread clubs, or to the calf, potato or corn clubs.. They received wonderful courtesy from the N. E. Fair Association; and the boys and girls' clubs are started to stay, if present popularity is any sign. In 1922 Brown county led the state in the number of clubs.

The state university has established an agricultural college, second to none in the west, also model farms in connection with it and inspection of seed and products, all over the state. Short courses for farm boys are of great assistance to them. The establishment of county training schools with boys' and girls' classes in agriculture and Home Economics as well as the training department for young teachers, was a venture of much importance to the farm boys and girls of Wisconsin.

The Farmers' Institute was organized in 1885, with an appropriation from the state to conduct the meetings in various places. This has been another educational agency of great value to the scientific farmers.

The Brown County Agricultural Society was organized in 1856. But for a number of years the farmers in this locality did not derive much benefit from the meetings. The society officers made reports and gathered statistics for authorities. In this way paving the way for dairymen and leaders in agriculture to determine what advantages were really to be found in Brown county. John M. Smith, a noted gardener of Green Bay, was the president of the society for twenty-two years, and Mr. Werden Reynolds the secretary. The society was quite active from 1875 for a number of years. The activities of the farmers then went to the "Farmers' Institutes."

Each month a meeting was held, at which, good, practical

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speeches were given. In the summer time, each month, a farmers' picnic was held at some farm of the county. Those remembered were at J. H. Potter's farm in the town of Pittsfield; one at Robert Campbell's and one at David Gibson's in the town of Scott, and at Oatley's and Burdon's in the town of Howard. Farmers and their families drove to those picnics, got acquainted and exchanged ideas and problems and listened to talks on various subjects of interest to them. At that time Senator Timothy O. Howe had a farm near Green Bay of which he was very proud. He liked to see things grow and go, on this farm. Both he and his wife took great interest in the agriculture society of Brown county, and during the time of his residence in Green Bay, attended the meetings. At one of the picnics he and his amiable wife drove in with their comfortable carriage and their lunch basket. Mrs. Howe helped to spread the table in the long "threshing floor," and added the contents of her basket to the bountiful table in true rural manner. She enjoyed the honor of being a farmer's wife, though she had none of the real experiences or burdens (just the poetry, not the prose.)

The Senator talked in a few words about "how to raise corn in Wisconsin." It was before the day of silos in Wisconsin, or he might have enlarged upon his subject. "Our Senator," or "Judge Howe," as the old time citizens were pleased to call him, was a man of genial, simple, kindly character. His presence lent dignity to any gathering of men and women. His home was open to all and his humblest friend received equal hospitality with any other. Many a bit of legal advice was given a client, in the family sitting room, free of charge. He acted for a number of years as Judge of our court. He was three times elected U. S. Senator, from 1861 to 1879. Later he was chosen a member of President Arthur's cabinet as Postmaster General, which office he held until his death, which occurred in Kenosha, March 25, 1883. Thus passed one of Brown county's best men. A funeral service was held at Kenosha—the home

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town of Jas. Howe, Miss Grace Howe and other relatives. At his own home town, Green Bay, one of the most undemonstrative, yet impressive, funerals ever held there, paid last honors to their worthy citizen. His remains were laid beside those of his wife in Woodlawn cemetery.

"So passed the strong, heroic soul away,
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a kindlier funeral."

Late in 1922, in discussing present conditions, a former president of the American Farm Bureau Federation declared in an address before the American Economists' Association, that: "The prices of farmer's products must be judged by an exchanged ratio of his corn, rye, and oats, and not be fixed in dollars and cents." "It's a question," he said, "of pre-war prices being paid for after war products."

He bitterly assailed the theory that the country's present depression in agriculture is due to over-production. "There is certainly no over-production on the farm," he said, "when there are hungry mouths and unclad bodies in all parts of the world." There may be over-production in transportation or other industries, but not on the farm," he continues.

Patriotism means productiveness and the American farmer, though he has competition, must produce. He must make "two blades of grass grow where one grew before."

Today the world is watching the American farmer. He is called upon to make good. In the shortest possible time he must produce the crops that are to feed dependent millions. When time is such a mighty factor, every element that will give him more time, that will enable him to do more in a limited time, must be considered. Under such conditions, it is natural that electricity should be called on to do her share in helping the farmer to meet the mighty task now laid upon him. It is fortunate that electricity can now be had anywhere and that the farmer in any location can have this universal servant working day and night to help him make good. Many of the farmers in Pittsfield and

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Suamico now have their own system of light and power, and find it a great aid and comfort.

Every farm should be provided with a cellar, storehouse, and refrigerator for storing crops. The fact that producers have inadequate facilities for saving perishable products give speculators advantage over them. Farmers lose much every year because their storing facilities are poor.

OXEN AND HORSES.

One of the rural arts, which has practically become a lost are, is that of "breaking" or training and driving a yoke of steers. The fun of his life, to a boy, was the "breaking of steers."

In a few parts of our country, an ox-team may be seen. But the number is decreasing and gasoline is doing the work.

In the lumberwoods of today, steam skidders, loaders and haulers do the work that once belonged to the ox-team. Once, too, the ox was an important factor in farm work. He was trained to pull heavy loads, and to obey such signals and commands, as to cause them to go on, to stop, to back up, to turn to right or left. He learned to know the voice of the driver and knew by his expressions and motions, what he wished.

Now the language in which the men and boys addressed the ox-team is almost a dead language, though it is remembered and spoken by a very few old fashioned men. Such words as "whoa," "haw," "gee," "back," "go 'long," "histe," were understood by the patient ox. The team had the "off ox" and the "near or nigh ox." They always kept the same side.

The goad-stick with a brad in the end emphasized cruelly the meaning of the driver. A kind driver did not always use the brad but could make his team understand by motions and flourishes of the stick, what he wished them to do.

The last team of oxen used in farm work about Flintville was that of James Martyn, who hauled wood and ploughed

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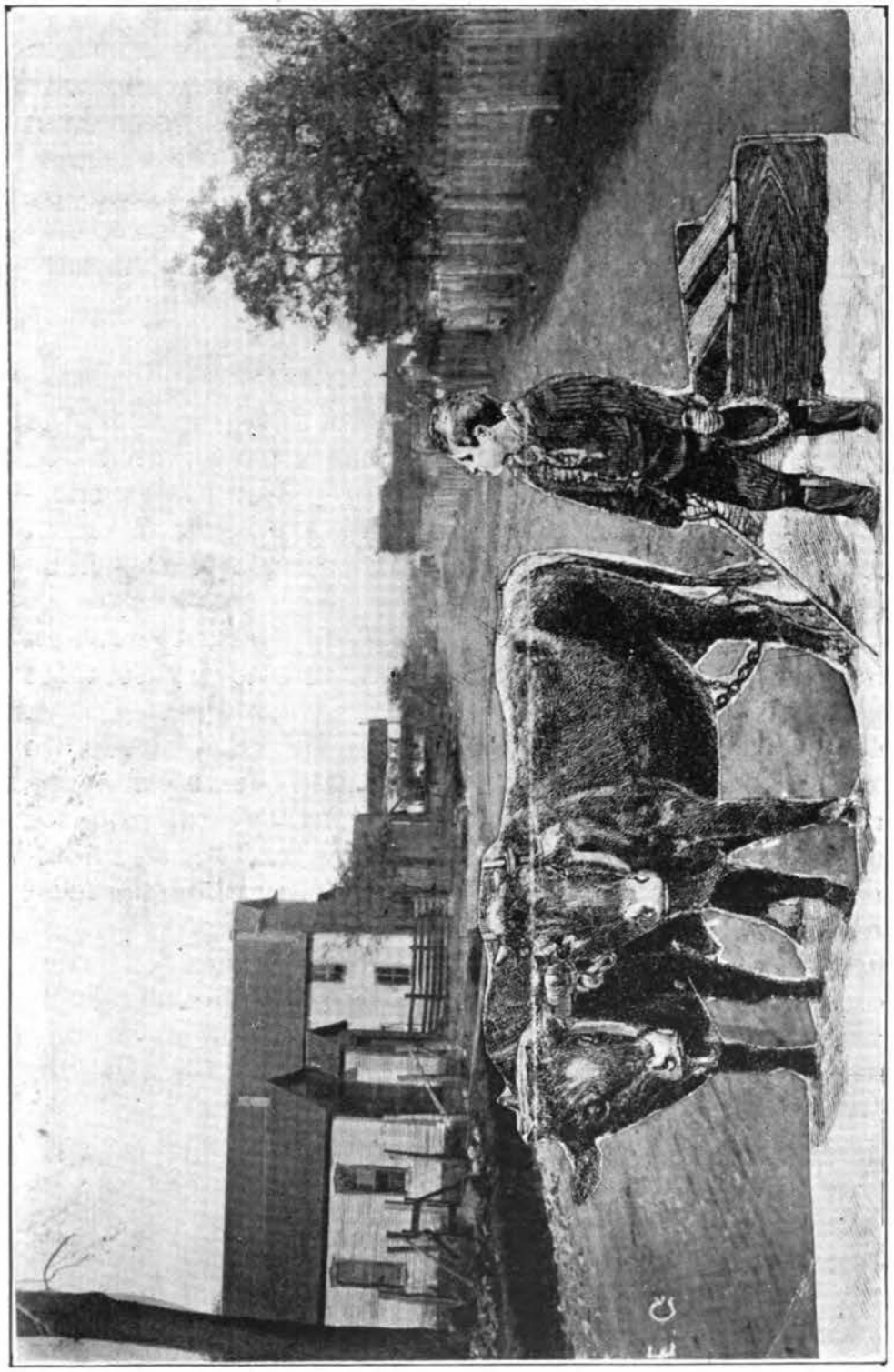

MAIN STREET, FLINTVILLE

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with them as late as 1890. W. D. Rice, a number of years later, bought a yoke of oxen from M. Bodenheimer, who bought them to work on his farm at Seymour. Both men thought to revive an old custom but failed in the attempt, so the team went to the butcher. Among the good ox teamsters about the lumbering business here can be remembered Thomas White, Charles Blair, Joseph Bishop, George Hayden and Thomas Woodard.

HORSE RAISING THING OF PAST.

Horse raising in Brown county is becoming a thing of the past, according to an old-time veterinarian, who predicted that within five years farmers will be required to pay enormous prices for horses. Very few colts are being raised in the county, he said, which means that young equines will be scarce in a few years.

Tractors and automobiles have replaced horses to such an extent that farmers do not take the time to try to raise horses anymore, he said.

"Horses within the next few years will be shipped into this part of the state from the West," said the veterinarian, "and purchasers will be required to pay several hundred dollars for them. No matter how many tractors and automobiles a farmer has he cannot get along without at least one horse.

"Driving horses which at one time commanded fancy prices have been practically eliminated from the market by the automobile and it is doubtful if they will ever come back. The heavy horse for farm work and for trucking will always be in demand."

ORCHARDS.

"The apple blossoms, so white and red,
Were mirrored beneath in the streamlets flow,
And the sky was blue far overhead,
And far in the depths of the brook below."

An orchard is one of the most valuable parts of the farm.

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In early days in Pittsfield and Suamico, as soon as a patch was cleared for the house and garden, the new home-makers, especially those from the east, thought of starting a few apple trees. Seeds were planted and the cunning little sprouts were carefully tended till they were old or large enough to transplant, thus it comes that in the old orchards of today, we find so many "seedlings." Trees and vines of long standing become old friends. How many a boy when he comes home knows where to find the old "Talman Sweet" tree. He goes to see if his old friend is there there.

Trees are unlike most other things that are good at first, and grow worse, till worth nothing. Fruit trees increase in worth and goodness for years. An orchard in full bloom is one of the most delightful sights the eye can behold.

"Only the look of plum trees trembling white,
Only the scent of orchards when they blow."

And how rich the spectacle at the autumnal harvest. The fragrance is mellow and the store of fruit gratifying. The busy hands pick and sort the dainty apples so that no dent or bruise can come. They are placed in barrels, the barrel headed up. One writer compares most persons to a barrel of apples, he writes: "I mean that most human beings are like a barrel of apples packed for the market. The best ones, the ones without worm or rot, the large pink-cheeked fruit, are always on top."

In Pittsfield the old Hayden orchard, Rice's, A. H. Buckman's, A. T. Buckman's, Delaney's, Wilson's, Doran's and Potter's farms, still have old trees more than sixty years old. In Suamico there are Munro's, Davidson's, and Bruce's old garden trees. Prescott Hayden was a lover of fruit trees. He brought apple seed from New Hampshire to plant in the new farm in Wisconsin. His mother sent dandelion seeds to plant for greens.

"No sweet sight can I remember,
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring."

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In parts of Brown and adjoining counties where there are many large cherry and apple orchards, prolific and profitable, canning plants save a great amount of the fruit. Now a new venture is to be introdued, the dehydrating process by which fruit and vegetables are preserved. It has been found highly practical and reduces the products subjected to the process to a very compact form. Dehydrating is simply removing the water from fruit and vegetables by a special process. There is a new plant erected in Door county for this purpose.

The inventor of a new dehydrating process which can turn out the finished dehydrated fruit and vegetables in two hours' time is interested in the new venture. Door county is rich in fruit and vegetable production, while the adjoining counties are being drawn upon to increase the supply.

Those interested are optimistic, and can see great results ahead. Why should not Suamico and Pittsfield give more attention to fruit and vegetables. Our apples, cherries, and berries could compete with those of Door county, or even New York, and other states if the same attention were given.

Some of our old settlers who hailed from Ohio knew of this "first horticulturist of the west." The notice taken of his pilgrimage in 1915, is worth giving.

"OHIO PAYS TRIBUTE TO PIONEER KNOWN AS JOHNNY APPLESEED."

Ashland, O.—"The memory of his good deeds lives anew every springtime in the fragrance of the apple blossoms he loved so well."

Rosella Rice, daughter of sturdy pioneers of north central Ohio, who settled more than a century ago in one of the most picturesque sections of Ashland county, Ohio, in a cabin overlooking the beautiful valley of the Blackfork, rich in historic lore—has given the best description offered of the quaint old man whose service to the early settlers of

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Ohio, is the theme of much delightful folk lore that has been handed down for generations.

Rosella Rice knew and loved the strange man who, in the days of her childhood, as well as in later years, came to her father's log cabin overlooking the village of Perrysville.

TOOK CARE OF THE SICK.

She had told how he braved the dangers of the wilderness, spurning even the ordinary comforts of life and laboring unceasingly year after year, ministering to the early settlers in Ohio and Indiana, making long journeys afoot into the backwoods ahead of the tide of immigration, planting quantities of apple seeds in the rich loam along the banks of the streams.

From her and from the stories that have been handed down by early settlers of Ohio and Indiana, is learned his tree-planting zeal, his love for all mankind and for every living creature; his helpfulness in many ways, of his making long journeys on foot to warn pioneer families of dangers from Indians, so they might flee to the blockhouses for safety.

"Our orchards are a blossoming memorial to this apostle of beauty, peace and brotherly love," was the tribute that Mrs. Eleanor Atkinson, the novelist, paid to "Johnny Appleseed," on the dedication in 1915 of the boulder monument which more than 1,000 boys and girls erected in Ashland to the memory of this remarkable man.

WAS FRIENDLY WITH INDIANS.

In all the years he traveled through remote country, much of which was infested with marauding bands of Indians, he never was molested; in fact, the Indians treated him with veneration, for they believed he was a supernatural, because he talked with the birds and the beasts of the forest and with angels. He was a Swedenborgian and distributed literature of that sect.

"Will you have some fresh news from heaven?" he would

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ask after he had settled himself at night, a welcome guest in some settler's cabin.

He always made himself useful and he never seemed to care whether he received any pay for the young apple trees he furnished freely to the settlers.

They could pay him or not, just as they chose.

Hundreds of orchards in north central and northwestern Ohio, eastern Indiana, and southern Michigan were trees of his planting.

It was March 11, 1845, a short distance northeast of Fort Wayne, Ind., that Jonathan Chapman, or Johnny Appleseed, died, and it is said that the physician asked:

"What was that man's religion? In all my practice I have never seen a man so placid at the approach of death, so ready for the great change."

In a neglected graveyard along the St. Joseph river, about a mile and a half from the Allen county courthouse in Fort Wayne, this Ohio hero is buried.

THE FIRST BANANAS.

How the dietary of a people can be changed by modern transportation methods is shown by the banana industry. In 1870, Captain Baker, coming back from Jamaica on his schooner, brought to Boston a few bunches of bananas as curiosities. They attracted the attention of A. W. Preston, a fruit dealer of Boston, who in 1885 started with an investment of $2,000 the enterprise that became the United Fruit Company, which now runs a fleet of about a hundred steamers to the Caribbean and owns large plantations on the islands and in Central America. These localities have been transformed from a sanitary and industrial standpoint and supply us with some 50 million bunches of bananas a year, half a bunch, or seventy-two bananas, for every one of us. The bananas are picked green and delivered at various points of the United States in such a state as to ripen within two days from arrival. All the bananas have to be eaten

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within three weeks from the time of picking in the West Indies.

The banana has no developed seed and only a mark where a core might be. It was some ten years after the first bananas were received in Boston, that we first saw them in Green Bay, and some time after we first saw them, that most of us tasted them for the first time, and like olives and grape-fruit, it took a little time to decide whether we liked them or not.

Once a boy in the town of Suamico went to town with his father, possibly to try on a pair of shoes, as he had been going bare-footed all summer and his feet had grown so much that his parent did not know his size; well, the shoes were purchased and time hung heavily on the boy's hands, his father had given him fifteen cents with which to go shopping. He walked out a little, returning occasionally to the hotel barn to see if the team and wagon were still there. On each trip he went a little farther. At last he came to a grocery store, and saw a huge bunch of bananas hanging in the window. It appealed to him, and he purchased two nice ones, then went outside and ate one of them. The other one he took home, and gave a bite of it to each of his two sisters and his brother, the last bite he kept for himself, to perpetuate the memory of his first banana, and he has not forgotten it yet.

USEFUL MEN.

There are at least three men whom the boys and girls in rural districts, like ours, should know about and revere. They are our old Governor, Wm. D. Hoard, Professor S. M. Babcack, and Luther Burbank. Two of them are of our own state, while Burbank is known to every seedman and gardener. Let us consider his peaceful career, nature lover, inventor and creator of new fruits and trees. Mr. Burbank is past seventy years now, and in poor health, yet we hope his years of usefulness are not done.

Mr. Burbank was born and raised on a farm in Massa-

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chusetts, and went to his present home in Santa Rosa, California, about twenty-five years ago.

Since then he has devoted his life to the perfection of fruits, trees, nuts, and plants. He invented the spineless edible cactus, the pitless plum, the great Burbank cherry and the tasty new fruit called "plumcot." He also propigated a seedless orange and a potato, which our farmers know well. For flower-lovers, the Shasta daisy, the Giant Calla and several new roses are the result of his patience and care.

He has lived a most useful life and the next generation will love the memory of a man who has shown us how much we can get from nature merely by asking for it.

In the development of horticulture and floriculture the soil of our locality is favorable. The display of fruit and flowers at the county fair is second to none in the state. The Suamico soil reminds one of the Persian proverb: "I was common clay until roses were planted in me."

Dr. Stephen Moulton Babcock, a noted Wisconsin scientist; a professor in the University of Wisconsin since 1888; and inventor of the Babcock Test for butterfat in milk, gave to the dairymen of Wisconsin one of the most valuable inventions of the modern age.

Appreciation of the idealism exemplified in the life of the inventor, who gave his valuable invention to the world unpatented, is certainly felt by the State of Wisconsin, the "Dairymen's Association," the Agricultural College and its instructors, as well as the plainest farmer and buttermaker in the state.

In the agriculture classes in the state graded schools of the state, the milk test is made practical. Each boy and girl learns to use it by actual experiment.

Had Professor Babcock taken out patents on his invention, as he might have done, he would have earned a fortune; but he conscientiously felt that his discovery, as well as his work, belonged to the state of Wisconsin that employed him.

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Professor Babcock was seventy-nine years old on October 22, 1922, and the event was celebrated at Madison with a banquet.

William Dempster Hoard was born in Stockbridge, New York, on Oct. 10, 1836. He came to Wisconsin with his parents in 1852. They located in Jefferson county. W. D. Hoard joined the army; Co. E, 4th Wisconsin, at Jefferson, Wis., in 1861. In 1872 he helped to organize the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association, of which he was the Secretary for a long time. He was Governor of Wisconsin from 1889 to 1891. He was the editor of "Hoard's Dairyman," which was first published in 1884, at Fort Atkinson. In 1916 a committee was appointed by Governor E. L. Philipp to select Wisconsin's most distinguished citizen, to be specially honored at the Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. The committee reported to Governor Philipp; "your committee to name the most distinguished citizen of Wisconsin has just concluded its conference, and elected W. D. Hoard as Wisconsin's most distinguished citizen." The vote was unanimous. Governor Hoard for many years was prominent in politics, dairying and journalism. In his contact with his friends, his manner was ever genial, warm and reliable. He was well deserving of the honor bestowed upon him.

There were at this time many others who had more notoriety, who were possibly better educated, who were better orators and those with various other accomplishments, but for all 'round good citizenship and usefulness to the people of Wisconsin, a better choice could not have been made, when choosing Wisconsin's most distinguished citizen. Mr. Hoard died at his home at Fort Atkinson, November 22, 1918.

In 1922, fifty years of dairy progress in Wisconsin was celebrated in Madison. A fitting climax was reached when a life size statue of W. D. Hoard, farmer, governor and father of Wisconsin's dairy industry, was unveiled on the University campus. The ceremony was attended by more than 2,000 farmers of our state.

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SILOS.

Wisconsin has far more silos than any other state. The silo is the backbone of modern dairy farming. No dairyman would today think of being without one or more of those familiar "towers" in which he "cans" his corn for his cows to eat the following winter.

The first silo built in Wisconsin was in Waukesha county near Oconomowoc, in 1880, by John Steele. Another one was built the same year in Waukesha county.

The original silo is still in use and in a good state of preservation. Mr. Steele built this silo according to an original plan, over an old root cellar, getting his idea from a huge sap tub which they used on the farm. So he made his foundation and built a larger tub, in a cylindrical form, of boards. He afterwards replaced them with staves which still stand on the old foundation.

Mr. Steele's idea of sowing seeds broadcast and mixing large and small seeds was the basis of numerous experiments, also the cutting of corn when it is ripe for silage was his idea, proven to be good by actual experience.

About the time that Mr. Steele built his silo, Professor W. A. Henry was beginning to organize the great Wisconsin College of agriculture and the experiment station farms that we know so well, today.

Farm papers and dairymen of the state have taken up many of the ideas used by him for 30 years in developing his noted Holstein herd.

In Pittsfield and Suamico almost every farmer has a silo either concrete or stave. The first one built in Pittsfield was one made on an old root house by J. Mickleson of Mills Center.

FARM AND SCHOOL HOUSE NAMES.

The custom of naming homes and estates has been quite universal in the east and south for more than a century, following in a manner that of England and other old countries.

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Within the last few years it has been taken up in Wisconsin and has had the favor of the State Agricultural Society, as well as the organizations that are interested in horticulture, cattle raising, and fruit growing. In Brown county the people believe that there is something in a name. At present there are 203 farms and almost every school house named and registered at the court house in Green Bay. While but a small portion of the Brown county farms are named as yet the owners have begun to conserve on names. Let us suggest to the people who wish to name their farms that they look over the list of those already filed so that in using descriptive adjectives there will not be so many duplicates. Each name should stand out distinctly by itself. In nearly all cases the farms are named for some pleasant or sentimental attribute associated with them.

The secretary of one of our state associations says of the farm name:

"It is a good advertisement. It marks the farm home and the place of business. It dignifies the operation and shows a pride in the management. It fosters love of tradition and increases the value of property. It is sold with the land and the products of its business. In Wisconsin, certain localities have become famous because of their farms, and the distinctiveness that goes with the names of them.

In these days of autos and tourists, the displaying of the name in a neat attractive manner, on the roadside at the entrance to the farm yard is in reality the grasping of a potential advertising possibility. In addition to advertising the farm, and identifying the products therefrom, such signs, when properly made and erected, help us acquire that love for the old home which is the pride of the days of our later life."

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THOMAS M. BUCKMAN

BETTER POTATOES.

Every year Wisconsin sets its peg a little higher as a potato producer. Its crop is now about one-tenth of that of the United States; only is she excelled by Minnesota at present. Each year newly cleared land adds to the percentage.

In spud production quality and quantity and good prices go hand in hand. This is the reason for the inspection tours and the annual shows.

Believing that all potatoes grow alike, growers frequently start out with inferior seed. Inspection tours have accomplished much in uprooting this error. That the pure seed movement is gaining is shown by the fact that in one year

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385 growers have applied to the horticultural department at Madison for certificates for their fields as against 255 the previous year. This careful certification is the guarantee that brings buyers from all over the world.

Information to buyers is available in the horticultural department where certified growers are recorded. "Wisconsin Triumphs" are recognized in the south as being the best stock to be secured and many are shipped from here to the south.

The "Rural" has been developed to a great extent, there are now six different strains grown in Wisconsin. In 1921 the state produced 194,000 bushels of inspected seed, divided among the standard varieties, as follows: Rural New Yorker, 43,000; Green Mountain, 48,000; Triumph, 45,000; Irish Cobbler, 46,000; Early Ohios, 13,000. Buyers from outside the state who desire large quantities, particularly those from Louisiana and other southern states, have asked for better marketing facilities as they find it hard to deal with hundreds of individual growers. In a number of places in the state it has been found a good idea to dip the seed potatoes in a solution that will kill the scab germ. It may become popular in a limited time. Marketing facilities are being furnished as fast as possible through community warehouses, which are sometimes conducted on the co-operative plan, and sometimes on the ordinary commercial plan. A farmer's company has recently completed a big warehouse in the Pembine district. The tour in the year 1922 wound up at the Spooner experimental station, where scientific knowledge lends its aid to the potato grower. Here are fields in which scores of varieties, supplied by growers from every part of the state, grow side by side.

It's a life and death competition for the spud, because the results determine the varieties to be cultivated or discarded.

Methods of combating disease in potato fields, and better systems of farming are also developed. In this work the U. S. department of agriculture assists the state experts.

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Wisconsin is surely gaining a name among the potato growing states.

Here is the way one farm praises its products: "Potatoes For a King! Sound as a dollar! Grown in pure, sweet, silt soil, in the heart of Wisconsin's wonderful potato raising belt. Grown into their very individuality in the flood of sunlight and the wholesome breath of the north. The subtle, though unmistakable atmosphere of clean fields and open country, lingers about them. Once tasted their savory wonderfulness can never be forgotten."

This story is told in a farmer's Institute Annual: "Two farm wagons stood in a public market, both loaded with bags of potatoes."

A woman stopped before the first. "How much are potatoes today?" she asked. "Ninety cents a bushel," said the owner. "Oh, my, exclaimed the woman. That seems high. I paid only sixty cents for the last." "Taters've gone up," said the grower indifferently, and the woman went over to the second wagon, and asked the same question. The owner's manner was in marked contrast. "These are the best potatoes in the market," he said, "let me show them to you and tell you why. In the first place, I raise the kind with small eyes, so there'll be no waste in peeling—potatoes are too high nowadays to peel away. Then I sort them by sizes. In each bag you'll find a large size for boiling, frying and fancy shapes; and a medium size for baking. The baking size cooks quickly, all done at the same time and so saves coal or gas. We wash all our potatoes clean at home, too. You could put one of these bags in your parlor and not soil your carpet, and you don't have to pay me for any dirt. I'm getting one dollar a bushel for them." He sold her three bags.

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CHAPTER XII.

ROADS.

"As life runs on, the road grows strange
With faces new; and near the end
The milestones into headstones change,
'Neath every one a friend."

—J. R. LOWELL.

"Suamico will be on the map when the concrete road is finished." A sentence like this appeared in a daily paper in 1920. Well, the road was finished, and no one felt the shock of being put on the map, but it is our hope that the town may for many years to come, reflect our progress and be a landmark in our history, for the future, as of the past. Our towns have grown, our business has changed and grown. Our system of roads has made it possible for traffic to and from other towns, as well as a highway for visitors passing through on their way to other states. All these reflect our progress. The cutting of the first tree or the first spade full of earth is always a sign of progress. It has been so ever since the history of the country began. Since those intrepid travelers, the pioneers, came to our state, our county and our towns, and proceeded to conquer the forces of nature; and so far as this part of our state is concerned, those forces have surely been conquered during the past seventy years.

When the pioneers first came to Suamico they could safely say with the poet:

"There's no blaze nor trail
Nor roadway where we go."

They came to the Fort at Green Bay and thence on the bay to the mouths of the rivers along the shores. Up those rivers to places where some one before them began to cut the virgin timber, all looking for work and a place to settle. Some who made the venture returned to their old homes in the east or north, but most of those earnest home-seekers remained from one year to another until at last they felt that they must stay on.

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We have left behind us the slow method of road building of our ancestors who waited for time to build roads. Since state legislation was brought about in 1911, Brown county, as well as the whole state, has worked wonders in road-making.

The methods of road-making in the beginning were primitive indeed, close adherence to the trail of Indians and deer gave crooked roads as a result. As time went on the roads were, in turn made of sand, gravel, plank, corduroy, slabs, and saw-dust, crushed stone, and now concrete.

In the state twenty years ago there were not many miles of road satisfactory for automobile driving. In those days and up to the year 1911, the control of the roads was in the hands of the town boards. More and more autos began to appear on the roads, demanding better highways. The town boards could not provide them. The road from their point of view was a neighborhood road whose purpose was to enable them to drive to market with horse and wagon. Their range of travel was limited. The increased number of autos opened a new road era.

In 1905 an amendment to the state constitution provided that the state could appropriate funds for highway construction. It was ratified in 1908, and in 1911 the state aid bill was passed. In 1916 the "Good Road Association of Wisconsin" was organized. In 1917 the "trunk highway act" was passed, the third great step in highway improvement in Wisconsin.

The opening of the longest hard surfaced motor highway in the middle west, from St. Louis to Brown county, Wisconsin, in the summer of 1922 means one of the greatest achievements of the last decade. The road is complete as far as the concrete bridge at Suamico, although in big words, "the longest street in the world," extends from St. Louis to Green Bay. It has interested New York film people and they have already taken some pictures of interesting things and places along the line.

This stretch of concrete highway is 600 miles long. It

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takes less than twenty-four hours to make the journey by motor; and iis an attractive trip from the city down in the basin below the junction of the Missouri with the Mississippi, north to Green Bay, and then farther to our northern resort section, the "beauty land of lakes" and woods. Here the southern friends will find a welcome. In each town the good roads project is being carried out, patrolmen watch the wear and tear of the road and it is at once put in shape. It is a marvel how each one can work with his neighbor to get better roads all over the country for the feet of men and horses and the wheels of automobiles and wagons.

It is to be hoped that the completion of Highway 15 (41) will help to boom Suamico, both in agricultural and commercial activities. Josh Wise says: "Too many men are waitin' to catch a ride on the road to success." Let us use our new road and our own vehicle and reach success independently.

Roads are a part of the foundation of Americanism. Let us all work to make that foundation broad and long and lasting.

Every new thing introduced into the world of men, brings a new responsibility, so it is with the new concrete road and the automobile.

Traps and temptations are set for the young people, now that they can go so fast and so far in such a short time, on these new roads.

The evil one has traps in the shape of dance halls, "moonshine" and pastimes of questionable influence, where innocent youth, seeking pleasure, is ensnared.

"For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none."

If there is a remedy, let it be found before our growing boys and girls are ruined.

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SUAMICO AND FORT HOWARD ROAD

The first declared county road in the present Brown county was laid out between Big Suamico and Fort Howard in 1849 or 1850. At the time that E. Morrow took over the tannery at Suamico there was no road. He worked hard to get this road put through. Before that time there was only a trail traveled by Indians, and a few settlers on foot or horseback. The main traffic from Green Bay had heretofore been by way of the bay and up the Suamico river.

The road on the ice in the bay was used for several weeks or months of each year, being used near spring until positively dangerous, when a hole would break in the ice from the current a few boards or slabs would be put in and when frozen over night be just as good as ever the next morning. A road from Flintville down the river and out on the bay was used all winter. Lumber and shingles from the mills were hauled that way for years, or until the C. & N. W. R. R. came through in 1871. A stage line from Flintville to Green Bay was operated over this road in winter time. Charles Furness drove the stage. One night on the homeward trip the team which belonged to Lamb, Watson & Co., broke through the ice and was drowned in spite of all efforts. Alvin Hunter also drove a stage to Green Bay for a long time.

This traffic on the ice in the winter extended from Green Bay to Escanaba. A man named White carried the mail to Escanaba with a team of dogs for several winters. The road was extended through to Stiles and on to Escanaba.

The Suamico road was the starter for all northward road building. The road was planked past Duck Creek from Fort Howard, slabs and sawdust were used later to Suamico.

A telegraph line was put through to Escanaba and the road was called the "telegraph road" for twenty years. In 1871 when the C. & N. W. R. R. was extended the telegraph line and poles were moved to the railroad side. When the telegraph line went along the road, almost every alternate

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pole was on the opposite side of the road, the road being so crooked. It was also narrow, so narrow that two teams could not pass each other without the teamsters, (who always carried an axe along) getting out and chopping a log or clearing some brush away. The trees were so near the roadside, and the branches so low, that a load of hay could not get by. A story is told of Mr. John Bruce. He went to town one day. Before he was ready to start for home it began to rain, so he thought he would buy a top buggy (which by the way was the first top buggy in Suamico). He went to E. Crocker's and bought this buggy and started for home in the rain, very satisfied that he would not be wet, but on his way from Duck Creek through the woods, he was kept busy letting down his cover and putting it up again in order to get by. On reaching home he was thoroughly wet. He enjoyed telling the joke on himself.

THE MILITARY OR WOLF RIVER ROAD

This road was originally the Menominee Indian trail to the Wolf river, winding through a labyrinth of knolls and hollows over which people traveled, like "ants in a basket of eggs," up hill and down, for miles. It was early used by surveyors and cruisers between Green Bay and Shawano who followed the original Indian trail avoiding, like the Indians, every obstacle by passing to the right or left of it. But the trail was long and winding and constantly led off too far from a "bee-line."

In 1866 the government officials at the forts established a military road through this primeval forest. It was built by detachments of soldiers from the Fort, who worked a week in turn under the command of an officer, following the trail like the letter S as far, at least, from this end as the Wolf River in Shawano county, to Fort Williams on Lake Superior (now Superior city). It was planked for a long distance and as late as 1896, men working on the Shawano road in the town of Pittsfield tore out those old planks when building culverts and grading and straightening the road.

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The old Shawano stage line was over this road; not much of historical interest about this steady old service can be gleaned even now. One of the old "Stages" was still in existence a few years since but where it is now, cannot be learned.

Speaking of plank roads, just a word. From 1845 to 1855 was the period of the plank road craze. Companies being chartered by the legislature in all parts of the state to build plank roads. In 1851 a charter was granted for a plank road from Milwaukee to Green Bay, one from Green Bay to Taycheeda, near Fond du Lac, and on to Fort Winnebago. This was on the Military road laid in 1832-33. The road from Green Bay to New Franken was planked as was the road to Suamico.

These roads were built of planks two inches thick and eight feet long, which were nailed to stringers four inches square, the latter laid lengthwise and the planks cross-wise.

These roads, however, wore out rapidly and the plank road craze passed away. The "rat-a-tat" of horses' hoofs on the road has always been a model for fast driving, "2:40 on the plank road," described the gait of such horses as Albert Buckman's "Dick," Deck Rice's "Black Charley," or J. Purdy's "Lady Light Foot," and "Flora Temple." Before the road was planked the settlers worked out their poll tax on the trail roads filling in the holes with logs or corduroy. One time as Mr. Luther Wilson and Albert Buckman were working on the old Shawano road about where Mills Center stands, Mr. B. said: "Wilson, how long do you suppose it will be before a top buggy will go over this road?" "Hm-m," said Wilson, slowly, "if I thought I would live long enough to see a top buggy go over this road, I would be ready and willing to die."

Mr. Wilson lived to be 94 years old. He not only saw thousands of carriages and automobiles travel the road, but a steam rail road across his farm, and aeroplanes over his head.

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FLINTVILLE AND GREEN BAY ROAD.

The old road to Green Bay from "The Mill," led over the wagon bridge up the hill to the west of the present road, along what might be called the back street of Flintville today. The present road was afterwards built up with slabs and sawdust through a swampy place near where the Catholic church stands and straightened to the bridge.

The road does not yet pass in a straighta line, if it did it would not be recognized as the Green Bay road, for it is the distinguishing characteristic of that thoroughfare not to follow a straight line for any distance, at all, over its entire length, but to turn out for all obstacles as the Indians did when first journeying through the woods. The cross-cuts, which laid across some one's farm, when cleared have been straightened on to section lines; and some old timer as he drives along will point with his whip and say: "When I first came through here the road went down through that ravine," never forgetting the old land marks. A road went across what is now the Verstoppen farm and a saloon called "Bean's Place," provided a stopping place and a wayside well. This road was closed and one put straight over "White John's" hill, a sand hill from which once the travelers turned out of their way. The road to "Pelegrin's Corner" has not changed much up to this time.

For many years the question of a good bridge over Duck Creek on the Suamico and Green Bay Road was a matter of summer and winter discussion for the county board. At last it got to be a desperate question. The bridge was closed to traffic and the people to the northwest had to "detour" by the upper Duck Creek road, making a long drive to Green Bay with a poor cross road, until the new bridge was built, twice since, has this bridge been closed. Detouring in the last two or three years reminds one of the old time.

In the spring the Duck Creek Road was a place to be dreaded. The road was awful to begin with, but got steadily worse all the way through the town of Howard. The memory of this road is like a dream now, when one takes a

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trip over the concrete road in an automobile; no shaking, or jolting, or getting stuck in the mud.

The roads in the two towns are now in very good condition, being under supervision of patrolmen, who do good work. There were during the last year three "detours." The biggest one being from Green Bay to Pulaski around by Big Suamico. The nine miles of road work on the Shawano road under construction made this necessary. The road is fine to Big Suamico, and in good condition to Pulaski. So, little time or distance is lost.

ROAD FROM FLINTVILLE TO BIG SUAMICO.

A road from Flint's mill to the mouth of the river was put through in 1855. This road was cut out, then laid with planks and slabs and covered with saw-dust and bark. Before this the lumber from the mill was floated down the river, loose or pinned into rafts to be loaded onto the big boats. Mr. Brown taught some of his men how to make a raft as they did in Maine. Before this a winter road was "swamped" out and used to haul hay from the marsh on the bay shore. The road following the river most of the distance was crooked and narrow and in spring and fall muddy and was almost impassable.

This road was worked on considerably from year to year until 1885, when the last two or three miles were straightened out between Flintville and Tremble station and improved all the way with culverts and grading, now it is a fine graded road, and the old conditions nearly forgotten.

OLD TOWN LINE ROAD.

This road was laid out in 1859, and was supposed to divide the towns of Suamico and Pittsfield, but was never put through on the south end, on account, presumably of the high hill on the bank of the river, and another bridge which would be required. To the north the road led along the town line to the county line and farther to the Little Suamico

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Road near the old James McClure farm. This road too, followed at intervals an Indian trail up hill and down, through dense pine woods. "Rice's Sand Hill," and "Wolf Hill' were obstacles to shingle and lumber hauling in the '60's, so by action of the town board the old road from "Rice's Sand Hill" was abandoned and the road lying one-half mile to the west was extended through to the town of Little Suamico. The old road led to the logging camps of T. M. Brown which were on the McClure homestead. For years the road was called the "Brownville Road," and the campsite "Brownville." When the post-office was established in that locality the name was presented but not accepted. The post-office was called "St. Nathans," in honor of Mr. Nathan Chase, who owned considerable land in the town. Here the mill of Chase and Dickey was built in 1867. A store, a school, and numerous farm houses were located near the mill, and a prosperous community was here. The mill, like all of the others, has long since ceased to be. The west half of the long town of Little Suamico is now called Chase.

"We love them very dearly, the old familiar places;
In Heaven, I think, the road will wear a look like ours at home."

OLD ROADS.

In years long ago there was no good road to go from the neighborhood at the north side of the river to the one on the south side, the high hills and banks, being obstacles. A trail or rugged wagon road went through the woods and over the river on a rude log bridge, or by fording the river when the bridge was out of order, southeast of the Lawrence farm to the homes of T. Doran, and George Page, who lived on the flats through which flowed the Indian Brook.

Another familiar road went through the woods near the little cabin of Mr. Healy, who came into the town about the time Gray's mill was in operation, this old man (and no one ever knew him when he was not old) lived in this place alone, for years. He had a span of dogs which he drove on a

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little wagon in summer, and a strong sled in winter, making a trip daily to the postoffice and store, never getting intimate with any one, but neighborly when approached by others. He lived there a meagre existance till he died, without a known relative.

Another road went across the river at the Hugo Worthman hill where an old furrier lived and made articles of clothing from fur. He trapped and worked here for a number of years. The hill has been cut down and a good bridge across the river is now in use. The most used road now and for the past twenty years is the one near Anston Depot. One must wonder how the community got along without it forty years ago. As the most commonly used road at that time was around by Flintville, where the Anston road extends to the east, and northeast, it formerly wound along over Indian Brook as now, passing Doran's, Donahue's, and Lindsay's old farms and Rice's old camp, a trail like road among the hills and stumps, coming out at the Flintville road between the two Phillips' houses.

This road was used thirty years or more, later a straighter road was laid out at the "Wheeler hill" going west till uniting with the southern end of the old road from "Indian Brook" west.

The C. & N. W. R. R. division line, which extends west through Shawano county to Eland Junction, cuts through the town of Pittsfield, changing the lay of the wagon road. The depot on this road is on the southeast corner of the old Kaim farm, now owned by Wm. Streckenbach. The station is called Anston.

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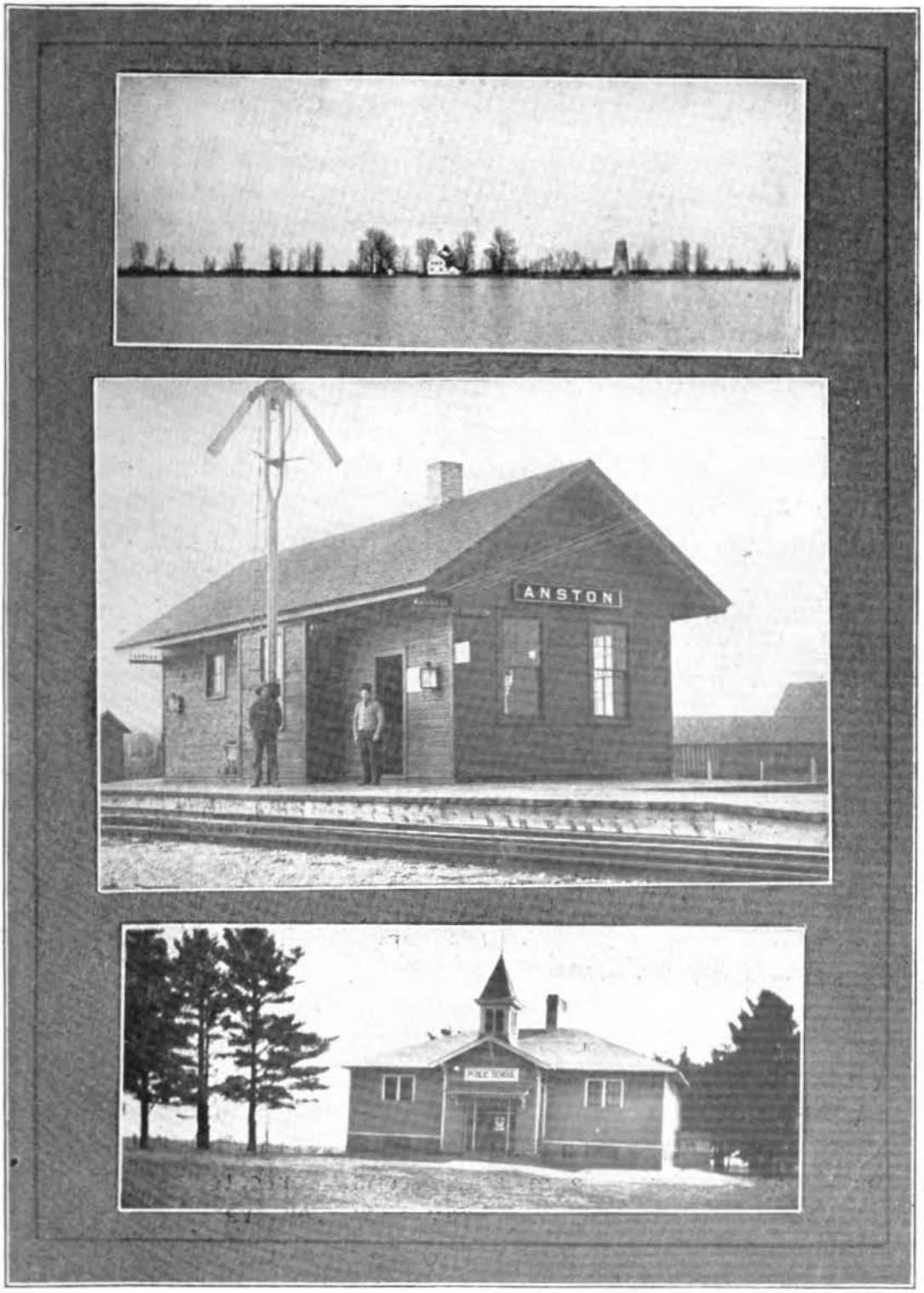

VICINITY OF FIRST LIGHT HOUSE, LONG TAIL POINT.
ANSTON DEPOT, C. & N. W. R. R.
SUAMICO SCHOOL, DIST. NO. 1.

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OTHER OLD ROADS.

The Wilson road at Mills Center, the cross road from Delaney's or Sheedy's corner, the new cross road from the Anston road to the Shawano road makes a two miles square in the southern part of the town of Pittsfield. The Kunish road runs from the Shawano road through to the north road or the Suamico-Pulaski road as it is now called.

This North Road is the road runnig west from Flintville, and was laid out by the town of Pittsfield before Suamico was set off in 1859. The "Millington road" turns north, near the foot of the old school house hill, past the Millington and White farms, to the locality of the "Mormon Settlement."

In Suamico are a series of cross roads, some laid out by the town board, others just happened. A road of the latter kind was one which led in to the Lepp farm, starting in where now is the door yard and garden of Charles E. Lucia. It was abandoned and another road made near the sand hill farther east.

Another road which once led from the Mormon settlement to the place where "Fagan's Shanty" and Lucia's mill once stood. Through this road one could reach the Little Suamico road.

A road through the swamp east of the Isaac Burdeau home led to farms which lay to the east, that also had an outside road on the other side. The McCleods, Normans, Kanes, and La Fortunes were old settlers in this locality. The Welch road, the Court road, the Knapp road, the road by the graveyard, the Sensiba and Donavan road, the road by the "Woodview" schol house are all located by the name in connection.

The Clark Huntington road, off the main road in Pittsfield, turns near the Ames farm, and extends north to the county line, and is the chosen highway now, for travelers going north.

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AUTOMOBILES.

The automobile is like the horse, sometimes the driver's best friend and sometimes his worst enemy. In a sentimental way it is one of the best friends a family ever had, a friend that gives pleasure and health, that laughs at distance and makes the attractions of the city and the wonders of nature equally accessible; a friend that puts glowing color into mother's cheeks, takes the kink out of father's nerves and makes the children's eyes dance with delight; a friend who does your bidding without asking, "Why?" Who takes you where you want to go, when you want to go. All it wants is a careful driver and the courtesy of other drivers.

Life has never been so insecure in this country as it is today. We do not realize that the automobile is the most dangerous thing ever placed in the hands of the people. Never before has there been an invention that has cost the lives and the limbs of so many innocent victims. Every other machine is placed in the hands of skilled workmen, who if they are reckless or incompetent soon lose their jobs.

The automobile being more dangerous than most any other machine and takes more lives than all the others, needs the attention of the law-makers of our country, more than the machines in the industrial plants. Josh Wise says: "Th' feller on foot does as many fool things as th' auto driver, but he has one advantage, they can't revoke his license," and he can get killed. The following is from Auto News, Courtesy:

"We believe that 50 per cent of the automobile accidents which happen on the highways of the United States could be avoided through the use of a little automobile courtesy," said Dal. H. Lewis, acting executive chairman of the A. A. A. "Courtesy costs nothing and brings greater results than any other element entering into the driving of an automobile."

"Real Automobile courtesy demands that we give the

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other fellow his share of the road; that we dim our lights when meeting another car at night; that we recognize the fact that the man behind us blowing for the road, wants to get by, and is not challenging us to a race; in short, it means being agreeable in all these little things that go so far toward avoiding friction."

The first auto in Pittsfield was owned by Lewis Mauers.

The first auto to go through our town was that of the Lucia Brothers, now of Green Bay, who drove their crude Duryea car between Green Bay and Oconto in the winter of 1900. It was a noisy two-cylinder, belt-driven vehicle, resembling a buggy—yet different. Neither did it resemble our automobiles of today.

RELIC OF BICYCLE DAYS.

"Recently a large price tag marked $1000.00 attracted attention to an old Columbian bicycle in a shop in San Antonio. It seems an unusual price but then its an unusual bicycle.

An old negro and his wife stopped to look at it one day, after looking at it awhile the man turned to his wife and said: "My goodness, Mandy, $1000.00! Wouldn't you rather have a house than that bike?"

The Columbian bicycle was made about fifty-two years ago. It is one of the old wheels of pre-automobile days, a forty-two inch front wheel and a twenty inch hind wheel and an elevated seat. It was a task to ride it.

The "safety" bicycle came into use a few years after the Columbian, with both wheels alike. Men, women, and children had wheels and the craze or fad lasted a number of years; but was crowded at last, to a back number, by the automobile. The first Columbian wheel remembered in Suamico was that of George Wilsie, a Northwestern agent at Little Suamico, and the first "safety" by Mat. Mogan, a teacher in the Flintville school.

The first wheels owned in Suamico or Pittsfield were those of Charles Burts and Flavia Doty.

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FENCES.

In the course of human events nearly every useful devise has its place, its use and its style. Hence even our fences can be called "historical monuments."

The first fences used in our section were pole fences, poplar poles (or any others) laid straight between posts which were fastened with thongs of bark or pins put through auger holes. Then as the settlers cleared their land they made log fences, later came rail fences built of oak rails laid zigzag. Every field had a place to go in and out. Letting down the bars was the child's delight.

When "cull" lumber became plentiful and low priced, board fences along the roadside became the style, which lasted during the sawmill period. When the use of dynamite and nitro-glycerine and picric acid to uproot the pine stumps became the rule, the farmer was at a loss to know what to do with the great sprawling stumps, so stump fences were introduced; this fence served the purpose, but was not popular nor handsome.

Barbed wire came nto use gradually, (some called it "bobbed" wire) and took the place of lumber. Hog wire and woven wire followed for pastures and poultry yards. The wire fence is now universally used and most likely has come to stay. Fences along roadsides have come into disuse, since cattle and horses are not allowed to travel or roam on the highways. Picket fences and ornamental iron fences for yards have gradually gone out.

THE RAIL FENCE

It rambles along in its crooked old way,
Past blossoming meadow and shadowy wood;
It's sagging and weathered a silvery gray,
And tales of the past it might tell if it could.

Long years it has stood in the sunshine and rain,
The winter has draped it 'neath mantles of snow;
The birds sing above it a joyous refrain,
And build their wee nests in the grasses below.
There are lichens upon it, and patches of moss,

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Where wild grape and woodbine its rails try to hide;
And tall elder bushes lean nodding across
Where roses and dew-berries grow side by side.

Oh, rambling old fence, you're like life as you stray
'Mid sunshine and shadow, up hill and thro' vale;
The long years upon you full heavily lay,
And like an aged man you are stooping and frail.

So wander along in your crooked old way,—
Tho' long you've been storied in romance and rhyme,
The finger of progress has measured your day
And like an old man, you're just "biding your time."

—N. R.

TOURISTS' CAMP.

Suamico is a part of Wisconsin that is not as well known as its beauty deserves. It is a land of winding river, good roads, interesting grades; in fact a land of peace and plenty, where the tourist or home-seeker may find a pretty country, with the "ripest history" in every grain of its soil. We have no large lakes, no mountains, no deserts or plains, yet our up and down, woodsy country suits us.

Just now tourists' camps are a popular community project probably because they are inexpensive, attractive and convenient, while it is assumed that most communities would want to take care of the "stranger within their gates" anyway, the money the visitors will leave in the town is also an item to think about.

Our townsman, Robt. Vickery, had the interest of all concerned, in his mind, when he donated the use of a camp site to the general public, a beautiful, shaded strip of land between the road and river bank near the turn of the concrete road. It is an ideal place for a tourists' camp, a few rods from the trunk line highway 15 (now 41) and a short distance from stores, garage and auto supply station.

The grounds have been cleared of brush, sticks and stones; water and toilet conveniences have been arranged, a club house with wide porches, has been built on the grounds, where one can be sheltered from the rain. The

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camp is free, and an ideal place for tired and hungry travelers to rest. A caretaker, Dan. Phillips, is always ready with advice or assistance.

In the summer session of congress (1922) a Wisconsin representative, Wm. H. Stafford, did something that increased the esteem in which he is held by the people who live in Washington, D. C. The capital city, as every one knows, has no vote and is governed by Congress, and sometimes in those economy times, congress is not overgenerous to Washington. The national capitol wanted a tourist camp like other people. It would take about $5,000 to fix up a camp such as would be needed, and congress thought this was too much money. Rep. Stafford thought differently, "Washington is the nation's city and yearly more and more people come to see their national capitol." "Certainly," said he, "The District of Columbia should have some place where the thousands of western tourists coming eastward can park and lodge their cars and stay overnight." The measure was carried. So Badgerites may load up their automobiles and start on an outing that will bring them to the national capitol, knowing that a Wisconsin representative has seen to it that they may find an ideal camping place.

Just across the river from this camp at Suamico stretch the old "Cook's Flats," where, in bygone days many an old fashioned picnic was held on "Fourth of July," where long tables loaded with good things to eat were spread, and nearby the dancing floor on which the boys and girls and their elders "footed it" all afternoon to the strains of a country orchestra. "Here the "Virginia Reel," "Fireman's dance," waltzes and schottisches and "Pop Goes the Weasel," "Money Musk" and "Dan Tucker" were popular.

Not far from this camp is a potato field formerly a patch of boggy land. A unique sign is posted which reads, "Drainage, tile and elbow grease did it!" Did the person who put up the sign wish to advertise he did well, for the notice was read by hundreds, during the busy season on a detour road.

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OLD HOUSES.

"I never go by an empty house without
Stopping and looking back,
Yet it hurts me to look at the crumbling roof
And the shutters fallen apart.
For I can't help thinking the poor old house
Is a house with a broken heart."

—JOYCE KILMER.

The Richard F. Flint house.—This old house was built during the year 1855. John Brown laid out the plan for the "house." He chose a bright, moonlight night and with his young surveyor's assistance he measured, planned and set the stakes "by the north star." This house was a square, frame building with beams mortised and matched. A wing at the south side extended east beyond the upright part, being kitchen, pantry, and woodshed. A large brick oven was built into the kitchen where New England brown bread, pork and beans, pumpkin pies and great roasts of venison were baked. A pathway, from the woodshed, led to the barn. This barn was burned in 1871; a man, John Vancell, lost his life trying to save the horses. Another barn was built on the same ground.

The rooms of the house consisted of a front entry with stairway, a north and a south parlor on either side like some old homes in Maine. These were large, square rooms. At the end of the hall was the dining room and off of that a bed room. The east windows lighted the dining room. In the upper story were a hall and bedrooms.

The old-fashioned front door faced the west. An old lilac bush is still near there—lone sentinel, on a once active spot. The bridge and river are only a stone's throw from this place.

Life in the old home, the manor house, as it were, of the settlement, of which the old families hold memories—a hospitable, pleasant, busy place in which to live. After the house was built Mr. Flint brought his wife and little son here to their home in the woods. Their happiness in the new home was of short duration. Mrs. Flint sickened and

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died on June 28, 1855, aged 32 years. Her remains were taken to Standish, Maine, her native town. Miss Harriet Bowers, a relative, came to be housekeeper in the home.

The family life in this home was such an one as Whittier describes in "Snowbound." The kindly man of the house, Mr. Flint—the housekeeper and cousin Miss Bowers, the maid Hannah, whose capable hands and housekeeping qualities were necessary to supply food and comfort in the home; her assistants, Rose and Fanny, the bookkeeper and friend, T. M. Brown—the carpenter and millwright, John S. Anderson—the brothers, Edward and Fletcher—the nephews, Edward, Jr., and James—the little son William—the relatives, Frank Hastings and Jeff. Chadbourne—the school teacher, Miss Richmond—and the house boy, "Deck," whose hands found work and mischief of every description to do. These and frequent visitors made up this unusual family, who at one time or another in later years met and visited and loved each other as one family, drawn together by a bond of friendship formed in those busy old days, in the old Flint home. The old house burned when occupied by C. E. Kanute and family.

THE RICE HOUSE.

"There's an old fashioned house
That stands all alone by an old fashioned road.

"I love, even, the mouse that lives in this old fashioned house,
That stands by the side of this old fashioned road."

This old house still stands after the wear and tear of wind and weather for more than sixty-five years—built of the best of timber, hewn logs mortised at the corners and the cross beams fitted also, strong and secure. The roof was covered with the best white pine shingles and the sides covered with clapboards. It was built when its present occupant, W. D. Rice, was young and happy in the prospect of having a fine home on the farm he had bought with his first earnings.

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Now it is a weathered, old house with its slanting roof, "thin and old and gray," in keeping with its master, and seems to be resting by the roadside. Even the road has been taken away! The family ties have been broken for many years. The housewife who worked so hard to make her home and rear her little flock has been resting in the silent church yard for more than twenty years—her cares, trials and pioneer work laid down. Her son, John, and niece, Maggie, too, have crossed to the other shore.

The old house which used to ring with happiness and frolic is not the same now. The master is still there, rooted to the old fireside, with thought or love for no other place. We can see him now, an old man plodding slowly down the hill with a "neck yoke" and two pails hung by cords, with little crotched sticks to hold the bail of the pails, each hand clasped over this crotch, busy bringing water or feeding calves.

Visions of the old home and the departed loved ones bring a cloud over the memory—The clouds clear away, and the sun still rises and sets in the same old place, and we see a world so large and new and lovely that we remember the old house with a keen pain, "with so much gone of life and love, to still live on" is the mystery—how can we do it?

"I'd like to see th' old place as I seen it years ago.
An' see th' patches where th' corn and punkins allers growed.
An' stroll across th' medder to the corner by th' lane
An' listen like I used to when th' breezes stirred th' grain."

More and more as the years lengthen, do we find ourselves longing for the old haunts, and were it possible and our feet free, we would run with our heart to Pittsfield and Suamico, to the old school grounds, the woods, the sand hill and the shade of the maple trees, or to gather apples and plums from the old garden, where, too, on sunny days, under the trees, we could see the peacocks spreading their tails.

OLD HAYDEN FARM.

On this same old road lies the old H. P. Hayden farm,

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which was bought in 1852. A frame house was built and was the hospitable home, for years, of a large and busy family, many hired men and any one needing the comforts of a home found a shelter here. The old house was burned many years ago and only a memory of the old living-room with its beams uncovered, from which hung dried apples on strings, powder-horns, fish-poles, guns and various other things that met a childish eye. Large flat stones served as a door-step.

Now an old orchard of untrimmed trees, bent with fruit, the ruins of an old barn, the old granary set on the edge of a hollow which in some remote day might have been a miniature lake, but called a "kettle hole" by the old settlers from New Hampshire, are all the landmarks that linger in the old place.

THE A. H. BUCKMAN FARM HOME.

At "Buckman's Corner" lies the old farm of the family who pioneered with the rest of the old settlers. There stood the old house and barn for years after the family had moved to the newer dwelling place at Amberg, where the father, mother and son Arthur laid down their cares and died. All are laid to rest in the little home cemetery near by.

Only one of the family who came from the state of New York lives now. His home is at Amberg. This is Warren L. Buckman. Love for the old farm still lingers in his heart. He looks with kindly eye at the old trees and fields—his no longer by ownership?

An old pair of tramps were house and barn—lovers of the hills, resting on the brow of an orchard hill by the roadside. The old barn and an overturned chicken-coop, old wheels and possibly the same old "hay-rack" of the poem, met the eyes of the passerby for years—now only a memory.

"But age apace, comes at last to all;
And a lone house filled with the cricket's call;
And the scampering mouse in the hollow wall."

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SILAS HAYDEN'S OLD HOME.

"Uncle Silas' " house stood sidewise to the road, for many years, on his little six-acre lot, now owned by Leonard Rice. The house with its close-cut eaves and lack of cornices looked like a transplanted New England house. It was removed by Leonard Rice to the next farm. It still stands—one of the oldest houses in Suamico township.

A memory of "Uncle Silas"—A small, gray, old figure in the rain, with his frock coat of Appleton flannel, made like a shirt, a style which only he wore.

OLD ADAMS HOUSE AND OTHERS IN SUAMICO.

Suamico's oldest land mark, the home of Alexander Adams, was torn down in 1922, to make room for a new house. Old pioneers say it was the first house built in Suamico some where about 1850. Remodeled were the old Bruce houses and Sensiba farm house. The old Valentine house which has been gone a few years was possibly older. It was occupied by Christian Howard and the older Kanute family for many years. The old Heineman house was one of the first houses. The old Taylor house, too, lays claim to antiquity.

"The Old School House on the Hill," at Flintville was built in 1853 or 1854. Miss Emma Bruce was the first teacher. This old land mark on its high hill withstood the winter blasts and summer suns for more than sixty years. It was sold (upon a new one being built) and removed by Jay Cook to the lower ground and fitted up for a store. It has not outlived its usefulness, even now. How many a reminiscence of boy and girl could be told of the sliding and frolicking on the hill.

> "Smile if it please you, at old fashioned ways,
> The lessons we learned have served not ill,
> We've a smile and a tear for old-time days,
> The dear old school up on the hill."

The old Davidson barn stands in the corner of the field

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by the roadside. This old barn was built in 1856. The logs were hewn by an expert workman. A "raising bee" was held. The logs were rolled up and the corners made secure and even. Not more than two of the "boys" who were present are now living, William Munro and W. D. Rice.

THE ALLAN T. BUCKMAN HOUSE.

The old A. T. Buckman house, in later years, weather-beaten and lonesome looking, stood for sixty-three years on its original ground. It may be said that this old house was the "cradle" of Pittsfield, for in its upper room the first town meeting of the present town of Pittsfield was held, as well as several following meetings. In this room, too, the corn was spread to dry, and quilting bees were held.

One can picture from memory the large living-room and kitchen with its spotless white pine floor and white-washed walls, with beams overhead, smooth with age. In the summer time the south door (without a step) through which the fragrant air came in from the hay fields or lilacs and sweet clover, stood open, but was seldom used.

Outside of the door of the summer kitchen, at the side of the building, was the old rain trough, made from a log ten feet long, large and round, with the heart scooped out. Into this trough ran the rain water from the roof. A board covered this, and at the small space at the end was set the wash basin and soap where the men folks washed when they came from work.

On a bench in the yard was a neat row of shining tin milk pans, overlapping each other like the scales on a fish.

On a little knoll east of the house, was, for many years, the grave of Mr. Thomas Wilson, Mrs. Buckman's father, who was one of the founders of the town. Later his remains were removed to Rural Cemetery.

A new house was built in the early 90's, just a little to the southeast of the old one.

The old house was razed in 1921. Now the timbers form a part of the home of a grandson, Allen W. Streckenbach.

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New houses were nearly always built in front of the old ones or on a higher spot.

It was almost next to a heartbreak to move out of the old house into the new one. This can be remembered in the change at the homes of the Meetze, Doran, Potter, Wilson, Lawrence, Streckenbach and A. T. Buckman families.

New houses were built when the old ones became too small or too old, or not in keeping with the prosperity of the owners.

Harold Bell Wright says that "old houses have souls or spirits or something—like human beings." At any rate, we remember the old houses like old friends.

The old farms like colored patchwork, stitched into the rents of the forests, the old school, the brooklet singing down the pasture, the boys' old swimming hole, and roads —your road and mine—to school, so close to the woods—that only the most staid child could resist running into it a ways to sit down on what seemed to be an Indian baby's grave—In reality only a buried tree root; to pick squaw-berries or wintergreen-berries or flowers as an offering to the teacher, in case of tardiness. A memory of running hard and fast till there was a pain in the side and the heart hurt. Of stopping to spit in the hole under a round stone—and running on, when the pain was gone. Here is a fine description of the country which appeals to us.

"Winding roads with trees, a crooked creek and corn fields, the smell of clover in the summer time, and a quietness that hurts—that is what the country means to me."

"Wherever old houses sit dreaming in the sunshine, there, usually, are old fruit trees. Their gnarled, yet graceful forms add no small contribution to the winter landscape. Their blossoms and fragrance are among the sweetest gifts of spring. Their fruit of gold and red and russet are cause for praise and thanksgiving in summer and autumn.

Beloved by all in earth and air their place is unique and secure. Shade trees—elm and maple and willow, are loved emblems of myths and legends, and sacred to catbird, dove

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and wren. The robin loves the garden near the old house, and builds his nest in the old apple tree."

A Green Bay woman, when describing the old house, which was, at one time, the home of Doctor D. Cooper Ayres —called the old vine grown yard "the enchanted garden." Let me tell of two more old houses. They are also in Green Bay—yet their owners had much in common with our townspeople. The old Hiram Hubbard house still standing with its side to the road (street) on North Broadway. Old and gray; but many people have called it home. The man who built it and lived in it with his family, was one of the pioneers of Brown county. Farmer, lumberman, trapper, sailor and mailcarrier. It was in the latter vocation that he tired of life. While on his route to Sturgeon Bay, with his pony and parcel of mail—his life went out.

In the next lot to the Hubbard house, E. Crocker built his pretentious home. He had the first livery stable on the "west side," then Fort Howard, and the first artesian or flowing well, possibly in Brown county.

A few friends can still remember Mrs. Crocker in her old fashioned flower garden, to the south of the house. James H. Potter of Pittsfield and William Cook of Flintville built their new houses after the model of the Crocker home. It, too, is now sharing the fate of the Hubbard house—passing away—lonely and unloved.

OLD FRIENDS.

"There are no friends like old friends
To help us with the load
That all must bear who journey
O'er life's uneven road;
And where unconquered sorrow
The weary hours invest
The kindly words of old friends
Are always found the best."

The friendships of the pioneer families of a community are the results of lessons learned while they were being

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"just humans" together on the same plane; of standing by and joining hands and helping.

"God put us all upon the earth
That we might serve his ends,
And then to give the world some worth
He made some of us friends."

A sick horse or cow, a new baby or a sick child at some settler's home, were often the first formation of a lifelong friendship.

A Suamico boy, Francis Horn, while at school at Marquette College, gave a theme at the Literary Club on "Making Friends," a part of which is this: "Since friendship is the master passion of mankind there can be no room for personal prejudice, envy, or jealousy in the making of friends. The popular conception of friendship is satisfied with the enjoyment of the good will of the people involved. Many make friends for pure gain. In making friends one must be willing to meet the other half way. The overlooking of petty faults, and a consideration of the feelings of others leads one to make friends. Education and position are not absolutely necessary in making friends, but character is an absolute essential."

"Old friends are the greatest blessings of one's later years. Half a word conveys one's meaning. They have a memory of the same events and have the same mode of thinking."—Walpole.

CHAPTER XIII.

SOCIAL LIFE, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

Who shall say that we have no traditions in America or Wisconsin or even back here in Pittsfield and Suamico? Habits and customs which were brought here by the settlers from various places, by people of different nationalities, mingled as did the people.

Beans on Saturday night and Sunday morning and "mush

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and milk" for Sunday night supper showed that the family came from New England.

"Panny Cakes," salt rising bread and pea soup showed that the French family were from Northern New York or Canada, doughnuts for the Dutch, kuchen and black coffee for the German settlers. Now the different dishes belong to everybody's bill of fare.

The household herbarium was gathered each year before the plants "went to seed," for the medicinal value of each to be used for the accidents and ailments of the family. These were gathered, tied in bundles and hung to dry in the shed or corn-room. Smartweed, boneset or thoroughwort, wormwood, catnip, saffron, sage, tansy, horehound and hops —roots, goldthread, ginger-root, ginseng, mandrake-root, horseradish, nerve-root and deadly night-shade, as well as all of the "worts" and "mints" stocked the medicine chest, against nearly all the ills that the settlers were liable to have. Same patent medicines, such as "Marshall's Liniment," "Perry Davis' Pain Killer" and "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," were household necessities. A quassia-cup when filled with water soon brewed a bitter dose of medicine.

"Once a servant who did not find her way very promptly to the kitchen one morning was visited by her mistress, who found her in bed suffering from pain and violent sickness. She explained that she had a cold and had taken some medicine which had been recommended for the children. "How much did you take?" asked the mistress. "Well, ma'am, I went by the directions on the bottle. It said: 'Ten drops for an infant, thirty drops for an adult and a tablespoonful for an emetic.' I knew I wasn't an infant or an adult, so I thought I must be an emetic and the pesky stuff has pretty nigh killed me."

Each family made their own ink from indigo, annotto or some kind of a berry juice and oxgall.

Mrs. H. P. Hayden, Dr. L. R. Lamb, Mrs. Sensiba, Mrs. Watkins, Mr. T. R. Purdy, Mrs. Kanute and Dr. Culver spent

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valuable time in concocting liniments, cold and cough medicines, fever drops, nervine and salves from herbs and gums, and acting as family doctors in nearly every household. They prescribed herb-teas and drugs, never keeping the law of the "R with the cross tail." Slippery elm, soap and sugar, and bread and milk, were used for poultices.

Tamarack gum and pine pitch were boiled and used for chewing gum. Goose oil, hen's oil and skunk's oil were always kept in the house.

Thus we can see how the pioneers used the natural resources to the best possible advantage, even when sick.

Goose and turkey wings were used to brush the hearth.

Girls and women wore elastic bands on their hats, under the chin or under the flowing tresses or door-knob "pugs" of hair, or under the roll, near the nape of the neck, which was covered by the hair and a coarse crocheted hair net.

Before bed springs were invented, the four posted beds had cord or rope laced across, back and forth from pegs or knobs on sides and ends of bed-steads—then came slats, then springs of various patterns.

During the panic after 1857, "wild cat" currency was in use for payment of bills. At one time a dollar's worth of that paper would only bring about twelve cents.

In 1868 the government issued a large amount of "green backs" or bank notes; this money has remained with us. It could be exchanged for commodities, and confidence was gradually restored. About this time postal currency for small amounts was issued and used as legal tender for 3, 5, 10, 15, 25 and 50 cents. They were called "shinplasters" and were made of little slips of green and tan colored paper. This kind of money was easily lost and torn, and was not popular.

Silver coins, dimes, quarters and half-dollars were early in use. The half-dollar came first; later the others were issued. A few years later, the three-cent piece and the half dime were issued. The "nickel" or five-cent piece came into use and the two smaller coins were discontinued. Large

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copper two-cent pieces and the large penny or cent were issued. Both were called in again in the course of time. The common one cent of copper was smaller than the older one, more easily handled, and is still in circulation.

Money was no longer worthless at the close of the war and times began to brighten up again. Thus we see that small events in the financial world influence the whole system of production and trade.

Seventy years ago the "high cost of living" was not so well established as it is now. From an old paper of Wednesday, June 29, 1853, let the following tell how current prices ran:

Pork, per barrel, $18.00.
Flour, per barrel, $5.25.
Butter, per pound, 16c.
Lard, per pound, 10c.
Eggs, per dozen, 8c and 9c.
Dried apples, per bushel, $1.75 (14 shillings).
Beans, per bushel, $1.25 (10 shillings).
Oats, per bushel, 55c.
Corn (shelled), per bushel, 70c.
Hay, per ton, $6.00.
Hams, smoked, per pound, 9c.
Cheese, per pound, 8c.
Tallow candles, per pound, 14c.
Soap, per pound, 6c.
Salt (fine), per sack, 50c.
Beer (strong), per barrel, $7.00.
Laborers' wages, per day, $1.25 (10 shillings).
Laborers' wages, per month, $16.00 to $20.00.
Rafting and Running River, per day, $1.00 to $1.50.
Mechanics, per day, $1.50 to $2.00.
Milch cows, $25.00 to $30.00.
Shingles, per M., $2.00.
Public land, per acre, $1.25 (10 shillings).
Money loans, 1½%.

The settlers were so glad to welcome a new family to the town that they received them with open arms. It was the custom to turn to and make a "bee" at once to help build the body of a log house for the newcomers. Then there were the loggin' bees, the apple-parin' bee and the huskin' bee, where to find a red ear of corn was a chance for a treat or a

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forfeit. The house or barn raisings were surely tests of strength and daring. Albert Buckman's assistance was always needed to "holler" when the great side timbers and beams went up so that all pushed at the same instant.

The "sugaring off" in the woods when making maple syrup and sugar. These gatherings of friends and neighbors for miles around all meant a bright spot in the drab. Fathers, mothers, "young folks" and children all met, worked, ate, drank and danced—danced with music of the accordion or fiddle.

In Suamico Lewis Ledger, Mr. Brisban, John Anderson, "Uncle Ned" Flint and numerous other old timers played the fiddle for many a kitchen party. Girls collected buttons for "charm" strings.

In early days the "neighborhoods" were around Flint's mill, near Allan T. Buckman's, at "Brucetown" or "down to the mouth," and at the south side of the town, "Wilson's," or later on "the Center."

Sheep raising on a small scale was taken up about 1860. During the war cotton was scarce and high priced. Calico was nearly a dollar a yard.

The raising of sheep was encouraged in every way and yarn for stockings, undershirts, scarfs and mittens was made by a good many. Mrs. Judkins, Mrs. Huntington and Grandmother Hale had large wheels which came from the east, and they spun for the neighbors. Yarn was colored blue, with indigo, brown, with red-oak, butternut and hickory bark steeped, and the color set with copperas and other things. Clouded yarn was made by tying a piece of leather or buckskin at intervals on the skein. The dye-pot was in frequent use. Ten knots made a skein—forty threads made a knot. It was a long, hard day's work to knit a pair of double mittens.

Sheep shearing was an interesting event every spring. D. Huntington, A. Burdick and Lewis Hale went from farm to farm to shear sheep. If a dog killed or worried sheep, he was doomed. The house cat and dog were necessary to the

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farm. Home without a dog is like a wagon without springs. You can stand it, but there's no real comfort in it.

Nearly every family kept a flock of geese, and their shrill gabbling was heard all day and sometimes all night. They ran or roamed all over, unless confined to pens, eating grass and wallowing in puddles. To keep them on the roadsides, out of fields and gardens, yokes were put on the necks of the old ones, so they could not get through the fences. These yokes were made of crotched sticks—fastened with a thong or string. It used to be said that one old goose of a flock kept awake of nights to watch, always saluting the arrival of a neighbor or the return of one of the family or the intrusion of foxes. Geese were raised for their feathers more than as food.

Live geese picking was cruel work. Two or three times a year, were the feathers plucked from the live birds. An old stocking was pulled over the bird's head to keep it from biting. The legs were tied together. The picker had to wear old clothes and cover the hair, for the down flew everywhere.

Feather beds and pillows were made at home. Among the women folks, especially in the winter time, on the farm —the feminine love of color, the longing for decoration and the love of pretty things found riotous relief in quilt piecing. It was thrifty too, to use the small pieces cut out in making women's and children's garments. The amount of labor, neat piecing, beautiful quilting, the thousands of stitches that went into one of those quilts, were, to think of today, little short of painful.

The patterns which were exchanged and talked over were the "Rising Sun," "Log Cabin," "Job's Trouble," "Fruit Basket," "Good Patience," "Irish Chain," "Wild Goose Chase," "Charm," "Tulip," "Star" and "White House Steps." The quilting frames have not gone out of use even yet. Quilting bees were pleasant affairs and are still revived every "once in so often." The crazy quilt of silk and wool came in sometime in the 80's. The making of crocheted lace

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and tatting was mere pastime for the girls. Braided rag rugs were made.

Clocks were brought from the old homes, but every family did not have one, but as houses were usually set as straight as the north star could guide, it was planned to have noon marks on door step or window sill, which helped to show the hour of day when the sun was bright. Especially was this handy as it came near noon when the dinner must be ready for the hungry men-folks. Dinner was always served at noon. It was supper at evening time unless there was company, then we called it tea.

SOAP MAKING.

Making soft soap in spring and fall was a burdensome duty, but the soap was important for family use. All the refuse grease from cooking and butchering was saved up for weeks and months, as was the hard wood ashes. The first thing to do was to make a "leach." Some used a barrel, others made a box, large at the top and tapering to a small bottom, set upon a wide board, with a groove about the bottom of the box or barrel. The leach was set slanting (a small bundle of straw was put in the bottom) and filled with ashes. Water was put in, which filtering through, ran out at the bottom along the groove into a bucket or kettle. If the lye was strong enough to hold up an egg, it was just right; if not, it was run through again with more ashes. The grease and lye were then boiled together in a caldron kettle over a fire out of doors. It took five or six bushels of ashes and twenty-five pounds of grease to make a barrel of soap. The first soap made thus, looked like a clear amber jelly. Constant stirring while boiling made it lighter colored.

When soap making was going on the housewife did little else and a "right smart" worker could make a barrel of fine soap in a day. Some persons were particular to boil the soap at the right time of the moon, but exactly which quarter has not been ascertained. Soft soap was used for all purposes of washing and scrubbing in the home. A memory

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of an old soap bowl—yellow, with blue stripes about it. But like the proverbial pitcher, it was broken at last.

Speaking of the "right time of the moon," hog killing and corn planting and a number of other jobs were ruled by the phases of the moon. A willow wand was held in the hand to find a good place to dig a well. The branch was supposed to tip at a vein of water.

Pitching horse shoes or quiots was a game for men and boys in very early times. Baseball and football had no fans until more recent years.

Long before patent corn shellers were invented a home made sheller was used. It was made of a board three or four feet long with a V-shaped piece cut out of one and a thin strip of iron put in across the end. The ears of corn were scraped over this to remove the kernels.

A husking pin was made with a piece of hard wood three or four inches long with a loop of leather to put over one finger. A good husker could trim thirty or forty bushels of corn in a day.

Boys and girls laid in supplies of apples, butternuts and pop corn for the long winter evenings. The customs of children in former days were close to nature.

The dandelion was always the earliest flower and was native to our section. The mother of Silas and H. P. Hayden sent some dandelion seeds in a letter from New Hampshire, so they could have dandelion greens. It was not necessary to plant them—but perhaps they did.

The trailing arbutus on the wooded hillside—the trillium or wakerobin also came early—the hepaticus or wind flower came in April as did the buttercup and cowslip in the down.

In shady nooks the violet was found. When children used to lock the heads of violets together and called them "rooster fights," one or both would be beheaded. Stringing brown-eyed Susans for chains. Making curls of dandelion stems to link over the ears. Dandelions were held under the chin to determine whether the child liked butter. Ferns were pressed to make spatter work on paper or cloth.

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Wreaths were made of lilac and honey suckle petals linked together, then laid out and pressed to make valentines of the next winter.

In the long summer days the hollyhocks nodded in the warm breeze. A memory of a garden full of those dear old-fashioned flowers, red, pink, yellow and white, on thin, tall stems, made one imagine it was a party in which the ladies in their bright-colored dresses bowed and swayed through the stately dance or reel.

The live-forever or arpine was once an old favorite, now a hated weed in grave yards, door yards or gardens. From burrs of the burdock, houses, tables, chairs and baskets were made by the girls. The meanest thing a teasing boy could do was to throw burrs into the hair of the girls, which was worn hanging.

Various skillful accomplishments of boys were making pop-guns and squirt guns out of alder stems, whistles from willow branches, making rings out of horn buttons, baskets out of peach stones and butternuts, old women dolls out of hickory nuts, pipes out of corn cobs and cups and saucers out of acorns. A pioneer boy's best friend was his jack-knife.

The early colonial settlers in the East looked with disdain on bachelors. But in the towns of Pittsfield or Suamico they could always live in peace. William Moore came with relatives from New Hampshire and took up a "forty" of land directly across from the old school house site. Here he built a small log house and cleared a patch of his land. He lived here alone for some time. He died about 1860 and was the first person to be buried in Rural cemetery. Thomas Bursall was a bachelor on his farm for several years. He married Mary Horn in August, 1866.

Fletcher Flint had a homestead in Pittsfield and lived a bachelor's life until he "proved up" on his land. He sold out to Robert Tripp, who in turn sold to his son-in-law, Edward Huck; and it has changed hands once since. Three Englishmen came to Suamico in the 70's and bought a tract of cut-

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over land on both sides of the Suamico and Flintville road; built a house and a small barn and set up housekeeping. One of the number, Mr. Goodman left, in a year or so, for his old home. The other two friends, Hopkins and Sutton, lived there many years, worked hard, prospered and were contented. A new house was built and other new buildings took the place of old ones. The two men were respected citizens of Suamico. At length one of the good friends, Mr. Sutton died. The other mourned his companion's death. He couldn't be contented to live alone thereafter. He was fortunate when he found the McNeil family, who fitted in to the vacant place. Mr. Hopkins died after a few years, in 1920, leaving his property in the hands of Mr. McNeil. Another bachelor was John McCauley, who lived in a small house in the town of Suamico, near the Davidson farm. Odd characters have come and gone in the different neighborhoods. Lewis Hale came from New York state with relatives. He lived among them, sometimes at Peshtigo, Pensaukee, Pittsfield, Crivitz, Abrams and Lena, never contented to settle down. His son George was a small boy when he came west. He lived many years in the home of W. N. Brown. He died when 18 years old. Delos Harvey came from Missouri to Flintville with his wife, who died several years ago. A forlorn, peculiar man he is, and lives alone in the old Judkins house. Johnny Harris, who was a neglected child, grew to be an odd and homeless man.

Dr. Durocher, another odd character, drifted in and lived and worked around for several years. At last he married Mrs. Savage, but soon tired of her. He then left Flintville and went to Green Bay.

John Jimmerson, another friendly, queer man, came to Suamico. He worked for years at Sensiba's and at Rice's at Flintville. He died at Suamico. Peter Tracy and Peter Boulet lived at Suamico for years.

The most peculiar and mysterious of all, was a man of Polish or Russian nationality who simply came to Flintville —no friends except a sister, who lived with him. He bought

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an old house and moved in. He had some huge mastiffs to guard his lodging place. He built a stone vault, but what it contained no one knew. His name is Witold Miscelas Chaliobog, but is commonly called "Vitel." He had a large number of books—some say, very rare and old books, and he was a great student. At last, about 1902, he began to reveal the idea that he was establishing a new religious creed. He found a few followers. He wore peculiar clothes and caps, and his manner was odd in the extreme. He is still living, and has recently presented a large number of books to the Green Bay Library.

In the 60's and 70's women wore large bonnets and shakers. The latter had a straw head-piece with a cape of calico, gingham or chambray. Small bands of the material gathered or pleated through the middle were put over the top in rows. The straw part could be bought and each woman "dressed" her's to suit her own taste. Women and girls wore large hoops and skirts with six and seven breadths, Balmoral petticoats, tight bodices and basques. The polinaise came shortly after the hoops began to be laid aside. Shawls and dolmans bustles were worn in the 80's.

Old games were played by both boys and girls, and the evening gatherings were joyful affairs. "The Needles Eye," "London Bridge," "The Miller," and other games were played for forfeits. When the bashful swain had to kneel to the prettiest, bow to the wittiest," etc., it took all of his nerve to finish paying his forfeit. Some children called going up stairs, "going up the wooden hill."

Every family had to have a brass kettle, especially those that came from New England.

Necessity has been called the mother of invention. The pioneers were ingenious and made many of the tools and useful devices used about their work and in the homes. The women as well as the men had to invent. There were no tape measures or yard sticks in those times and a yard was measured from the nose to arm's length. Also with the middle finger, eight measures of the finger were a yard.

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Perhaps that's where the expression "long-fingered" came from. One woman put her towels, sheets and other articles under the cushion of the lame grandmother's chair, to press them. There were no safety pins. The common pin was made of brass; was long and dull pointed. One woman rolled her pie crust with the camphor bottle, till her husband made her a rolling pin with his draw knife, scraping it with a piece of glass to make it smooth.

On interviewing a real old couple, both were over eighty years of age, we asked them what they thought were the two best inventions since they came to Suamico. The old gentleman said, after thinking a while, "the incubator and the railroad." The old lady thought a little longer and said, "safety-pins and the ten cent store." Neither even thought of saying the automobile or type-writer or a dozen other things which would come to the mind of any boy or girl of today. Yet, we do not realize the truth in the old lady's answer, nor what a boon both were to the women folks.

We know of one woman who picked berries with her child two or three years old on her back. Another washed at the tub and rocked the cradle with her foot. Every family made their own candles. They had molds with any number of forms. At one time Mrs. Henry Willis sent to town by the teamster to get her a "candle molds." He could not get the number that she wanted, but got one for one or two candles. After a while he met her son and said, "How did your mother like her 'candle molds?' " The boy stammered and said, "sh-sh-she said 'twas better'n none." When prosperous enough, the farmer's wife and daughters wished for an organ in the home. It was with considerable pride that one was installed in the front room.

In the early days travelers had carpet bags in which to carry their luggage. Later came leather valises and then the telescope, then the dress suit case. Now the traveling bag of leather, cloth or fibre is the style. The "week-end bag" is also stylish. Thus we see that styles change in nearly every thing. The old fashioned bureau or "highboy"

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and the "whatnot" are words not well understood now-a-days.

Men wore paper collars in the 60's and later; and false, white, starched fronts or "bosoms" to their woolen shirts, but when thus fixed up, they could not remove their coats or vests, or the sham would be disclosed. It was also stylish for men to wear high fur collars and bright woolen scarfs in winter.

The men also oiled their hair with pomades and bears' oil —parted it in the middle of the back of the head and brushed it toward the ears.

An old time minister, who wrote for something a little ahead of the time he needed it said, "We want to take time by the forelock, for time is too swift and wild a horse to be caught by the tail."

Mrs. Hayes, a good old lady of Mills Center, once said when she was nearly ninety years old, "If I only had a new pair of feet, I'd be as good as ever."

The expressive Yankee expression, "Oh dear me, suz!" means in the original, "Oh dear me sorrows."

Apt or odd expressions were peculiar to the old settlers, who came from New England, Canada, Michigan, Illinois and Missouri; of various nationalities, of different degrees of experience and learning, all the different types of temperament; some happy, some morose; some good, and some bad; some careful, some careless; all to be smoothed, measured, influenced, and obliged to become a part of the community in the back woods of Brown county. What an undertaking—but not so badly finished by time and fortune!

The Yankees have one expression which is so full of meaning when used in criticism, that no other word could give the same vent to the feelings of the person using it, that is the word "shiftless." They also use the word "chock-full" which is the uttermost limit of wit, fun, or, in fact, the full extent of anything. "Sabbath Day's Journey" meant a long way. "Getting his Ebenezer or dander up," means flying into a passion. "Pot Luck of the Day," means taking what-

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ever comes. "Leggin' it" and "hoofing it" meant walking. "Footing it" meant dancing. "Riding Shanks Mare" meant walking. An old saying called a bachelor a "self-button sewer," and his house a "bachelor's hall." "One and Twenty" meant when a young man became of legal age or 21, having reached his "majority" is another expression for the same. "Mistress" was used as we use Mrs. and was nearly always shortened to "Miss" in speaking of married ladies. "Esquire or Esq. was a title for men, it was used after their name in directing a letter, particularly. "Uncle Silas" said, "Well I vow," when he wished to emphasize a statement. Raising "Cain or Ned," and "Raining like Ned," meant a hard frolic or rain. Swearing by "Sam Hill," " 'Lunkin Man," and "Jingo Rogers," and "George," were common ways of giving vent to one's feelings. "Lean on your own breakfast" meant to look out for one's self. A scolding was called a "dressing down." They would deny a challenge by saying "not by a two-gallon-jug-full," while today we might say, "I should say not" or "nit." "Still and all" was used as an opening or start for a declaration. "Thick as Fiddlers in Tophat," from whatever origin, meant a crowd. "With it," used in the East as a finish to a statement.

Superstitions and signs were rife and little heeded—although noticed. One man always pulled off his right boot first with his "boot-jack" so he would sleep well or not have the toothache. Hog-killing, soapmaking and planting were always done in the right time of the moon. "Taken" or "took up" meant being arrested.

"A poor widow woman" was an expression of kindly feeling toward one bereft of her husband. Some old ladies were called "Granny" by the neighbors, as for instance "Granny Davidson, Judkins, Brown, and Ackers," not as a nickname, but as a kindly way of speaking of them, as aged ladies. A southern way of cutting off words—"It hadn't orter," and "It didn't uster," and "that beats all nater," were common expressions.

When the Gardners returned from their trip to Missouri

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the daughter Allie brought back a husband. On being questioned about her courtship her brother Frank said, "Waal, he give her his likeness, and she give him 'hern,' and he bought her some 'ribbin,' and then they got hitched."

Peddlers frequented the rural districts in early times. They carried packs on their backs and went on foot from house to house.

One named Arndt made regular visits twice a year. His circuit was about fifty to seventy-five miles. He carried satchels and boxes strapped together. He made those periodical visits fore more than twenty years. He sold dress goods, notions of all kinds, stockings, gloves, mittens, and jewelry. His calls were welcomed by the housewives who never went to the city. This man was a strange character—well educated, reserved, well read and a good conversationalist. He remained in the country about Green Bay till he became feeble, old and intemperate. At last he died, without a known relative, but hosts of friends.

In the 80's two men from "somewhere," driving a livery rig from Green Bay, made a tour of the farming sections and "did" nearly every family to the amount of $150. A package of cloth and shawls was given; cash or notes were taken to the amount of $150. Some that were easy victims got very small amounts of goods, while others got a "good enough" bargain. The men were not seen again, but the notes came back in due time.

In a few years another like salesman came with a cargo of stoves. Old elevated oven stoves were broken to pieces and exchanged for a new range that cost twice as much as the current price. But "the American people like to be fooled" and the salesman evidently knew it.

The tin peddler went through the country towns for years with a high wagon decorated with tin pails, pans and what not, in the line of tin. His bartering for rags and old iron helped to sell his tin. Lightning rod agents have made periodical visits to this section since 1865.

Every farm had a dinner horn, which called the men from

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the woods, the sugar camp, or the fields. H. P. Hayden's folks had a bell on a high pole, a rope was pulled and it pealed the glad news that dinner was ready.

In many yards stands a tall pole with a toy-like house, on top, with a great many windows or doors. In this small house the bee-martins build their nests and rear their young. Here they make their home from April to August; leaving as soon as their young are feathered out and ready to fly. The next spring the same birds return to their old houses. It is pleasing to see them on their arrival, chirping and chattering and preening their black, glossy feathers in their delight at getting back home. The martins bravely fight the hawk or crow as well as the family cat. By their chirping they help the feathered family in the farmyard to watch for their enemies.

The farmers in old days had no ice-houses but kept their milk in stone milk-houses, or on shelves in the cool cellar or occasionally by hanging a pail low down in the well. After the orchards "grew up" some farms had cider mills like those in New England. Besides the apples stored in the cellar for winter use, a barrel of cider kept sweet by certain seeds and treatment, was also stored with barrels of pork and "corned" beef and vegetables. Preserved fruit and June butter were laid by for winter use. A barrel of cider vinegar was cured by lying in the sun, on its side with a bottle in the bung hole. It took several weeks, (tested occasionaly to see if it was good vinegar yet,) before it too was put in the storeroom for winter use.

"FIRSTS"

A few of the persons who were first to buy and use certain newly invented articles on their farms or in their homes:

The first top buggy in Suamico was owned by John Bruce.

The first top buggy or carriage in Pittsfield was owned by W. N. Brown. The next to follow in line was Alvin Hunter, who had the first one in Flintville.

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The first mowing machine in Pittsfield was purchased by James H. Potter.

The first reaper, a "McCormick Drop Reaper," was owned by H. P. Hayden. Isaac Burdeau had the first self-binder in either town. Second self-binder to W. D. Rice. W. D. Rice purchased a Champion Reaper from Warder Mitchell & Company in 1874.

The first horse team was owned by Richard Flint. First ponies owned in Pittsfield, those of Fred Streckenbach and G. S. Lawrence. First sewing machines introduced into Pittsfield and Suamico were Mrs. Wm. Franklin's and Mrs. W. N. Brown's, sometime in the 60's. Mrs. D. Davidson had a "Howe" machine. In 1869, Mrs. A. T. Buckman, Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Lucia, Mrs. W. D. Rice purchased Wheeler & Wilson machines from George E. Treat, who was the first man to start a sewing machine office in Green Bay. Later someone got the Grover & Baker, another old make of machine. Mrs. H. P. Hayden had a hand machine, Wilcox & Gibbs, which was set on the table and the wheel turned with the right hand. This machine had a chain stitch and had only an upper thread. It sewed faster than one could by hand, but it was not popular.

The first sawmill in Brown county was near De Pere, as well as the first grist mill. The grist mill of D. Brunette was very old, near Ashwaubenon Creek.

The first sash and door factory in Brown county and possibly in the state, was at the foot of Mason street, Green Bay. The building was built by the Astors for a fur warehouse in 1835. The dock where boats landed was right at this place.

Archibald Duncan, in the early 60's, in a shop in Milwaukee, made the first locomotive ever constructed in a machine shop in Wisconsin.

The first child born in Flintville was a little daughter to Mr. and Mrs. F. Jewel; the mother was Sophie Brunette. They moved to California.

In the '50's "Locofoco" matches, which were lighted by

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rubbing on sandpaper were made in blocks, of a dozen or so of matches, split down about half way and the top end dipped in some kind of a sulphur or brimstone preparation, but not so easily managed, or as dependable as our present day matches. In still older times than ours the fire of the house was never allowed to go out. The nickname, "Loco-foco," was at one time applied to the Democratic party, but no account is given as to the origin of the name. Matches were also called "Lucifers" at that time.

Flint, steel and "punk" were used to light camp fires in the woods. The old fashioned flint-lock guns or muskets had a primitive method of firing the powder.

CHRISTMAS TREES

Christmas celebrations of the rugged pioneer days in northern Wisconsin are often recalled by "old timers" with a twinge of regret. "Christmas is not what it used to be," they say. The community Christmas tree, believed by many to be a recent product of the big cities, really had its origin in the old days when the sturdy pioneers were hewing their way through the woods of the northwest.

In those days the Christmas tree was really a "community" tree. Few of the pioneer families laid claim to a tree of their own, that being more recent than the neighborhood affair. There was then no select social circle, every one was working for the one common purpose of opening up a new country. It was only natural that they should celebrate their holidays as a community. The Christmas tree was set up in the school house. The biggest, tallest, "branchiest" tree that could be found in the woods, and the week before Christmas Eve was a busy time. Bees at the different homes were held in the evening to pop corn and string it. The day before was spent by the "young folks" in assisting the teacher in erecting and trimming the large tree. (Sometimes two trees were used). Cranberries and popcorn in chains were festooned all over the tree.

With the approach of Christmas Eve the merry crowd

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gathered, coming from far and near, while the jingle of sleigh-bells, snatches of songs, and cheerful greetings rang out on the crisp night air.

With all care set aside, old and young piled into the glowing room and filled the crude seats. The program was a mighty fine one.

There were songs and recitations: " 'Twas the night before Christmas," (now a hundred years old), "Woodman Spare That Tree," and "The Second Chapter of Luke," were each recited with much feeling. The song, "Old St. Nick," was sung fifty years ago, with just as much vim by the boys and girls, as it is today. These are the things that never grow old, no more than does Santa Claus. Then the great event of the evening, the distribution of the gifts, which had been brought from every home during the day and hung on the tree, and they were real gifts—clothing of all kinds, hats, caps and mittens, books, pictures, dishes, toys, skates and sleds, candy, cookies, and home-gathered nuts were among the gifts passed out. "Yes sir," says one man, (who was once a boy) "we had real Christmas celebrations in those days." At one of those celebrations at the Flintville school house, the teacher in Dist. No. 3, Pittsfield, Rev. A. J. Wheeler, took an active part. He was a young man who was studying for the ministry at Evanston, Illinois. He preached on Sunday in either school house, and taught the district school summer and winter for a year. Eager to earn money for his education he did double duty. He was a pious, zealous worker, and was surely a born teacher. His methods of teaching were far in advance of the times, at least in Brown county.

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ISRAEL HAYDEN

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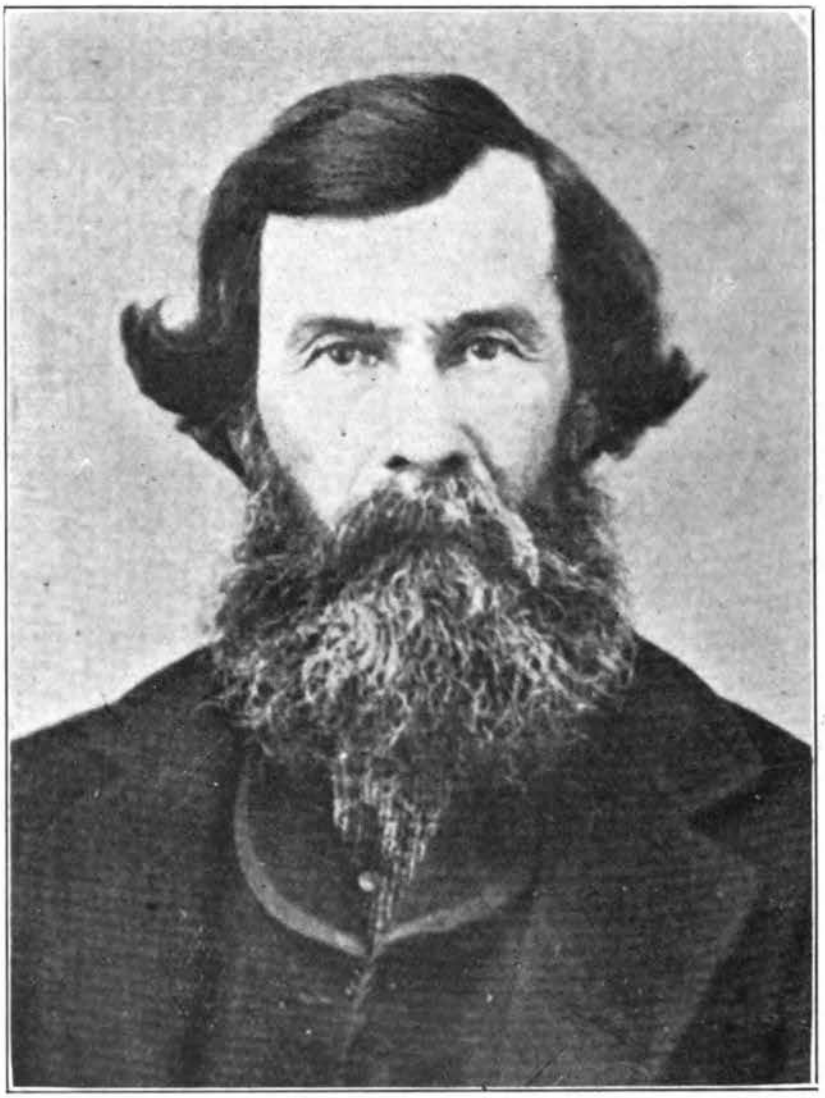

HIRAM PRESCOTT HAYDEN

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SILAS HAYDEN

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CHAPTER XIV.

FREAK HAPPENINGS.

A COLD WINTER.

The winter of 1862-63 is often spoken of as being the coldest ever experienced by the people in this section.

The coldest day being January 1st, 1863. The new year opened with intense coldness and a fierce wind blowing from the northwest. Some of the dwellers were unprepared for such a cold snap. They were caught with a small supply of wood and some had only kitchen stoves to warm the not-too-snug houses. This lack of heat made the day seem colder, while raging wind penetrated every crack and crevice. Thus the day was set down in the memory of the oldest settlers.

A MILD WINTER.

The winter of 1877-78, was the mildest winter on record. Men were plowing on December twenty-third, rained on December twenty-fourth, a boat ride on New Year's Day, 1878, on the Fox river, sowing grain on March sixth, are facts noted by old settlers. Snow fell in some places, but the ground was not frozen till January. Very little snow fell, and as usual after such a winter a late spring for planting.

WINTER OF 1880-1881.

On October 16, 1880, there swept down on the state, from the northwest a terrific storm of snow and sleet, borne on the wings of a 125 miles an hour gale. Following zero weather the cold and snow found everyone unprepared and much loss and suffering resulted.

The storm was the forerunner of one of the most severe winters in the memory of living generations, the "winter of the big snow."

All through Wisconsin and northern Michigan, when tales of storms are going the rounds, the story of the big snow

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is sure to be told. Such an impression did it leave on the minds of people at that time, that the "year of the big snow" marked the date of events following.

The big snow came in March. For three days and two nights there was a constant heavy downfall of snow, which the wind heaped into drifts, twenty to forty feet high, covering buildings, trees and fences. The two storms made the fall and winter of 1880-81 a by-word of the fireside.

The storm of October 16, 1880, was a fierce blizzard. A wild wind drifted the snow, which fell to a depth of two or three inches, so that traffic was held up to a certain extent. The real force of the wind was felt on Lake Michigan and Green Bay. Navigation had not closed and many vessels met their doom in the storm. One especially of state-wide interest was the mysterious loss of the steamer "Alpena," with all on board.

The wintry fall was followed by a severe winter which culminated in the historical blizzard which began the night of March 2, 1881, and continued with unabated fury for three days and two nights. Accounts given in the papers of that time indicate that the blizzard had been predicted for several days before it arrived. Despite the warning, however, the stupendousness of the storm overwhelmed the state.

Cities were smothered in huge drifts which blockaded the streets and brought industry and traffic to a standstill. Rural communities were literally buried to their roofs. Farmers relate how they tunneled to the barns and melted the snow dug from the tunnels in tubs for water to give to the cattle. They also tell how lamps and lanterns had to be used in down stairs rooms all day long because the windows were covered with snow.

The houses became veritable refrigerators. Roaring fires had to be kept burning. Wood stores were exhausted and many farmers dug down to their rail fences for an additional supply of fuel.

It took cities several days to dig out and it was several

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weeks before mail and railroad service became normal. The snow stayed despite warm weather. A hard crust several feet thick resulted from the melting of the surface snow and the freezing of the water as it seeped through lower layers. The crust became so hard that it easily held the weight of a team of horses and a sled. A new system of roads over fields and fences, and in some places over the tops of trees, was formed. The entire topography of the countryside was changed. Valleys were filled level and mountainous drifts formed new hills.

In the north woods, where the storm interrupted, lumbering cutters at first attempted to dig the trees out to cut hem near the ground. This method proved dangerous as well as tedious, and so the trees were cut at the top of the snow. As a result there were areas of stumps 10, 15, and 20 feet high still standing in the north cut-over lands, monuments to the big snow of '81.

WINTER OF 1881-82.

This winter was also a record-breaker. Snow fell in November and never was the ground bare till May. December and January weather was steady cold. The thermometer danced around the 30's for days.

On February 27th came one of the worst storms, equal to that of the year before. There was again a complete cessation of business and work, schools closed in most districts until the roads could be opened. The gale drifted the snow and filled the roads from fence to fence. Immense drifts were everywhere; six to fifteen feet was the average depth. Roads were like uncovered tunnels when dug out. In the woods the snow was several feet on the level.

"Log roads" were made across the fields the nearest way to the country school houses. These roads were made with a yoke of oxen or steers hauling a large log through the snow. The children walked Indian file in this track, not daring to step to the right or left out of the trough-like path. The frolics and battles at school, with snow forts

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and huge snowballs rolled till of mammoth size, made up for the inconvenience of the storm.

On March 20th, this year, another blizzard swept the country and further blocked the roads. In length, breadth and thickness the winter of 1881-82 was even worse than that of the year before. The town records for the year 1882 show that it cost the town of Pittsfield $251.62 to open roads which were blockaded with snow the past winter. The record of storms, for a number of years are not available so none are given from 1888 to 1919. We only know that there were some very cold winters during that time.

The famous snow storm of 1888 was a great blizzard. The country roads were almost impassable at times.

In the "good old days" there were crowds of men and boys with shovels, steers, and ox teams with "pungs" ready to turn out and break the roads. In later years as the timber has been cleared away, the winters are more severe, but the cold is less noticeable.

The winter of 1919 was a cold one. The storm in February, 1920, was a fierce one and gripped the state for two weeks. The storm in April, 1921, was the worst of the winter's.

The winter of 1921-22 will go on record as a close second for 1880-81, both for its long stretch from November to April, and the severity of its storms. The mercury did not record extreme cold, the maximum being 24 to 27 and that not frequently. The 21st and 22nd of February being comparatively warm days, rain in the central and southern part of the state, fell for some hours turning to sleet and snow, followed by high wind. The storm left the state completely disabled. Roads, railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, street cars and "everything" blockaded with snow and ice.

The trees, the pride of Wisconsin towns, suffered irreparable loss. In many places they were completely destroyed by the wind and ice. Mail was obstructed for days. Mail was carried from Green Bay to Suamico on a truck for several days. The rural carriers were forced to give up their

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routes for days. Weeks went by before the drifts and crusts were gone.

The cost of getting out of this "coat of armor" was tremendous; but gave work to many idle hands. On the first two or three days after the storm railroad and street car companies paid a dollar an hour for shoveling snow and digging ice from the tracks, employing hundreds.

On April 1st there was still two feet of snow on the level in the woods. On account of the crust of ice, the wild birds were starving.

In Brown county the agricultural agent sent grain and seeds to the rural districts to be distributed for the feeding of birds in the woods.

We have been looking backwards all along. Now let us look forward a bit. When some of the youngsters of today become "old settlers," one of the unique things they will be able to remember will be the fact that on the 20th of December, 1923, Wisconsin weather was so warm that people were able to keep their front doors open during a portion of the afternoon without discomfort. Also, that on January 4th, 6th, 9th and 21st, 1924, the thermometer ranged from 18 to 28 degrees below zero.

The continued cold spell being accompanied by icy winds from the west. Much snow and huge snow-banks made traveling next to impossible. For all that, the country is particularly beautiful at just such a time, where roads and paths have been shoveled the snow is piled like glistening blocks or marble; wind swept drifts lie along the fences; and the white fields glisten in the sunlight. With telephone service cut off and mail routes blockaded the isolation is almost the same as in pioneer days.

IT WAS DARK.

One day in March, 1887, unusual darkness prevailed in a certain strip of Wisconsin, passing from West to East, beginning about three o'clock in the afternoon, it grew dark, and in five minutes it was as dark as night. Everyone

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thought a dreadful storm was coming and sought places of safety. Some even thought of the Judgment Day.

The darkness lasted about eight or ten minutes, and brightness gradually came. No rain fell. At Oshkosh all business halted, teams dashed along, and people on the streets rushed to and fro. Nothing could be seen to indicate air-currents overhead. It simply seemed to be a wave of darkness passing along without wind.

A memory of the eclipse of the sun in August, 1869. Our mother and we children were picking berries in the woods, over the sand hill, when it began to grow dark. We hurried to the house, and not knowing the meaning we thought that something dreadful was going to happen. We gathered close about mother and asked all kinds of questions about the sun. Many years have passed since that day, only brought to mind by the approaching total eclipse which will occur on January 24th, 1925.

A WINDSTORM.

A tornado or cyclone, (some called it a "cycloon") swept over the southern part of Pittsfield, taking its course through the farms of E. H. Buckman and J. D. Mason, through Sawdo's and Lynch's woods, through the farms of Gothe and Miller, and through the woods where Pulaski is now located. This was in the summer of 1882. The Gothe house was unroofed and a feather bed was carried through the opening and the feathers scattered through the fields. No one was hurt, but somewhat scared. Had the path of the wind been anywhere else than through so much woods, there would no doubt have been loss of life and property.

STOLEN MONEY BROUGHT TO SUAMICO.

In 1920 a robbery at the postoffice in Chicago was a much talked of affair. Detectives and police worked on the case, but found no clue. By chance, Mr. C. Swanson at the North Western depot put in a bit of detective work to good advantage. One morning he saw one of the new Polish settlers

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meet a young man at the depot. This man carried a bag which he deposited in the farmer's buggy and they drove away. Swanson reported what he had seen and officers were on the farm the next day. After grilling the farmer and his wife, they succeeded in finding the hiding place of a large milk-can full of money, secreted in a ditch under a fence. The find led to the uncovering of more money at the young man's home in Chicago where he was a clerk in the post-office. The full amount was not recovered.

FIRE OF '71.

The summer and fall of 1871 was the dryest ever known here, since the first settlement of the towns. Fires raged in the woods and fields during the latter part of the summer, and the entire fall. Not a drop of rain fell in Northern Wisconsin from July 8th to October 9th. The destruction of timber and fences was fearful and amounted to thousands of dollars worth. In some places grain and hay were burned in the fields.

The marsh land along the "bay shore" was all afire, and at night the blaze could be seen for miles; while the odor of burning grass or hay, wafted on the wind which carried it far, was nearly stifling. At night the sight was disheartening, the whole heavens were alight from the burning woods. The air was dense with smoke. No buildings were burned, though fire crept close many times. Buckets and barrels were kept full of water, all the time for emergency calls.

The tall pine trees, beautifully green, were burned and left blackened stubs, standing lone sentinels, for years to mark where the fire of '71 passed.

On the night of October 8th (being Sunday) almost the entire woods of both towns were afire; had the storm of wind or cloud burst which swept Peshtigo and all Marinette county as well as parts of our own county, struck us, few would have survived.

It was a dull sad time for the whole countryside. Sleepless nights and weary days, poor crops, and hungry cattle.

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Streams and wells went dry and some farmers had to drive their cattle to the river to drink, and haul water in barrels on wagons or "stone-boats."

People buried their clothing, dishes and valued belongings, not knowing what hour the fire might come sweeping down upon their homes.

Days went by, and the settlers fought the fires and saved their property as best they could.

In the Big Suamico river, a large lot of logs amounting to 150,000 feet were burned. The logs belonged to Lamb, Watson & Co., M. E. Tremble and A. Weed Co., charred logs in the bed of the river were pushed out when the water in the river raised after the rain came. On Monday evening, October 9th, a hard rain fell lasting several hours, for which many a prayer of thanksgiving was offered up to the throne of the Most High.

This closed the work of fire-fighting and the exhausted people took a well-earned rest, sleeping through the long night, with never a thought of fire.

On October 9th, Annie and Aurilla Baker died of diphtheria at the home of their aunt, Mrs. J. B. Lucia.

The story of the Peshtigo fire or of the Chicago fire need not be told here, for historians have told them repeatedly. The tale of Peshtigo's loss of lives and every house, to the last one was something which, even by those who survived, could not be told; words could not describe the horror, grief and suffering felt by those who lived through it. The people went to work to rebuild the town, nothing now shows a sign of the terrible night's work of fire, save one house marked, "First house after the fire," and the tombstones in the old cemetery.

Chicago was burned October 9th, 1871. An area of 210 acres was burned over, 200 persons lost their lives, 20,000 buildings were burned, 100,000 persons left homeless, and $200,000,000 worth of property destroyed. Yet, in sixteen years from then, there had arisen on the ashes, a city, many

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times more populous, more beautiful and more prosperous than that which was lost by the fire of '71.

A METEOR.

A brilliant meteor, one Sunday evening in the fall of 1886, was seen floating through the air, the glare of it lighting the whole heavens. This was a ball of fire, the inside of which was of an orange or yellow color and the flame which spread from its center was of a greenish hue. As it disappeared in the northern heavens, a stream of fire or tail similar to a comet's, wis discernable for about a minute. Those who saw it spoke of it as a beautiful sight. A large boulder fell in Little Suamico that night near the A. C. Conn mill, which no doubt was a remnant of the meteor.

LIGHTNING'S STRANGE WORK.

The following is from a clipping of the State Gazette: "In the home of John Rabishaw of Suamico the lightning sports around in the most extraordinary manner, but hurts no one. It was in October of 1886, a heavy rain storm occurred at Big Suamico. Thunder and lightning continued after the rain ceased. There was an electrical shock at the residence of John Rabishaw near Tremble station. The current appeared to have come down the stove pipe, passing through the stove, spreading to almost every part of the house. The family of six persons were aroused, but no one was injured. Mrs. Rabishaw was slightly deafened for a short time. A lighted lamp was upset, and a fire started by it, this was promptly put out with a bed quilt; crockery and glass were broken, the paper and sheathing was ripped off the walls and spinters driven into the walls in the most reckless manner.

Mr. Rabisaw's shoes were near the bed on which he was sleeping, the sole of one shoe was ripped off and the upper part stuck to the ceiling by the steel shank.

Six 12x20 window panes were shattered. A loaded gun

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and a watch hanging on the wall were uninjured, while the paper all around was stripped from the wall.

The stove and sewing-machine were totally wrecked. Seed corn which was hanging on the wall in one room had every kernel shelled off the cobs.

All this happened in the twinkling of an eye—in one great crash. Several people looked over the premises the next day and almost distrusted their own sight, when they beheld the strange havoc made by the lightning.

April 19th has ever had significance in our country. The Battle of Lexington was fought April 19th, 1775. Patriots' Dty is April 19th.

Governor Harvey, Wisconsin's Governor was drowned at Pittsburgh Landing on April 19th, 1862.

The first town board meeting in Pittsfield was April 19th, 1859.

In old times the country about eighty miles north of Fort Winnebago and across the state was called the "Pineries." South of this imaginary line the pine tree is not found, the land being more like a prairie.

FOX RIVER QUEER.

The Fox river takes its rise in Lake Sarah in Portage county. It runs a little south of West toward the Wisconsin river, for eighteen or twenty miles, when within one and one-half miles of the Wisconsin river, it, from some freak of nature, takes a sudden turn to the north, and soon assumes its general course toward Green Bay.

The behavior of the Fox river which terminates in Green Bay has little in common with other rivers of the state, in that within eight miles of its mouth the current runs backward and forward at the beck of the wind, it is said by officials at Green Bay.

It is also one of the few rivers in the United States that runs due north. Old rivermen at Green Bay know of no other river in the country except the St. John's river in

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Florida. When a strong north wind sweeps down the narrowing sheet of water called Green bay, the force and the amount of water swept by the wind overcomes the natural flow of the stream, and persons living along the river see the phenomenon of a river changing its direction within an hour.

River men and bridge-tenders say this makes difficult the handling of large coal boats and carriers, as the tugs and pilots must take into consideration the direction of the current which is so changeable. While the wind is from the south the water is passing in its regular flow into the bay. The low-water mark becomes lower each year, say rivermen who have watched the behavior of the Fox for many years. They are watching with interest the outcome of the fight between Wisconsin and Michigan and the heads of the Chicago Drainage canal, which, it is said is causing the lowering of the bay and lakes and incidentally the Fox river, through the amount of water being taken out of its channel."

CHAPTER XV.

WOODS AND FORESTS, ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

"Have you smelled wood smoke at twilight?
Have you heard the birch log burning?
Are you quick to read the noises of the night?"

In the early years the settlers bought their small portions of land—they could not then be called farms—and began to cut their timber and have it sawed into lumber for buildings. The "clearings" scattered at intervals along the lines of the future highways might be traced by the smoke that arose from burning log-heaps; beyond and around towered the "primeval" forest, dense, hoary, unbroken and untouched by ax or brand since the departure of the early Indians.

Logging bees were common and the branding up which followed the first burning stirred up the smoky smell. The heaps were set on fire in the early evening, usually. The

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men who helped at the "bees" worked hard and cheerfully, rolling up the logs with cant-hooks and hand-spikes into huge piles, the brush and limbs being thrown upon the piles lightly. On a still, windless evening the heaps would be fired—a weird, strange spell coming over the onlookers, as the flames licked up the heaps of logs and brush.

When the first settlers came to this section they found it an almost impenetrable wilderness, broken only by Indian trails. Pine was the prevailing timber—great forests of it. Other trees were found in patches—oak, maple, beech and elm of abundant growth. Wild crab-apple, sumach and willow grew along the river and creeks. Hemlock, cedar and spruce grew in the swamps. The great, wild woods seemed to be only a part of a fairy tale to those romantic enough to notice it.

The woods, of great trees, spread out behind and to each side and seemed to have no end. In the "clearing" the house nestled against the dark background in a nook of its own. Under the broad branches of the leafy trees tall ferns grew so thick that they formed a forest of their own—a lower, lighter, lacy forest where fox-glove spires shot up here and there. Deer browsed and grazed along the streams and shore. The beaver, porcupine and an occasional black bear were found. Rabbits burrowed and sniffed and nibbled, and partridges hid their nests and sometimes sprang up with a startled whirr. The crickets chirp and the katydid's persevering call, and then who can call these lovely insects the fireflies "lightning bugs?" Every evening as soon as it is dark they appear about the grassy fields, looking like young stars playing in the earthly meadow, dancing wildly about, now high, now low. Birds were thick in the wood and sang or twittered low in the hour before their bed time. The notes of the whip-poor-will and the queer noise made by the night-hawk "filled the twilight hour with adorable sounds;" the wild call of the loon; and the peculiar chatter of the raccoon; the low, wild noises made by the badger and the fox were well-known and little heeded. At night the bark-

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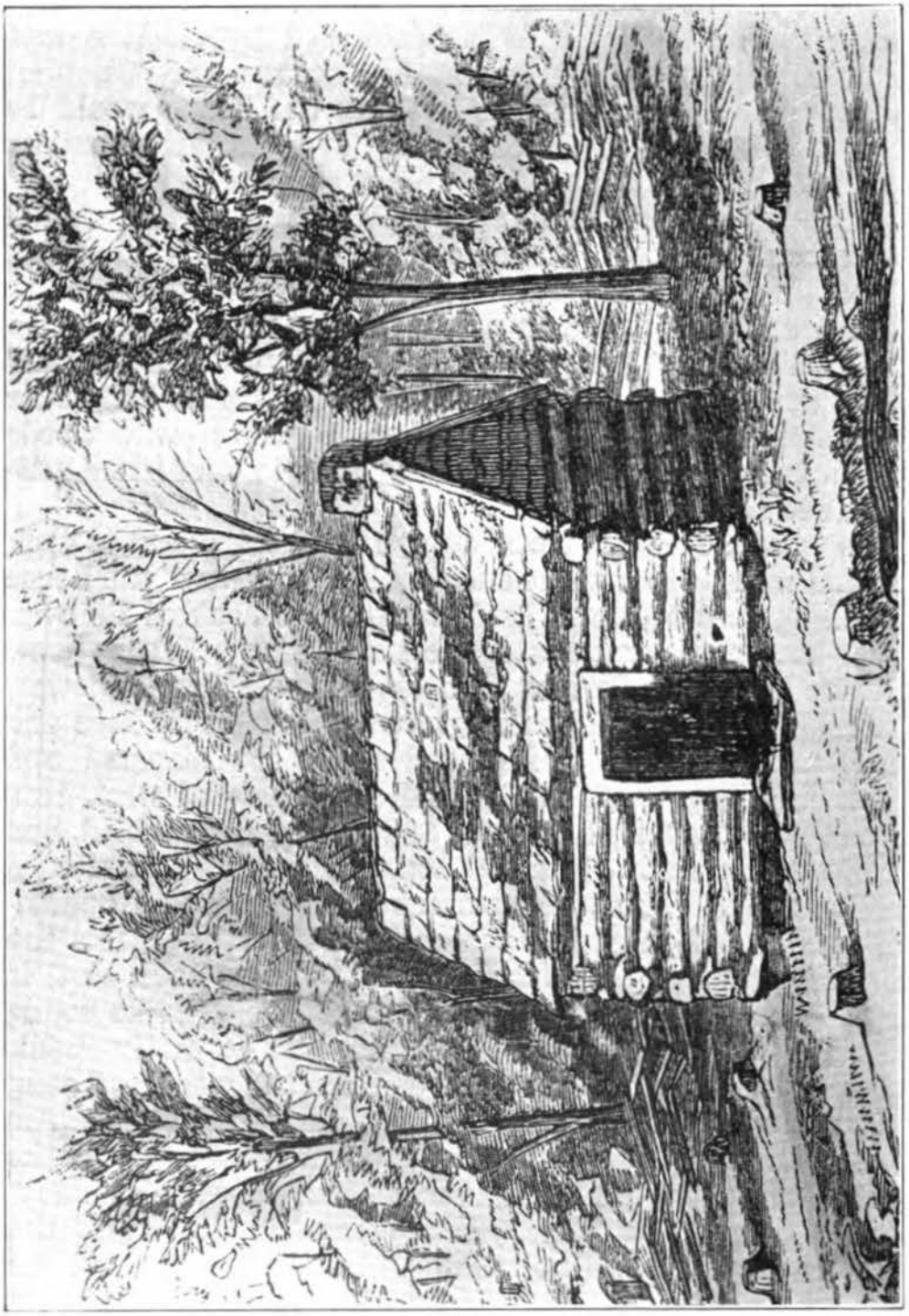

A TYPICAL SETTLER'S CABIN IN 1850

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ing or weird cry of hungry wolves sent a chill to the hearts of children, especially if their father and his team were out on the lonely, dark road.

At Suamico there was some farm land about, but mostly there were woods, thick forests of tall, young maples and aspen poplars blowing silken gray in the sunshine; the deep green of hickory, ironwood and cedar darkened here and there, and occasional clumbs of the old hemlock and pine-pointed spire-like into the sky.

To enter these woods at their nearest edge and wander along the paths; some recently trod by the Indians, making their way back and forth to the shore road; others old and overgrown with the tall motionless fern of the shaded places, crossed with creepers and vines.

One now finds only a few bits of forest or wooded tracts that abound in wild game. The wild birds in the woods were partridge, black bird, crow, woodpecker, bluejay, owl, hawk, high-holder or flicker, oriole, sparrow, wild geese, duck (mallard and teal), the American coot or mudhen and the birds which like the clearing and the meadows are all frequenters of this region.

The wild, small fruits, such as the blue-berry, strawberry, raspberry (red and black), and the luscious blackberry, that seldom elsewhere have as rich a flavor as those found in Pittsfield and Suamico in the early days.

"We bring you the wealth of the forest,
Which long in the treasure house stood.
We bring you a gift, a perfume adrift,
We bring you the heart of the wood."

INDIAN SUMMER.

The popular belief that Indian Summer is a period occurring more or less regularly every autumn, is not based on any particularly observation of sun or moon. It is the name applied in this country to a period of mild weather, usually following a cold snap and frosty nights. We look for the mild, calm, hazy weather in October, although it may range

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from September to December. After the first frosts the north woods are beautiful, the leaves are red and brown and gold; the air is clean and there is a tang to it, the forest odors are so fine and distinctive. Why can't it always be October? October in the country. The dog-wood, wild grapes, the red berries of the bittersweet in clusters hiding among the scarlet foliage show that the frost has nipped early on the hills and October glows in the sky-line. Even the little Michaelmas daisies hedging the path, are late bloomers; a late blossom is on the strawberry vine, and the cautious squirrel is busy laying up his winter supply of food. The gathered fruits and vegetables are safely housed; the corn is cut and husked; the fields plowed for next year's crop. The busy farm folks find the days shortening and the evenings growing long and the farm fire and bright lights are inviting. When the snow-clouds come in the western sky. The wind shifts to the north-east, rain and sleet begin to strike the air. Father says, "A northeaster is coming." Wood is piled in the box and behind the stove. Supper is eaten hurriedly, and to the evening chores all hasten. All is finished and father sits by the table with his pipe and paper. "I pity the sailors on the lake," is his only comment.

Warm and pleasant days come again, Thanksgiving time comes, and still winter lingers. We feel that autumn is the most beautiful season in wonderful Wisconsin.

BEAVERS.

All through the '50's the Menominees had a regular trapping place on Indian Brook, where in the winter they hunted and trapped the mink and beaver. A small beaver dam was on the creek near Doran's flats as late as 1870.

The little animals build their houses of mud and sticks which they cut with their teeth. They use poplar for their large logs in making their dams, filling in with willows, alders, birch saplings, and brush, then mortaring it with mud. The work these animals can do would be a credit to a

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mechanic. The beaver is protected in Wisconsin by the game laws.

THE INDIAN PONY AND THE SHETLAND PONY.

When the first settlements at Lamb's mill and Suamico were made there were no horses. Richard Flint owned the first team, and Fred Streckenbach, and G. S. Lawrence had the first horses in Pittsfield, Indian ponies, which they rode horseback and in one-horse wagons. W. D. Rice's old "Dolly" lived to be thirty years old, her colts and her colts' colts were reared on the Rice farm for fifty years or more. She was a bay Indian pony, chubby and fat, and good looking. Mr. Rice would ride her all over this section of the country where he bought cattle for his meat trade which he carried on all through the early mill period, and furnished meat at all the boarding houses about Big Suamico and Little Suamico; (Uncle Joe Wadsworth, and Wm. Esbrook, or "Billie the Butcher," did the same about Mills Center). He would ride until he rounded up a good "bunch" of cattle, then he would fix "Dolly's bridle and saddle securely, and send her home, while he stayed behind and drove the cattle. As "Dolly" neared home she hurried faster and faster, especially if she had a colt there. The folks at home met her, took off her trappings and turned her into the pasture.

George Page once had a nice old horse called "Fanny." He sold her to Reverend Jones, a minister, who was stationed here for a year. When Dr. Jones moved to Oshkosh "old Fanny" went too. They had not been gone very long, perhaps a week or two, when to the surprise of the neighborhood one day, "Fanny" came cantering by, not stopping to feed or anything, till she reached her old home. She had run away from her new home the first time she had a chance.

The Shetland pony is the smallest of the horse species and is often under eleven hands high. These ponies are very quick and active and walk, canter, or gallop with good action, but seldom trot well. They are hardy and can stand

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considerable cold, and in their native country live on scant food. They are faithful, strong and kind to children. The only one owned about here was the pony, "Dock," belonging to Russell Johnstone, which he drove and loved when he was a little boy.

BEARS.

In the early times in Suamico the Indians and white men found the black bear very plentiful. He bothered the settlers, taking calves, sheep and pigs from their pens and pastures. The Indians as well as settlers found their robber, the corn fed bear, fat and tender when he was caught.

Bears are harmless and should have the protection of the game laws the same as the deer, elk, and moose. In our settlements the traps and pitfalls set for bears were found to be the easiest way to catch them. Bears were common but one could travel around for months without ever seeing one, for bears have a keen sense of smell and his ears tell him of the presence of man long before the man is aware of him, and he avoids meeting the dangerous invader of his ancient forest.

If one were to meet a bear face to face the bear would stop for a few seconds and then turn and run as fast as possible, unless it happened to be a she-bear with cubs. In that case it would be the other fellow's turn to run. When a bear is in captivity it is very seldom that a person can approach him quietly enough to find him sleeping. In the '80's, Wm. Streckenbach in Pittsfield had a tame bear, which he caught in the woods when a cub less than a year old. He called him Jeff, kept him tied to a post in summer, and in the hay in the winter. Jeff got away several times but could be caught easily by coaxing him with a pan of food, but finally, one day in the summer of 1882 he escaped for good, or for his finish rather, for he had to be killed to be captured. He had the habit of jumping toward any one, who approached him. This day Mrs. Streckenbach's sister, Gussie Lindsay, came by him on her way from the garden, with a dish of berries

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in her hand, he sprang toward her as usual and his chain broke. She dashed to the house steps and the bear went on by. His excitement soon cooled down and he went snooping around to find something to eat, overturned the swill barrel, ate what he found there, then went to a small pasture where some calves were feeding, chased them around for a while, and as there were no men about about the house, he kept on unmolested till he killed a calf, when he tasted blood he growled fiercely, and his wild instincts seemed roused. Mr. Streckenbach shot him, and sold his carcass and pelt to a butcher.

Animal pets are very nice but no one else in the neighborhood ever again cared for a tame bear. In the woods while picking berries one used to see bear tracks often (and run from them too;) but no more are his great flat tracks to be found in the soft wood mould, in the dark damp places, where "the shy, trillium raises its delicate triangular blossom."

Speaking of animal pets: The Lawler children at Mills Center had a "Billy Goat" which could live as long as a camel without food or water. He had those in the family whom he delighted to "pick on," the eldest girl, the youngest boy, the teacher and the "hired girl." The remainder of the family he looked upon as his equals in strength and will-power. One day the maid went out into the yard to empty a pan of dishwater. The goat saw her and stamping his foot dashed at her, meeting her just as she raised the pan. She was a very trim young lady, hair neatly done up, white apron and pretty starched dress and dainty shoes. She went back into the kitchen, and stood before her mistress, the most forlorn-looking object, wet from hair to slippers with soapy dish-water, and said: "See what that darn goat did to me, made me all over dish-water."

Speaking of animals in Pittsfield and Suamico one can almost call the early time mosquitoes and deer flies animals; they were the deadly foes of cows, horses and people. It

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was nearly impossible to live in the woods in the season when the insects were at their best.

Mr. Isaac Knapp when writing home to Massachusetts of his western home, tells the following: "The mosquitoes here are so big and strong that one can hardly stand them. One day I was working near the maple woods but the mosquitoes were so thick that I crawled under a big caldron kettle to get away from them. I could hear them buzz and sing, on the outside of the kettle. Pretty soon I saw thousands of bills sticking through on the inside. I simply clinched them over, when lo! the kettle was raised up, and carried away by the mosquitoes." Yet the pioneers were considered truthful people and Mr. Knapp's word was "as good as his bond."

FOX FARMING.

When the early explorers came to what is now Wisconsin, the first of whom was Jean Nicolet, in 1634, their chief wish was to conduct the fur trade and explore the wilderness. Furs were very fashionable in Europe, and the prices were high. Wherever the traders went they asked the natives to bring furs to them, paying them with beads, rings, axes, blankets and other articles.

There was a string of forts or trading posts through the whole region. One of these posts was at Green Bay, in charge of John Jacob Astor. The climatic conditions in Wisconsin, with long, cold winters, are just right for the production of fur. Pelts from this state are prime and bring the best prices in the eastern markets.

The raising of animals for fur is a resource that is becoming popular. There is one fox farm in Pittsfield, that of John Michekolski. It is well worth the time spent to visit his kennels and see the interesting little animals.

CATS.

In the early days of our state and our towns cats were very scarce. The Indians had dogs, but the cat was not to

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be obtained, and the settlers were known to have paid as much as two dollars or more for a cat. About Flint's mill in the first years they were scarce. When the teamster went to town for supplies he was asked to see if he couldn't find a kitten for some housewife whose pantry was besieged by mice. He often came back with one in a bag or box.

Speaking of cats, there are cats, house cats, barn cats, and pet cats, then there's all the world of difference where a cat lives; the pet cat in particular, she may be black or white or blue or gray, if she's a pet cat in the city her life is a succession of eventless days, she is fed from a clean saucer, and strolls over carpeted floors or over a tapestry couch, but that's no fun for a cat. One might even dare to say its's a "dog's life" a pet cat lives in the city.

But the house, barn, or pet cat in the country—ah, that's a "horse of a different color!" She's generally a variety of colors, she's white with spots or streaks of black or yellow, black, white, "maltese," or "tabby." She leads a carefree, chock-full-of-happiness existence. One can almost see old white "Polly" with her five white kittens sitting on a log of the old barn, sunning themselves and washing their faces with their paws; or old "Jet" lying on the wide window seat in the "settin' room" sleeping and dreaming his time away.

In the country there's the back yard for the cat to run in, the cherry tree to climb, the front porch where the sunshine makes a warm place to curl up and snooze in, the back porch where the best meals are served, bread, meat and milk in an old bowl, and as for the barn cat it is fun to see her sit up, shut her eyes, and let the boys squirt a stream of milk into her face and mouth.

There's the long road, for the pet cat to run down to meet the children coming home from school, running ahead and taking a roll in the dry leaves and catnip by way of greeting. Then there's the dark cool cellar where the mice play hide and seek. Yes, the city may have marvelous advantages for humans, but the country's the place for the cat.

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THE TURKEY AN AMERICAN PRODUCT.

It seems to be taken for granted that roast turkey and cranberry sauce were served at that first Thanksgiving Day dinner in 1621, when the Pilgrims rejoiced over the safe gathering of their first harvest. Whether that be fact, legend or guess, the turkey has in modern times, at least, become the feature of the real "Thanksgiving feast." "Turkey Day, means Thanksgiving Day" to the average American.

The turkey is our national bird, as much as the eagle. It originated in America, and belongs strictly to the new world. Especially were they found wild and domesticated in Mexico and Central America as long ago as when Cortez came there. The turkey was early taken to Europe from these countries.

The origin of the name is not known. The magnificent wild turkey of the United States and Canada was a larger and better colored bird than those of the south. The wild turkey of North America is still to be found in isolated sections though in comparatively small numbers. Like the buffalo and bear the wild turkey has not been sufficiently protected by game laws.

The American Poultry Association recognizes six distinct kinds of turkeys, which vary greatly in size, and from sooty black to snowy white in color. These results come from crossing the wild turkeys of the north and south and carefully selecting the types.

The bronze turkey is the largest and most beautiful and in color and markings resembles the wild turkey of the north.

The turkey is a decidedly important member of the feathered family which is so useful to man. America may well be proud of the noble bird, and should take any practical steps possible to help turkey growers overcome the difficulties which beset them. Then our flocks will increase. Then as of old, the poor as well as the rich may have turkey dinners on Thanksgiving Day.

The raising of turkeys in this section has never been

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carried on to any extent, as the conveniences on farms, generally, have not been right to give the birds range enough to keep them healthy and yet out of the way of growing crops, which would suffer from their intrusion.

In the early years no one had turkeys in this vicinity, but for a number of years past there have been small flocks on a number of farms, those of Ames, Lucia, Potter, Rice, Collins, George Hayden, O'Connor, and Sheedy. To raise a flock of 100 turkeys uncontrolled, means a vast amount of patience, work and constant attention. Turkeys, like the Indian pony, are "commoners," and should not be molested.

PEACOCKS AND PHEASANTS.

The origin of the peacock was in India and Ceylon, and this is why we see so frequently the bird on the art objects of these countries.

Peacock shooting is a favorite sport in some parts of India. The meat of the peacock and pheasant were once very popular as a table delicacy, but has gone out of favor. The eggs are also edible.

To secure the feathers, these birds are bred in France as well as in the United States; but to a small extent, as in a big area they wander off, and if enclosed within narrow limits they become mischievous, being disagreeable with other fowls. About here, for a number of years, peacocks were kept by a number of farmers, but at the present time very few, if any, are seen. Those who raised them were the Munro, Streckenbach, Cook, Rice and Potter families. Dr. Culver had a beautiful flock of pheasants when he lived at Suamico, for which he received premiums at the Brown County Fair.

BEES.

Bees were early an object of interest. Fletcher Flint, Robert Tripp and other hunters were always on the lookout for "Bee trees." Wild swarms were caught and the honey procured for home use was good. A number of farmers had

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their bees as well as other food producing acquirements. Those we note are I. Burdeau, Jas. Martyn, Luther Wilson, Clark Huntington, Harvey Ellis, Ed. Cayea and Fred Herring. In other parts of Brown county the industry is very profitable and the Brown County Beekeepers Association are trying to bring legislation about to help make it a success.

"Who can tell the hiding of the white bee's nest?
Who can trace the guiding of their swift home flight?
Far would be his riding on a lifelong quest;
Surely 'ere it ended would his beard grow white."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

(Poetry and Jokes)

BIG SUAMICO

My thoughts go back to that old town,
Where the lake tide travels to and fro.
Some thoughts of it I now write down
The good old town, Big Suamico.

One time, all white pine trees
Stood all about in endless ray,
The Indians lived in their teepees
From source of river to the bay.

The old mill sites are only names,
The dock, all gone except some piles.
Some timber went, of course, by flames
Along the road that goes to Stiles.

Today the road to Bruce town, winds
Past church, school, Templar hall and store,
Speaks of the culture that one finds
Along this famous Green bay shore.

The river gives the sound of boats
As winding round its curves and bends,
A fisherman with "lift," in floats,
An added charm to scenery lends.

In a silent city on the hill,
The colors of our country waves
Among green trees where all is still,
Over a score of soldiers' graves.

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My thoughts grow sorry, heart grows sad,
The flowers bloom there first I know,
Because I lived there when a lad,
Along the banks of Big Suamico.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. E. B. BURNHAM

The path to Heaven must be passing fair
Which Christian feet hath trod,
And blest the company that gather there,
Around the throne of God.

There is no sorrow there, no tears are shed,
There is no sin nor pain;
By waters still each happy soul is led,
Through many a verdant plain.

The light there is not of the moon or sun,
But brighter radiance far,
Streams from the presence of the Holy One,
Who is the Morning Star.

And shines that light forever,
There's no night to dim the endless day,
Heaven's happy ones feel not that weariness
Which makes us oft times pray.

For night, that we may rest our toil-bowed frames
And quench our grief in sleep;
But day soon comes again and we go forth
Once more to toil and weep.

And yet we mourn when some loved friend is called
From this sad earth away,
And fain would hold them back and selfishly
Would still prolong their stay.

And though we know in Christian faith
Our loss is their eternal gain,
We find it hard to say Thy will be done,
But still in grief complain.

But as a father pitieth his child
So He that reigns on high
Doth pity us. He who for Laz'rus wept
Will comfort when we cry.

June 16th, 1884. E. F. DONOVAN.

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FIELD FLOWERS

They grow by the side of the road,
  Goldenrod, clover, and grass—
Free they are as the gypsy trail
  That winds through a mountain pass.

Free as the birds and the star spun nights
  That God in His grace has given
To him with the heart for the seeing of things
  Where things go their way undriven.

By the side of the road they grow—
  Goldenrod, grass, and clover—
Where the trail winds away to the end of the world,
  And the sumac arches over.

SOLDIERS AND MEN

Light-hearted, careless boys were they
Who, khaki clad, left home one day
To sail o'er sea for foreign land.
Within their hearts was purpose grand—
To help their struggling brother man,
Who fighting was for home and clan—
Yea, for something more—sweet liberty,
For all mankind where e'er it be.

And in their hearts there dwelt no fear—
The call was made and duty clear;
So onward went these boys, intent
On giving life, if life it meant.
They went, they saw, they conquered, too,
As all who knew them, knew they'd do—
All honor to those boys so brave,
Grown soon from careless unto grave.

All honor, too, to those who lie
Awaiting the "Sweet By and By,"
When they shall come to know how right
The cause for which they went to fight;
And loved ones who are left behind,
Perhaps in this may comfort find.
May friends and neighbors, far and near,
Forever hold their mem'ry dear.

Returning ones who're here again,
Come back, not boys, but forceful men—
Men ready for the world's great fight—
To turn from darkness into light,

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The forces needed to make sure
Democracy that shall endure.
And these new men whom now we see,
In crises great a factor'll be.
—ISABELLE TALLMAN.

OLD WISCONSIN

I've been roaming all around
Over villages and towns,
But no place like old Wisconsin can I see.
In my home down on the farm,
I am free from all alarm
In Wisconsin, there I ever long to be.

Now the cows are coming home
Through the meadows one by one,
And the cares of the busy day are through.
And as night shade's drawing near,
They are scenes that I love dear
As o'er grasses gently falls the evening dew.

Now the birds have ceased their trill
As the sun sets o'er the hill
And sinks into the lovely golden west,
There's a homestead far away
I can see at close of day,
In my home in old Wisconsin ever blest.

I am going back some day
To Wisconsin far away,
Where the sun shines and the breezes ever play,
And free from city's strife,
I will lead a quiet life,
In Wisconsin, on that homestead far away.
—By Ethel Miller, Grand Marsh, Wis.

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

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My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
  To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
  Great God, our King.

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE

Out in the meadows the farm-house lies,
  Old and gray, and fronting the west;
Many a swallow thither flies
Twittering under the evening skies;
  In the old chimney builds her nest.

Ah! how the sounds make our old hearts swell!
  Send them again on an eager quest;
Bid the sweet winds of heaven tell
Those we have loved so long and well,
  To come again to the dear old nest.

When the gray evening, cool and still,
  Hushes the brain and heart to rest,
Memory comes with a joyous thrill,
Brings the young children back at will,
  Calls them all home to the gray old nest.

Patient we wait till the golden morn,
  Rise on our weariness half confessed;
Till with the chill and darkness gone,
Hope shall arise with another dawn
  And a new day to the sad old nest.

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TIMES I LIKE THE BEST

Times I like the best are those
When a few old tried and true
Friends, who know you through and through,
Gather round in working clothes,
Without fussing, sham or style,
Just to rest and play awhile.

Hearts at ease and minds content;
No one over-proud and great;
No one dressed beyond his state.
Nor so set in argument
That his temper he will lose,
If you differ from his views.

Just a few that come to play,
Some to joke and some to sing,
Till the old walls fairly ring.
How the minutes slip away
When you're loving people so,
Or, how soon they have to go.

Give me six or eight old friends
Now and then when day is done,
Full of mirth and honest fun,
And, when that convention ends,
I'll declare with joy sublime
That I've had a real time.

—EDGAR A. GUEST.

TO E. K. ON HER BIRTHDAY

Fifteen—half child half woman,
Gazing out over Life's wide sea—
I will for a birthday present,
A story write for thee.

THE TWO SHIPS

Two ships sailed out of the harbor
When the morning sun shone bright,
And many a fond eye watched them
Until they were lost to sight.

And many a prayer went with them
Out over the waters blue,
And the fresh wind filled their canvas
And the foam before them flew.
All day sailed they steadily onward,
And the sun to his rest went down,

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And night, dark-robed, o'er the waters
Came, wearing her starry crown.

Then the breeze began to freshen
And the sea to run more high
And heavy, hurrying storm-clouds
Obscured the star-gemmed sky.

And as the ships flew forward,
Beneath th' increasing gale,
One carried all her canvas
One prudently shortened sail.

And the ship with all her canvas
Soon passed her comrade by,
And the reckless laugh loudly
As over the foam they fly.

But they know not a close-hauled vessel
Is beating across their course—
The waves dash over her bulwarks
And she staggers to feel their force.

And now they are close upon her
And see through the storm and gloom,
Too late to avoid the danger,
Her shadowy shape uploom.

They strike. There's a crashing of timber
And wild shrieks fill the sky.
And where two ships were sailing
Two wrecks drift helplessly.

But the vessel that looked for danger
Is there to help and save,
And many a soul is rescued
From a wild and wat'ry grave.

Dear love—like a ship on the ocean,
You're sailing the sea of Life,
And many a wreck you'll meet with,
For storms and wrecks are rife.

Take wisdom then for your Captain,
Let prudence your watchword be,
And play the part of a pilot
On the world's tempestuous sea.

Be not like some, who in sinking
Have dragged e'en their loved ones down,
But onward still press and upward,
And strive for the priceless crown.

Suamico, Wis., Feb. 3, 1880. —E. F. DONOVAN.

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FOUR LEAF CLOVER

I know a place where the sun is like gold
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the lovliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith
And one is for love you know,
And God put another in for luck—
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong—and so—
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

—ELLA HIGGENSON.

THE BISCUIT RECIPE

Today an old cook-book all dusty and brown
I took from the shelf where it stayed;
And turning the pages I found written down
How Grandmother's biscuits were made;
A pint of rich milk, a sprinkle of salt,
And a warning to flour the tin,.
Then it said, "with these biscuits you cannot find fault,
If you're sure that the pearlash is in."

My mother's recipe book, there on the stand lay,
I opened the cover to see
If she made biscuits in Grandmother's way,
With pearlash in her recipe.
And there was the milk and the sprinkle of salt,
And the warning to flour the tin,
And it read, "with these biscuits you will not find fault
If enough saleratus is in."

Old Time has been playing a trick on the cook
Methought as I turned to the shelf
Then "Biscuits" I wrote in recipe book
And the way I made them myself.
I put down the milk and the sprinkle of salt,
And the warning to flour the tin
Then I said: "With these biscuits you'll never find fault
If you know that the soda is in."

As I read the old poem I turned to the shelf,
Where my new modern cook-books all lay;

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I'll show my granddaughters I said to myself,
The way I make biscuits today.
So I put down the milk and the sprinkle of salt,
And be sure to butter the tin.
Then I said, "with these biscuits you'll never find fault
If you're sure the B. P. to put in."

—FLORENCE J. BOYCE.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT

The patchwork quilt 'tis a homely theme;
Yet visions as bright as a poet's dream
Flit by me now, as I sit and gaze
On this much-loved relic of former days;
For, as over each "square" my eyelids bend,
The form of some loved and long-lost friend
Rises up—is gone—and I drop a tear,
Yet feel that their spirits are hovering near.

Mother! just here, in this pale buff "ground"
All tastily sprinkled with palm-leaves 'round,
I seem to see thy pale, sweet face,
And thy delicate form of matchless grace,
Oh, mother! if down from thy home of bliss,
Thou canst come to a world of sin, like this,
I know that thy spirit around my soul
Is pouring the balm of its sweet control.

And thy angel babe, which thou left'st awhile,
Then beckoned to heaven with a mother's smile;
Oh! well I remember the tiny form
That filled my heart with a wondering charm,
This delicate pink, with a running vine,
That wondrous little form did shrine,
When first I saw it—in worlds of light
It is roaming now in "a robe of white."

And other bright links of our household band,
Who have followed them to the "silent land,"
Seem bound to me yet, old quilt, by thee,
And many much-loved friends I see,
Who are lingering yet in this world of ours;
Some wandering far, 'mid prairie flowers;
Some here, some there, but thou call'st them back,
From Death and Time's life-darkening track.

Old patchwork quilt! thou wast never bright
With hues that were drawn from the rainbow's light;
The glorious sun, as he sank to rest,
Never left a beam on thy time-stained breast,

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Of his beautiful purple, pink or gold,
Which oft o'er the earth like a charm he rolled;
Yes, thou art more humble—less bright by far
Than the faintest ray from the evening star.
But 'tis simple things that most touch the heart,
And from thee, old quilt, I will never part,
For thou lead'st me back to my childhood's hours,
When the buds and blooms of affection's flowers
Were trained 'round my heart by another's love;
She is gone, long ago, to her rest above;
Yet thou from my love shalt ne'er be riven,
For thou speak'st of the past—of her—of heaven!

—CLARY NEAL.

THE GRINDING OF THE COFFEE MILL

A Poem by John Christopherson.
Copyright 1923—Green Bay, Wis.

In childhood days, at early morn,
Away down on the frontier farm,
While sire and sons, the elder-born,
Awake and up at dawn's alarm,
Had gone to do the home chore,
That daily must be duly done,
However cold the winds might roar,
When I, the shielded younger one,
With mother busy in the house,
Was left to slumber at my will,
The sound that would my senses rouse,
The grinding of the coffee-mill.

Those scenes have vanish'd as they must,
For they of transient things are part,
And crumble to memorial dust.
But thinking on them moves my heart
And makes me live them o'er again.
So now, wherever I may roam,
This picture wakes within my brain,
A vision of that humble home.
From out that vision comes to me
A sound as sweet as summer rill,
And I, again can hear and see
The grinding of the coffee-mill.

The toils of life have bow'd my back,
Its carking cares have etch'd my brow;
Of years I truly have no lack,
Their lessons richly me endow.
I've read the scientific lore
That tells me, sagely, without fail,—
That, when I lie awake, or snore,

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Or otherwise may vaguely ail,
Or old, or young, or man, or maid,—
That this the cause of ev'ry ill,—
(When truth is spoken unafraid)
The grinding of the coffee-mill.

The grinding of the coffee-mill,
The grinding of the coffee-mill,
It makes my soul with fragrance thrill,—
The grinding of the coffee-mill.
The mill no longer has its place
Where lives the modern city man,
It has been beaten in the race
It ran the instant postum can.
But still, wherever I may roam
Such vagrant thoughts my dreams will fill,—
Without the sound there is no home,—
The grinding of the coffee-mill.

And so I fancy, after all,
When all is said, both pro and con,
The coffee-mill was not a thrall,
But noble service it has done.
When days are drab and dull and chill
And cares hang heavy round our heart,
The grinding of the coffee-mill
Can still a cheering current start.
I hate the jangling postum can,
For me it holds no pleasing thrill.
There is no music sweeter than
The grinding of the coffee-mill.

THE KNITTIN' BAG

Oh, a curious thing is a knitting bag
Made of silk, or wool, or of other rag
That's not quite big enough, I guess,
To make a petticoat or dress.
Most often made of flower'd cretonne,
But it must have bunches of apples on.
And it's very deep, and broad, and wide,
For it has all manner of things inside.
A library book, a vanity case,
A box of lunch, some crocheted lace,
A score card from a game of whist,
Some tracing stamps, a laundry list;
But once in a while it has in it
Something some one has learned to knit!
And if a baby pulls the strings,
It carries, oh, all sorts of things,

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From a bottle of milk to a handkerchief—
But standing out in bas relief
Those apples are most prominent.
Whatever the designer meant
I do not know, so can't dispute
The whys or wherefores of this fruit
That always looks as if frost bitten—
To decorate a bag of knittin'!

—S. E. R.

THE OLD BRUSH HEAP

By James Russel Price, Chicago, Ill.

Old brush heap of my boyhood days,
I saw you in my dreams last night;
Your scraggy limbs and thorny trims
So vividly appeared in sight.
For years you served your purpose well;
How oft I wished you free from briar
That I might as a barefoot boy
Help grandpa pile you still up higher.

From apple trees that stood so near
The ripened fruit would often fall,
Zigzagging down, from top to base,
Where mice and rats and snakes would crawl.
The speckled hen would find a place,
Meandering through the crooked sticks,
To make a nest and lay her eggs
And hatch for us a dozen chicks.

My mother early placed her wash
Upon your bulging sides to dry;
If 'neath the brush I'd lose my ball,
Then she would say, "My boy, don't cry."
Long years have passed, old brown brush heap,
Since I have seen your spiky dome;
Beholding you in vision now
Reminds me of my dear old home.

MEDITATION

"When the shadows of evening close o'er the scene
And shut yon landscape out from view,
And the moonbeams descend in their silvery rays
On the grass that is wet with the sparkling dew,
And the trees that surround the old farm home
Are wrapt in a mantle of green,
I love to sit at this lonely hour

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Beneath their shades and dream,
Of days that long, long ago have passed
And of scenes that will ne'er return.
For childhood's hours are too sweet to last
And their memory too sacred to spurn.
There is many a scene from then till now
That vividly comes to me here,
And makes this spot on a moonlight eve
The dearest of all things dear.
And I almost think as I sit here alone
That again o'er the hills I boyishly roam,
But where are the playmates who then with me sped
Alas they are scattered, some silent and dead.
Away in the churchyard there o'er the hill
How many graves do their bright faces fill,
And some are scattered here and there
Their fate in the surging world to share,
And some are tossed on the ocean's crest
And some have sank neath its waves to rest,
And of all that bright and happy score
I now could gather but three or four.
Ah, sad is the change from now until then
As we counted each day till we grew to be men,
But day by day we have each had our time
And how few have gained the height he would climb;
But still we strive in our eagerness wild
Planning the future as yet but a child.
'Twas ever thus, it shall ever be so
Planning today what tomorrow we would do;
But tomorrow comes and passes away
And was much the same as has been today,
And thus we journey from youth to age,
Longing to turn to another page,
Till the curtain of evening shall close o'er the scene
Of a newly made grave 'neath its mantle of green,
And the boy with his prospects, and the man with his gold,
Shall in one bed lie both silent and cold;
But his son perhaps, shall sit 'neath the same old tree,
And dream of a future which for him shall be.
But tho' he gain the whole world, with its honors and price,
It would not half compare with his boy dreams of life."

—WARREN L. BUCKMAN.

THOSE DEAR OLD WRINKLED HANDS

In a weather beaten cottage
Where the spreading maples stand,
I was reared from early childhood
Till I grew to be a man.
That old weather beaten cottage

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By the roadside there still stands
But what most in memory lingers
Is a pair of wrinkled hands.

How distinctly I remember
When a little barefoot boy,
I stood close beside my mother
While she fixed a broken toy.
On her lips she'd wet her fingers,
Brush the hair back from my brow;
Would to God those dear old fingers
Once again could do that now.

They knit all my sox and mittens
And they washed and patched my clothes,
They smoothed out the many wrinkles
From my little childish woes,
And they soothed my brow in sickness
When life held by slender strands,
Often since in pain and anguish
I have missed those dear old hands.

On her silent breast they're folded
And have been for many years,
And the grass that grows above them
Has been wet with bitter tears;
And if choice were mine for wishing—
Choice my lonely heart demands—
It would be to press with fervor
Once again those dear old hands.

When the Master sends his angel
For to guide my journey home,
And my wand'ring footsteps never
More on this old earth shall roam,
When I enter that fair mansion
Where the Prince of Glory stands,
Then mine eyes shall ne'er tire feasting
On those dear old wrinkled hands.

Oct. 1917. —WARREN L. BUCKMAN, Amberg, Wis.

THE BOARDS ON THE BOTTOM OF THE RACK

There's an old log barn on my father's little farm,
And I know every rafter in its frame,
I have bumped my head on every knot and peg,
As I mowed away the clover when it came.
You may talk about the perfume of the new mown hay,
Of the sweet aroma of the clover in the bay,
But to stand waist deep in that stringy, tangled heap,

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With the sweat running rivers down your back,
There's nothing that looks better to the fellow in the mow
Than the boards on the bottom of the rack.

It's a man size job to pitch off a load of hay,
So they always put the boy up in the mow,
They expect him to do the work that's meant for two,
But they never stop to figure out just how.
When the mercury stands a hundred the hay keeps coming up,
And you wonder if that load comprises all the season's cut,
When your throat is full of hay seed and your nose is full of dust,
And your head is palpitating like as if 'twas going to bust,
You forget about the perfume that the wind is wafting back
When you hear the pitchfork rattle on the bottom of the rack.

Oh, the bottom of the rack looks good to me,
It's just about the color that it ought to be;
No painting in the world could improve the shade
Of the bottom of the rack that father made.

—W. L. BUCKMAN.

TAKIN' COMFORT

I wouldn't be an emp'ror after supper's cleared away;
I wouldn't a king, suh, if I could
So long as I've got health and strength, a home where I can stay,
And a woodshed full of dry and fitted wood.
For Jimmy brings the bootjack, and mother trims the light,
And pulls the roller curtains, shettin' out the stormy night,
And me and Jim and mother and the cat set down—
Oh, who in tunket hankers for a crown?

Who wants to spend their eve'nin's sittin' starched and prim and straight,
A-warmin' royal velvet on a throne?
It's mighty tedious bus'ness settin' up so thundrin' late,
With not a minit's time to call your own.
I'd rather take my comfort after workin' through the days
With my old blue woolen stockin' nigh the fire's social blaze,
For me and Jim and mother and the old gray cat
Come mighty near to knowin' where we're at.

—HOLMAN F. DAY.

RECALLED

(Note—The song sparrow, unlike many other birds, always chooses a conspicuous place while singing, as if willing to be seen by an admiring audience.)

The English sparrow's rasping chirp,

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The robin's peevish fret,
The irate grackle'e raucous tongue
My hopes of sleep upset.
With angry mien I hurried forth
To drive away each pest
That had so ruthlessly disturbed
My early morning's rest.

When, hark! From a lone sapling tall
There came a sweet-toned hymn—
It spoke of peace and love and joy
And innocence within
That little modest feathered form
Unmarked by colors gay,
And as I listened to its song,
My rancor fled away.

Throughout the brilliant morning hours
Its happy carols rang
And 'neath the sun's meridian glow
It bravely posed and sang.
When twilight settled o'er the scene
And other bird notes stilled,
Yet, from his perch, the song sparrow
The air with music thrilled.

Sweet minstrel of the lonesome bush
O, may your song impart
The secret of perpetual joy
That gushes from your heart.
And when my recreant spirit yields
To dark or sullen mood
May then your heaven-born voice recall
My soul to rectitude.

Green Bay, Wis., June 20, 1922. —L. A. S.

APPLE-PICKING TIME

'Long in apple-pickin' time there is somethin' 'bout the weather
That'll set your spirits dancing' till they're lighter than a feather;
You can hear it in the music o' the neighborin' rooster's call,
You can see it in the squirrel carryin' nuts along the wall;
An' the rustle,
An' the bustle,
An' the hurryin' in o' crops,
An' the weedin'
An' the seedin',
An' the dryin' o' the hops;
There's a busy feelin' in the air that sets your soul a-rime

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In the hearty, healthy workin' days o' apple-pickin' time.

When the crib is full o' corn an' the oat-bin' runnin' over,
An' the crickets finish chirpin' in the straw stack an' the clover,
Then the echo on the mountain sends your voice a-callin' back,
An' you hear the far-off rumblin' o' the freight train on the track:
An' the lowin'
In the mowin'
Where you turned the cows to browse,
An' the hurry,
An' the flurry,
An' the bankin' up the house;
An' you'll laugh at wind an' weather when the snow's a driftin' in
If the mows are full o' fodder an' there's apples in the bin?

Every critter is a-stir with the news o' changin' weather,
You can hear the wild goose honk as he calls his flock together.
An' the hounds are on the mountain an' the woodchuck's in his lair,
An' the squirrel fills his cellar in the hollow hemlock there;
An' the singin',
An' the ringin',
O' the axes on the hill;
Gettin' ready,
Workin' steady
All the empty bins to fill;
An' when youth has crept behind you an' your life is past its prime,
You will feel your boyhood comin' back in apple-pickin' time.

—Youth's Companion.

THE SNOW PATH

(From the Baltimore Sun)

It is here the fairies walk,
And here the pixies go,
Beneath the woodland's hallowed peace
To cloisters of the snow!
So soft and fluffy white,
This baptism of the night,
But soon so many feet will stray
Across it through the busy day
It will grow hard as shining sleet
To trip the tread of careless feet.

Along the roadside like a strand
Of ermine, following the land
In dip and rise; across the field,
Deep through the wood—a glistening shield—
It stretches like a magic thing
This snow path—feathers from the wing
Of white goose picked and fluttered down

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To make a strange sight in the town,
And carpet with the floss of dreams
The woods, the hills, the frozen streams.

It is here the kelpies play,
Round and round in roundelay;
Circling, circling, hand in hand,
Such a wild and merry band;
Happy in the sport that brings
Gladness for so many things—
The bright dear light upon the snow,
The far, transfiguring afterglow
Of fairy fires in camps that lie
Beyond blue Aprils of the sky.

CRACKIN' HICKORY NUTS

Comes back, the memory of trees
That seemed to reach beyond the sky,
And small boys, down upon their knees
Beneath them, makin' dead leaves fly.
Into the bags the "scalies" went,
Small globes of goodness, tender, sweet,
And sticks into the branches went
To bring nut-showers at our feet.

And then the dryin' and the night,
We took 'em out for company;
Ma's sadiron, once so clean and bright,
An anvil on a youngster's knee.
"You Jim," I seem to hear her say,
"Stop mussin' up my kitchen so,
Don't scatter pieces that-a-way,
You'll get it in my pan of dough."

And then the brown bowl of nuts,
With here and there one kernel whole,
The hasty "Yes, ma'am" and the "buts"
When Jimmy all th' "loose ones" stole.
It's easier to swipe the meats
When they are loosened from the shell,
And you an' Jim, at "Scaley" eats,
Did that part of it, mighty well.

THE COMMONPLACE

A commonplace life, we say, and we sigh;
But why do we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun is the common-place sky
Makes up the commonplace day.

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The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings,
But dark were the world and sad our lot
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not;
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

The author is Col. John McRae, a Canadian, who was killed in the war.

SNOW-FLAKES

Rev. James Deans.

O come and see the snow-flakes
A-dancing in the sky,
And whirling, ever whirling
While tumbling from on high!
Now, out among the snow-flakes,
How they kiss our faces!
Determined they on coming
With their cold embraces.

O look! and see the snow-flakes
As over branches tall
They land upon the stable roof,
And make no noise at all!
A million little snow-flakes
Frost Cloud's pure-white daughters,
Falling on Lake Michigan
Melting in the waters.

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O many are the snow-flakes
A-resting at our feet!
O happy, happy morrow
When all we children meet!
We'll roll a mighty snow-ball,
A snow-man, too, we'll treasure;
We'll coast across the meadow
In whole-souled boundless pleasure!

Then, thank God, for the snow-flakes
A-tumbling from above;
The seasons are the human
Expressions of His love.
There's seedtime, and there's harvest,
And time for earth to slumber;
So, thank God, for the snow-flakes
A-falling without number!

Kewaunee, Wis., Nov. 14, 1916.

SULPHUR AND MOLASSES

When I was young, they had a way
Of keeping all disease at bay,
And rend'ring changing of the spring
As innocent as anything.
Just as the soil was waking up
And out peeped slyly little grasses,
Why, mother'd give us all a dose
Of sulphur and molasses.

I see it now, that pewter spoon
That always got heaped up too soon,
Half sulphur almost bright as gold,
And half molasses, black and old;
And then we children, one by one,
Would open mouth with many passes,
And down our gullets swift would go
That sulphur and molasses.

They said it kept the chills away,
Prevented bilious fever's sway,
Would make the liver hump and get
And keep the blood out of a fret;
Would make the stomach feel at ease,
Free of poison-laden gases;
Was cooling, healing, soothing, all—
This sulphur and molasses.

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Good gracious! it was bad to take,
And awful faces we did make,
But 'twa'nt no use to beg nor cry—
That was the law, when spring came by;
To put the system in good trim,
Instead of pills and other masses,
Our mother gave us lib'rally
Of sulphur and molasses.

In youth I said: "I have a perfect right
To live my life as I consider best;
The joy and pleasure I may thus invite
Will matter only to myself. The test
Be mine, and if it bring me want and pain
Instead—the want and pain, too, be mine own."
So forth I fared, nor paused consent to gain,
And thought to answer for results alone.

Too late I learned that all who hold me dear
Must share my joy and grief; the life I live
Reflects on them for good or ill; 'tis clear
That youth with all its treasures cannot give
The right to choose my pathway if there be
Someone who cares enough to share with me.

—Ellie Tatum Diehnel.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

Oh, the farmhand comes and the farmhand goes,
And the hired girl's like the winter's snows!
There's either a drought—or too much rain,
And the cattle get in the standing grain,
While a worthless hound-dog raids the sheep—
And it's hardly worth your while to reap
That field of oats the wind blew flat,
And the milk is lacking in butter-fat—
As the Inspector roundly swears,
Hinting at burdens the old pump bears!
A colt gets caught in the barbed-wire fence,
And the taxes—well, they are immense!
The turkeys die in the very flower
Of youth, and an unexpected shower
Ruins the cream of your clover-hay—
And you wonder what would old Job say
Were he farming now—and had to do
With a dilatory threshing-crew!
Prices are "down" when you're selling things,
But when you're buying they take them wings,

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And your city Cousin writes that he,
And the wife, and "kiddies," and two or three
Friends of his, are "Howeward Bound"—
And he hopes there's some cider still around!
Oh, an "agriculturist" would quit quick,
But you're just a "farmer"—and you stick!

SUGAR MAKIN' TIME

By Earl Coan.

South winds sighin' thro th' maples,
Coaxin' like as mornin' dawns,
Blushin' o'er th' distant hill-tops,
Modest like as nature yawns.
Bluebirds twitterin' in th' branches
Waitin' fer th' sun t' shine;
Waitin' fer th' spring an' sunshine,
Now it's sugar makin' time.

Sun's a-warmin' up th' hollers,
Where th' willers bend so low,
O'er th' creek th' ice is meltin',
Where th' water runs so slow;
Tricklin' on thro shade an' sunshine,
Where th' moss an' rootlets twine
Whisperin' low uv spring that's comin'
Now it's sugar makin' time.

Robins singin' in th' orchard;
Clear an' merry is th' song—
Father says, "th' spring is comin';
Winter's reign can not last long.
Fer th' pussy-willer's bloomin'
An' 'ese ol' bones uv mine,
Tell me soon th' boughs will blossom,
Now it's sugar makin' time."

Fire lights gleamin' thro th' branches;
On th' troughs an' drippin' spiles,
'Neath th' kettles crack th' camp-fires;
Bubblin' up th' syrup "biles."
"Stirrin' off" and "makin' sugar,"
You kin bet it's mighty fine,
A-hangin' 'round th' maple camp,
When it's sugar makin' time.

Clay City, Ind.

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A THOUGHT

Oh! there is so much to say!
Shall I ever get it said?
Life is always just "today"—
Can I never run ahead
Up to God—and turn—and see
What today will do to me?
—Mary Dixon Thayer.

BLUE-DENIMED LAD

"Blue-denimed lad, with a busted toe,
Why do you smile at this old world so?
Little brown boy, with a sunburned nose,
Out at the crown where your cowlick blows,
Raggedy lad, with a coat of tan,
What makes you happy? Come, little man!

"Is it the brook with its babbling flow,
Brook that has bass in its undertow?
Is it your boat, or your dog or kite?
Is it the pond lilies floating white?
Is it the strawberries on the hill?
Is it the swimming-pool by the mill?

"Is it the wood with its creatures queer?
Is it the sky that is blue and clear?
Is it, Oh, blue-denimed lad, the bee,
Leading away on an ether sea?
Is it, my boy, just the soulful lad
Throbbing within you that makes you glad?

"Ah, ragged lad, with a busted toe,
Tell me your secret—I long to know.
Tell me your secret that I may quaff
Deep at the fount that has made you laugh!
Show me the spring of your guileless joy;
Let me again be the barefoot boy."

Blue-denimed lad, with the busted toe,
Pondered a moment—I ought to know.
"Tige's got a chipmunk high up a tree!
Puss hez got kittens! Would you come see?
I go to school, but they ain't none now—
Jimmie and me is a bring'n th' cow."

"Raggedy boy, with a busted toe,
Are these the reasons your laugh rings so?

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Mere bagatelles in the worldly plan
Fate has in store for the life of man!"
"Ain't you quite happy?" he lisped, "That's bad."
"If you were younger you might be glad!"

Little old man with a longing heart,
Once in a life comes the boyish part
Once in a span comes the boyish tan
And the busted toe of the little man!
Only the cheer of the after glow
Clings to the man in Life's ebb and flow!

THE WHISTLES OF "BOB WHITE"

The whistle of "Bob White" is sweet,
His love-call is entrancing,
Its flute-like sylvan melody
The chords of life enhancing:
As standing on the old rail fence
He pipes it in the morning,
Protruding chest and lordly air
All thought of danger scorning.

And then at noon he calls again,
This time a trifle louder,
His head erect with dignity
His bearing somewhat prouder;
For he, in truth, has won a mate
To cheer him through the season,
Therefore, is not amenable
To either rhyme or reason.

Again when Sol is in the west
And shades of night are falling,
From somewhere near a safe retreat
We hear him softly calling;
A cautious pleading in his tone,
Though not to love a stranger,
In which he begs his errant mate
To come away from danger.

And then when nesting time has come
And parent pride is nearing,
He whistles often to his mate
Her patient labor cheering;
And oh, his tone is loving then,
Is full of trills erratic,
Expressing in their rhapsody
A state of mind ecstatic!

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And then when cheeping midgets creep
And dart about their mother,
His whistle takes an anxious tone,
It changes altogether;
He knows a host of enemies
Are seeking their destruction,
And bids them all to watch and ward
In every direction.

When dread November comes at last,
And men and dogs together
Go forth with murder in their hearts,
That chills the autumn weather;
His whistle is a frightened wail,
Dumfounded, broken-hearted,
And nearly always, in the end,
A dirge for the departed!

—Jake H. Harrison.

THE OLD DAGUERREOTYPES

Up in the attic I found them, locked in the cedar chest,
Where the flowered gowns lie folded, which once were brave as the best;
And like the queer old jackets and the waistcoats gay with stripes,
They tell of a worn-out fashion—these old daguerreotypes.

LIFE ON THE FARM

At the foot of the hill the milk house stands,
Where the Balm of Gilead spreads his hands,
And the willow trails at each pendant tip,
The lazy lash of a golden whip,
And an ice-cold spring with a twinkling sound
Makes a bright green edge for the dark green ground.

Cool as a cave is the air within,
Brave are the shelves with the burnished tin
Of the curving shores, and the seas of white
That turn to gold in a single night,
As if the disc of a winter moon
Should take the tint of a new doubloon!

Burned to a coal is the amber day,
Noon's splendid fire has faded away,
And, lodged on the edge of a world grass grown,
Like a great live ember glows the sun;
When it falls behind the crimson bars
Look out for the sparks of the early stars.

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With the clang of her bell a motherly brown—
No trace of her lineage handed down—
Is leading the long deliberate line
Of the Devons red and the Durhams fine;
"Co-boss!" "Co-boss!" and the caravan
With a dowager swing comes down the lane,
And lowing along from the clover bed
Troops over the bars with a lumbering tread.

Under the lee of the patient beasts,
On the tripod stools like Pythian priests,
The tow-clad boys and the linsey girls
Make the cows "give down" in milky swirls.
There's a stormy time in the drifted pails,
There's a sea-foam swath in the driving gales,
Then girls and boys with whistle and song,
Two pails apiece, meander along
The winding path in the golden gloom,
And "set" the milk in the twilight room.

THRESHING TIME

It's thrashin' time on the Brandywine,
I can hear the reapers hum
And the welcome yell, as the shadows tell
That quittin' time has come.
I can see the trough where the boys "wash off,"
And the gourd on the spring house wall,
Where they quench their thirst till the buttons burst
As they wait for the supper call.
I long tonight for a table white
With honey in the comb,
And the pies and cakes my mother bakes
When it's thrashin' time back home.

Oh, the boundless joy of the farmer boy,
Who sings as he tosses high
The golden yield of the harvest field
And pities you and I,
In the endless strife of our city life,
What a privilege it would be
To stand once more by the granary door
And watch the wheat flow free.
I've wandered far, but the evening star
Seems to bid me, "Cease to roam,
They're waitin' there, by a vacant chair,
And it's thrashin' time back home."

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VISIONS

By Alfred Arnold.

They're tapping sugar maple trees,
And boiling sap; it's on the breeze!
With buckets, barrels, kettles, too,
They're in the grove with lots to do.
There's one thing in this northern clime
Would make most any poet rhyme,
And that is March sap-boiling time!

Imagine a red, roaring blaze,
And buckets coming twenty ways,
To fill a big black kettle there
Whose perfume honies all the air
And then, they boil and boil it, slow;
And taste from saucers cooled in snow.
That's maple sirup. Oh, my! Oh!

TO MY OLD FRIEND DECK RICE

"Gone, every one of that sturdy band
Who settled with you on the Suamico land;
One by one they have answered the call,
Until you alone are left of them all.
But 'tis better by far to be kicking around,
Than to sleep in the church-yard under the ground.
So stay on the job and keep pounding away,
'Tis only your eighty-fifth Valentine's Day,
And we hope many more will be hailed with joy,
So never say die till you're dead, my boy,
And if I'm still living, I'll write you a lay
To sing on your hundredth St. Valentine's Day."

Amberg, Wis., Feb. 14, 1923. —Warren L. Buckman.

A VALENTINE TO MY OLD FRIEND, DECK RICE, ON HIS 87TH BIRTHDAY

"Friends may come and friends may go,
And friends may last forever,
But I've a friend I'd have you know,
Whose friendship I'd not sever;
Some hearts are like a peanut shell
With their little skinny hides;
But my friend's heart is like a street car,
With its windows opened wide,
With plenty of room for all his friends

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To come in and there abide,
Of all the sacrifices on earth,
I'd gladly pay the price,
If it would only make more valentines
For my old pal—Deck Rice."

Feb. 14th, 1925. —W. L. BUCKMAN.

WAY OUT IN THE COUNTRY

Way out in the country the orchards are blooming,
And flinging their spiced perfume to the breeze,
And throstles and bluebirds are lilting and singing,
And building their nests in the blossoming trees.

In drowsy contentment the sleek-coated cattle
Are standing knee keep in the willow-fringed stream,
Where low-dropping branches cast cool shadows over,
And the water slips by with a glimmer and gleam.

You can hear the low hum of the bees in the clover,
A drowsy refrain to the linnet's low song,
And gay Bob o' Lincoln, the rioting rover,
Is flirting and frolicking all the day long.

And deep in the dim, leafy aisles of the forest
There are cool, bosky glens where wood violets blow,
And Jack in the Pulpit and fragrant Arbutus
Are hiding in hollows where green lichens grow.

And here at my desk in the hot, dusty city,
I dream of green fields and of sunny blue skies,
And I long for the sights and the sounds of the country
Till something gets into my throat and my eyes.

I can smell the moist earth in the freshly turned furrow,
And hear the cool drip of the soft summer rain;
The breeze brings me hints of the fields it blows over,
And thrills with its magic my blood and my brain.

I am sick of the dust and the din of the city,
You fellows that like it are welcome to stay,
But voices are calling, I feel the enchantment,
And I'm going back to the country today.

THE OLD BARN

Light gushed in at each shrunken board,
And blazed in the fragrant hay,

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Where wifely hens their eggs had stored,
In bowls of the new made hay!

There through each little knothole door
Swift swallows hurtled past,
To the bracket nests the rafters bore
Glued to their sides so fast!

Oft we slept 'neath the "dishing" roof,
'Mid the drone of the flies,
Whose time was marked by the horse's hoof,
With its worried fall and rise!

Oh, home of tawny coated bees,
And strange things 'neath the floor,
Could some sweet, summer-laden breeze
Blow open wide the door.

And waft us in—no more to roam—
Wear John and James and Arne,
We'd ask to get no nearer home—
Heaven prosper thee, old barn!

THE BUTTON BOX

The shades are drawn, the lamps are lit,
Across the wall vague shadows flit,
And mother, smiling, gently rocks
And dreams above her button box.

The button box, the button box,
With souvenirs of vanished frocks
And party gowns of yesteryear,
Old-fashioned now, but once how dear!
These disks of metal, bone and shell
Have each a little tale to tell;
And that which keeps the varied hoard—
The battered box—so richly stored,
To her who loves remembrance, is
A treasury of memories.

That giant button had its day
On father's ulster, rough and gray—
A shield of horn that Baby John
So loved to try his teeth upon;
While this, that might have served an elf,
Belonged to Baby John himself.
That pearly whiteness held in place
Some part of Edith's bridal lace;

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And this appeared on nothing less
Than Mary's graduation dress.

These sparkling bits of glass recall
A Christmas feast, a New Year's ball;
And who that saw her could forget
When grandma wore these rounds of jet!
And oh, what memories of pride,
Of dread, of hope and joy abide
In this bronze button, loved the best,
Whereon the eagle seal is pressed,
That gleamed through flame and battle storm
Upon a khaki uniform!

The button box of long ago!
Its true delights the children know
Who thread its many-colored gems
For necklaces and diadems;
Or, in their vivid play behold,
A pirate chest of pearls and gold!
And this worn coffer they who will
May find a fairy casket still,
When Memory her stores unlocks
And pours them from the button box.

—By Arthur Guiterman.

IF I HAD THE TIME

If I had the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face
  With my better self, that stands no show
  In my daily life that rushes so,
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal—
  I might be nerved by the thought sublime,
    If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart
Speak out and take in my life a part,
  To look about and stretch a hand
  To a comrade quartered on no-luck land,
Ah, God! If I might but just sit still
And hear the note of the whip-poor-will,
  I think that my wish with God would rhyme—
    If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you
How much for comfort my word would do;
  And I told you then of my sudden will

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To kiss your feet when I did you ill—
If the tears aback of the bravado
Could force their way and let you know—
Brothers, the souls of us all would chime,
If we had the time! —Selected.

WE GOT THE MORTGAGE PAID

We've done a lot of scrimpin' an' a-livin' hand to mouth,
We've dreaded too wet weather an' we've worried over drouth,
For the thing kept drawing int'rest, whether crops were good or bad,
An' raisin' much or little, seemed it swallowed all we had.
The women folks were savin', an' there ain't a bit of doubt
But that things they really needed lots of times they done without.
So we're breathin' somewhat easy, an' we're feelin' less afraid
Of Providence's workin's, since we got the mortgage paid.
I wish I'd kept a record of the things that mortgage ate,
In principal an' int'rest, from beginnin' down to date!—
A hundred dozen chickens, likely fowl with yellow legs,
A thousand pounds of butter an' twelve hundred dozen eggs,
Some four or five good wheat crops, an' at least one crop of corn,
An' oats, an' rye—it swallowed in its lifetime sure's you're born.
Besides the work and worry, ere its appetite was staid!
So we're feeling more contented, since we got the mortgage paid.
We've reached the point, I reckon, where we've got a right to rest,
An' loaf around, an' visit, wear our go-to-meetin' best—
Neglectin' nothin' urgent, understand, about the place,
But simply slowin' down a bit, an' restin' in the race!
In time I'll get the windmill I've been wantin', I suppose;
The girls can have their organ, an' we'll wear better clothes,
For we've always pulled together, while we saved an' scrimped an' prayed,
An' it seems there's more to work for, since we got the mortgage paid.
—Roy Farrell Greene.

DAD 'N' ME

A youngster's mighty lucky
If he's got a fishin' dad;
The fun I used to have with mine
Was the best I ever had,
When the sundown called the music
From the bullfrog's husky throat
And we were trollin' pick'rel
In an old, flat-bottomed boat.
We always used a hand line
With a hirlin' silver spoon,
And we both took turns at rowin'

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Till the risin' summer moon
Her warnin' of the nightfall
With her silver pencil wrote,
By just a-trollin' pick'rel
In an old, flat-bottom'd boat.
In the dusk of early ev'nin'
Fish'll strike a shinin' bait,
Droppin' softly down slow water
We would lure 'em to their fate,
Pilin' up a feast for breakfast
Worth a twenty-dollar note
By just a-trollin' pick'rel
In an old, flat-bottom'd boat.
So I'm goin' back this summer
To the fun I can't forget;
And when the shadows lengthen
'Cross the old mill pond, you bet
We'll be droppin' down the river;
Past the lily fronds we'll float—
Dad 'n' me, a-trollin' pick'rel
In an old, flat-bottom'd boat.

LIFE'S MAIN OCCUPATION

'Mind when we was gals an' boys,
How we'd galluvant aroun'
Here an' there an' everywhere,
Chasin' after thistledown?
Allus jist a bit too late—
Jist beyond the reach of it?
Guess, as far's a body knows
No one ever caught it yit!

Then we growed an' got to be
Women folks an' men, an' set
Hearts on things we'd like to have
An' made up our minds to get—
Name or fame or money, or
Power, an' a lot o' things
That we never care for 'cept
For the special praise it brings.

Some have got their ruthers, but
Most of us are chasin' yit—
Allus jist a bit too late.
Just beyond the reach of it!
'Pears to me, from watchin' folks
Since I up an' moved to town,
Most of us are children still,
Chasin' after thistledown!

—John D. Wells.

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MIDDLE-AGED PEOPLE

"Middle-aged people," Youth greets them with jeers,
And scouts at the wisdom that goes with their years;
So Youth rushes in without worry or doubt,
And gets into trouble and then is pulled out
By middle-aged people who long ago learned
The use of the caution that youngsters have spurned.

"Middle-aged people," they're stodgy and tame,
But somehow or other they're wise to the game,
And though Youth imagines it's running the show,
The middle-aged people are making it go.
Bereft of illusions, experienced, wise,
The middle-aged people have pretty good eyes.

"Middle-aged people," they're lacking in pep,
They "look 'ere they leap" and they watch every step,
And Youth says they're slow, and I reckon they are,
But speed without thought doesn't get very far,
And therefore, while Youth is alert and athrob,
It's middle-aged people who dope out the job!

"Middle-aged people"—they often hold back,
They don't like new paths, they prefer the old track.
And Youth frets and rages at order and rule,
While middle-aged people just smile and keep cool,
For, spite of the talk that the youngsters have hurled,
The middle-aged people are running the world!

—Burton Braley.

KNOWING HOW

Some men there are can talk of dates
  And tell what old time sages said,
And some can prate of traffic rates
  And spout the chemistry of bread;
In education's varied lore
  Is much to fill the minds of men,
But when a task we stand before,
  It's "knowing how" that's needed then.

There are wise tongues which can expound
  The deep philosophies of life;
Some know the laws which govern sound,
  But it's an art to whet a knife.
Our printed pages all are rich
  With wisdom from the gifted pen,
But when the world must dig a ditch
  It's "knowing how" that's needed then.

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The high diploma nicely framed
Is good to own and fair to see,
And no man here need be ashamed
To boast or treasure his degree,
But lost is learning if it finds
No outlet in accomplished deeds,
And vain becomes the polished mind
Unless to "knowing how" it leads.

He is an educated man
Who knows his work and does it well,
Who builds exactly to the plan
Or welds a joint or digs a well,
And though of him we little boast
Nor wreaths much laurel for his brow,
The man we need and use the most
Is he who serves by "knowing how."
—(Copyright, 1921, by Edgar A. Guest.)

COME

Come one and come all,
Whether stranger or friend.
On "Go to Church" Sunday recall,
No matter what church
You may wish to attend,
All churches are welcoming all.

THE CHURCH

I.

Where the desolate wastes of the wilderness
Drowsed under a tropical heat;
Where the interlaced boughs of the forests old
Arched a dim and cold retreat;
Where the foam-crowned waves of the ocean rolled
High up on a rock-bound shore,
His children have gathered, the Father on high,
To worship, to praise and adore.

II.

Where'er we assemble in Christ's blessed name,
There will His Spirit be found;
Then know as we enter His temple to pray
That we stand upon holy ground.
There our listening souls His message may hear,
In sermon, in prayer or in song,

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A whisper of courage, of pardon, of love,
Of strength in the strife with wrong.
Come, list for the whisper that comes to the soul,
Communion in sweet with the Father.

III.

Then reach out a strengthening hand to uplift
A weak or discouraged brother.
Put love in the hand-clasp extended to greet
Friend or stranger within the gates.
The portals are open for you and for me,
And the Father in mercy waits.

—Mabel Buckman.

INDIAN SUMMER

Fickle is April weather,
Sunshine and showers together—
But thou, November, art more fickle far;
They call thee dark and drear,
No pleasant days to cheer,
And say thou comest chained to Winter's car.

But oh! what days are those:
Softly the south wind blows,
The front of night to dew is turned ere morn;
We almost list to hear
The bird notes sweet and clear
And think fair flowers will soon the fields adorn.

O! Indian Summer,
Glorious Indian Summer,—
Absent so long, we welcome thee once more;
Serene and calm thy days,
Blue mist and golden haze,
Fairer thou seem'st than e'er thou wert before.

But thou wilt pass and leave us.
The thought doth sadly grieve us.
'Tis sad that all things fair must fade away,
But though the storms succeed,
The earth of storms hath need,
As well as of the Indian Summer day.

Nov. 9th, 1883. —E. F. D.

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THE WINTER FIRE

The sullen sky is pouting behind its drab-spun veil,
The drowsy sun is napping along a misty trail:
Upon the brown-cloaked hilltop the bare, black branches rise,
Outlined like long arms, empty, against the winter skies;
Though nature o'er the landscape a somber robe may throw,
Through all the cold, gray blackness the winter fire will glow.
When winter nights are dark'ning, and wistfully I gaze
At fair and hallowed faces that peep out from the blaze—
When all the room is quiet and dreams are in my eyes,
Ah, then my heart, a-weary, is filled with sweet surprise;
For when across my hearthstone the radiant visions walk,
The lonely night turns friendly—the winter fire will talk.

—Anne Porter Johnson.

NO STRANGERS

There ought to be no strangers in this little vale of tears;
I haven't seen a stranger's face for years and years and years.
I see, of course, some people that I never saw before,
But they're just like the others that I've known in days of yore.
They've felt and known the selfsame things the rest have known and felt.
They'll freeze up for unfriendly folks, for kindly ones they'll melt.
They've each one had a sorrow that they thought they couldn't bear,
But bore it, just as people do with sorrows everywhere.
There ought to be no strangers, in this so-called world of woe!
I see new people that I love, just everywhere I go.
And everyone has felt some joy that I had felt some time;
And each has had his little dream of higher slopes to climb;
And each has known the sweets of home at some time or another;
And nearly every man you meet will rave about his mother.
They thrill at things that thrill me, too, these friends I never met—
There ought to be no strangers in this misnamed world of fret.

—Strickland Gillilan.

THE NAVAJO BLANKET

Out in the land of little rain,
Of canon-rift and cactus-plain,
An Indian woman, short and swart,
This blanket wove with patient art;
And day to day, through all a year,
Before her loom, by pattern queer,
She stolidly a story told,—
A legend of her people, old.

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With thread on thread, and line on line,
She wrought each curious design;
The symbol of the day and night,
Of desert and of mountain height,
Of journey long and storm-beset,
Of village passed and dangers met,
Of winds and seasons, cold and heat,
Of famine harsh and plenty sweet.

Now in this paleface home it lies,
'Neath careless, unsuspecting eyes
Which never read the tale that runs
A course of ancient, mystic suns.
To us 'tis simply many-hued,
Of figures barbarous and rude;
Appeals in vain its pictured lore;
An Indian blanket—nothing more.

—Edwin L. Sabin.

HALEY OVER!

Out from the city's din,
My feet today
In the old, old way,
Followed the path they wandered in
Long years before my hair grew gray.
Down to the Pembroke hills
Where tangled lines
Of the berry-vines,
And grape and ivy the old spot fills.
And under the schoolhouse wall
I sat and heard them call—
"Ha-a—ley over!"
And then on the other side
The childish voices cried,
"Under!"

Listening to them so,
My thoughts today
Went far away,
And pictured the scenes of the long ago,
When the same old game I used to play.
And the tears unbidden came.
For faces long forgot
Hovered around the spot.
And sitting beneath the time-stained wall
I heard "Chips" and "Spider" and "Wilter" call,
"Ha-a—ley over!"
And off on the other side

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It seemed my own voice cried,
"Under!"

Oh, to be back again
To that old way
For but a day!
To follow the cow-path through the lane,
For a mock fight under the hills.
With "Have a care!"
And "That's no fair!"
While good-natured shouts the old yard fills.
Oh, to be under the wall
With the ball in my hand and call,
"Ha-a—ley over!"
And intoned to a minor cry,
The dear old friends reply,
"Under!"

—Maud R. Burton.

FINDING A FRIEND

We nodded as we passed each day
And smiled and went along our way;
I knew his name, and he knew mine,
But neither of us made a sign
That we possessed a common tie;
We barely spoke as we passed by.

How fine he was I never guessed,
The splendid soul within his breast
I never saw. From me was hid
The manly kindly deeds he did.
His gentle ways I didn't know
Or I'd have claimed him long ago.

Then trouble came to me one day
And he was first to come and say
The cheering words I longed to hear.
He offered help, and standing near
I felt our lives in sorrow blend,
My neighbor had become my friend.

How many smiles from day to day
I've missed along my narrow way;
How many kindly words I've lost,
What joy has my indifference cost.
This glorious friend that now I know,
Would have been friendly years ago.

—Edgar A. Guest.

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ONE'S OWN FOLKS

Smoothed and folded and laid away
Garments too choice for every day;
Lavender-scented and nicely pressed,
In darkened drawer or massive chest;
Garments too fine for the daily soil,
Dust's defilement and stain of toil;
Broadcloth, ladies' cloth, satin, mull,
Fashioned and furbelowed, beautiful!
Garments too fair for tired eyes
To welcome at night with pleated surprise,
When nothing especial care evokes,
And there's nobody in but one's own folks.

Studied, molded and laid away
Manners too fine for every day!
The graceful bow and the gentle touch
That cost so little, and mean so much;
The smile that charms like the rare perfume
Of a rose-jar hid in a shadowy room;
The song from the twilight nook apart
That finds its way to a burdened heart;
The yielding of self, and selfish ends,
Reserved for the plaudits of transient friends:
This—this—the cruel sneer provokes,
"Anything goes with one's own folks!"

Straightened, folded and laid away
Raiment we should wear every day!
The rare, white vestments with broidered bands,
For the daily "laying on of hands." (
Friends, give heed. Let us keep not back,
So brief, uncertain, our bivouac
On the narrow plain 'twixt sea and sea;
Love's daily, hourly ministry.
As we take from His hand our daily bread
Let us see to it that "our own" are fed.
O for sunbeam and heart-beam and smile to coax
The rose into blossom for one's own folks!

—Emma Herrick Weed.

OLD MOTHERS

I love old mothers—mothers with white hair,
And kindly eyes, and lips grown softly sweet
With murmured blessing over sleeping babes.
There is something in their quiet grace
That speaks of the calm of Sabbath afternoons;

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A knowledge in their deep, unfaltering eyes
That far outreaches all philosophy.
Time, with caressing touch about them weaves
The silver-threaded fairy shawl of age,
While all the echoes of forgotten songs
Seem joined to lend a sweetness to their speech.
Old mothers!—as they pace with slow-timed step
Their trembling hands cling gently to youth's strength;
Sweet mothers!—as they pass, one sees again
Old garden walks, old roses and old loves.

THE TEST

The test of a man is the fight that he makes,
The grit he daily shows;
The way that he stands on his feet and takes
Fate's numerous bumps and blows.
A coward can smile when there's naught to fear,
When nothing his progress bars,
But it takes a man to stand up and cheer
While some other fellow stars.

It isn't the victory after all,
But the fight that a brother makes;
The man who, driven against the wall,
Stands up erect and takes
The blows of fate with his head held high,
Bleeding and bruised and pale,
Is the man who'll win in the by and by,
For he isn't afraid to fail.

It's the bumps you get and the jolts you get,
And the shocks that your courage stands,
The hours of sorrow and vain regret,
And the prize that escapes your hands,
That test your mettle and prove your worth;
It isn't the blows you deal,
But the blows you take on the good old earth
That shows if your stuff is real. —Selected.

THE ROADS OF OLD

The roads of old, how fair they gleamed,
How long each winding way was deemed!
In days gone by how wondrous high
Their little hills and houses seemed.

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The morning road that led to school
Was framed in dew, that clung as cool
To childish feet as waves that beat
About the sunbeams in a pool;

The river road that crept beside
The dreamy alder-bordered tide,
Where fish at play on Saturday
Left some young hopes ungratified;

The valley road that wandered through
Twin vales—and heard no wind that blew;
The cow-bell's clank from either bank
Was all the noise it ever knew;

The village road that used to drop
Its daisies at the blacksmith shop,
And leave some trace of rustic grace
To tempt the busiest eye to stop;

The woodland road whose windings dim
Were known to watchers straight and slim;
How slow it moved, as if it loved
Each listening leaf and arching limb;

The market road that felt the charm
Of lights on many a sleepy farm,
When whirring clock and crowing cock
Gave forth the marketman's alarm;

These all renew their olden spell.
With rocky cliff and sunny dell,
With purling brook and grassy nook,
They bordered childhood's country well.

And we who near them used to dwell
Can but the same sweet story tell,
That on them went young-eyed Content—
They bordered childhood's country well.

—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

ROOFS

The road is wide and the stars are out, and the breath of the night is sweet,
And this is the time when wanderlust should seize upon my feet.
But I'm glad to turn from the open road and the starlight on my face,
And to leave the splendor of out-of-doors for a human dwelling place.

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I never have seen a vagabond who really liked to roam
All up and down the streets of the world and not to have a home.
The tramp who slept in your barn last night and left at break of day
Will wander only until he finds another place to stay.

A gypsy-man will sleep in his cart with canvas overhead;
Or else he'll go into his tent when it is time for bed.
He'll sit on the grass and take his ease so long as the sun is high,
But when it is dark he wants a roof to keep away the sky.

If you call the gypsy a vagabond, I think you do him wrong,
For he never goes a-traveling but he takes his home along.
And the only reason a road is good, as every wanderer knows,
Is just because of the homes, the homes, the homes to which it goes!

They say that life is a highway and its milestones are the years,
And now and then there's a toll-gate where you buy your way with tears.
It's a rough road and a steep road and it stretches broad and far,
But it leads at last to a golden Town where golden Houses are.

—Joyce Kilmer.

He came up smiling—used to say,
He made his fortune that a-way.
He had hard luck a-plenty, too,
But settled down and fought her through,
And every time he got a jolt
He jist took a tighter holt,
Slipped back some when he tried to climb,
But came up smiling every time.

—James W. Foley.

WATCHING FOR PAPA

"The hearth is swept, the fire burns bright,
The room is all aglow, with its pleasant light,
The table has been spread, the night is overhead,
On us the stars are shining, as we're watching for Papa.

The night grows darker, the winds rise high,
Clouds are overspreading the starlit sky.
We hear the loud wind roar, we shut our humble door,
Sad our our hearts within us, as we're watching for Papa.

Six little faces, press the window pane,
Six little hearts their sorrows scarce contain,
We fear our father's lost, in the forest's awful blast.
Oh, God! protect him tenderly, as we're watching for Papa.

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Hark! we hear the creaking of the garden gate,
And Father's well-known footsteps along the pathway grate,
His heart will fill with joy and love without alloy,
When he sees us at the window, all watching for Papa."

This poem or song was written by Rev. A. J. Wheeler, and dedicated to Barbara, Anna, Agnes, Ena, Minnie and Augusta Lindsay, in the winter of 1868.

JOKES

POOR LOGIC

"At the last election a very dirty, debased and ignorant-looking man came into a voting place, in a small district. A lady clerk offered him a ballot. "What kind of a ticket is that?" was the man's query. "Why," said the lady, "you can see for yourself."

"But I can't read, mum," he answered. "Why, can't you read the ballot you have there in your hand, which you are about to vote?" she answered in astonishment. "No," he replied, "I can't read at all."

"Well," said the lady, "this ballot means that you are willing to let the women as well as the men vote."

"Oh, is that it?" said he. "Then I don't want it; the women don't know enough to vote."

VICTUALS

"We have all, no doubt, heard the story of the aged but well-preserved woman, who, when asked by her pastor what had sustained her through all the vicissitudes and trials of her long, useful life; what had been the mainstay of her strength, her comfort and her solace; answered, matter-of-factly, 'Victuals.' "

A MATTER OF LOCOMOTION

A book agent approached a farmer. "Sir," said he, "those are mighty fine boys of yours." "They are, stranger, the

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finest in this part of the world." "I reckon you buy them anything they want." "Why, sure, stranger; I buy them any thing they need, whether they want it or not." "Then, sir, let me sell you an encyclopedia for them; there's nothing else that will benefit them so much."

The farmer looked at the agent in astonishment. "Why, stranger," said he, "them boys of mine don't need no cyclopedias. They ride horses."

NOT HER CALLING

A farmer went one day to buy a bushel of buckwheat for sowing. The man who sold the grain was not at home, and his wife waited on the customer. She took a peck measure, and they went to the granary. After filling the measure twice, she had poured the contents into the bag and began tying it. "But," remonstrated the farmer, "it takes four pecks to make a bushel." "Oh, does it?" returned the woman, untying the bag. "You see, I never had any experience in measuring grain before I was married; I always taught school."

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

"It may be a mansion, it may be a dump,
It may be a farm with an old oaken pump,
It may be a palace, it may be a flat,
It may be a room where you hang up your hat,
It may be a house with a hole in the floor,
Or a marble hotel with a coon at the door;
It may be exclusive, or simple or swell,
A wee bit of heaven, or one little—well,
Just kindly remember, wherever you roam,
That Shakespeare was right, kid,
There is no place like home."

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A FACT

A man from Wisconsin, who was on the under side of a two-ton truck when it overturned, says the Coue treatment is sure-fire, because he kept telling himself that he would feel better when the truck was removed, and he did.

IKEY WAS TOO SLOW

Nobody laughs harder at a Jew story than a Jew. Here is one told by a Jewish friend: Cohen was leaving the store for a needed vacation. He took his best clerk to one side, "now Ikey," he said, "vot effer you do, get blenty of insurance." "Yes, Mr. Cohen."

In two weeks Cohen returned, glad to get back and yet not altogether approving. Something was wrong. "Ikey, how much insurance you got?" "Five tousand tollars, Mr. Cohen." "How much your inventory?" "Twenty-five hundred, Mr. Cohen." "Vell, Ikey! Vat for you vaiting?"

FORD EFFICIENCY

An applicant for work at the Ford plant asked a veteran Ford employe, if it were true that the company was always finding methods of speeding up production by using fewer men. The Ford man replied: "Most certainly. In fact," he continued, "I just had a dream which ilustrates the point. Mr. Ford was dead and I could see the pallbearers carrying his body. Suddenly the procession stopped. Mr. Ford had come to life. As soon as the casket was opened he sat upright, and on seeing six palbearers, cried out at once: "Put this casket on wheels and lay off five men."

TIME TO TREMBLE

The man who says he was never scared in all his life, ought to begin right now, to be afraid of what Eternity holds in store for those who do not tell the truth.

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A DIFFERENT PERSON

A darkey soldier, at one of the training camps, when the signal was given, hastily arose, and said to his "buddy" in the next cot, "get up! don' you know it ain' yo' mutheh dat's callin' yo'; it's yo' uncle!"

TOO BAD HE COULDN'T MARCH

United States Senator H. Sutherland of West Virginia, tells a story about a mountain youth who visited a recruiting office for the purpose of enlisting in the regular Army. The examining physician found the young man as sound as a dollar, but that he had flat feet. "I'm sorry," said the physician, "but I'll have to turn you down. You have got flat feet." The mountaineer looked sorrowful. "No way for me to get in it, then?" he inquired. "I guess not, with those flat feet of yours you would not be able to march even five miles."

The youth from the mountains studied a moment. Finally said: "I'll tell you why I hate this so darned bad. You see, I walked nigh on to a hundred and fifteen miles, over the mountains to get here, and gosh, how I hate to walk back!"

NOT SO SURE

Little Jackie had been unusually naughty all day and his mother was at her wits' end to know what to do with him. She said, "Jackie, you must ask God to make you a good little boy, tonight."

He went through the usual finish to his prayer, asking God to bless papa and mamma and all of his friends, then asked, "And, dear God, try to make me a good little boy, but I'll bet a dollar you can't."

THE NEW WOMAN

Little Bessie had just returned from a birthday party, and was telling the rest of the family what a nice time she

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had had, adding: "But Virginia didn't want me at all."

Her mother: "How do you know Virginia didn't want you?"

Bessie: "She told me so, herself."

Mother: "Why Bessie, you ought to have come right straight home. That's what I should have done when I was a little girl."

Bessie: "But, mother, times have changed since you were a little girl. I just slapped her in the face—and stayed."

ANOTHER SCHOOL FAD

Johnny handed the following note from his mother, to the teacher one morning: "Dere teacher: You keep tellin' my boy to breathe with his diafram. Maybe rich children has got diaframs, but how about when thayer father only makes $1.50 a day and has got five children to keep? First it's one thing, then it's another, and now it's diaframs. That's the worst yet."

JOSH WISE SAYS:

"A feller that will lie has no business marrying a woman with a good memory. He is too apt to forgit what he told her last week."

"Some fellers hev the idee that all a head is fer is ter put a hat on."

"Hav' a little patience. Even a corkscrew doesn't go straight to the point, but it gets there."

AN IRISHMAN'S IDEA

An Irish farmer was asked if he used any of the commercial fertilizers on his land. "No sorr," he replied, "To my notion theer's nothin' like the old barnyard kind."

"Nonsense, man," said the other, the time is coming when a man can carry the fertilizer for an acre of land in one of his waistcoat pockets."

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"Maybe he will, sorr," returned Pat, "An' he'll be carryin' the crop in the other pocket, I'm thinking."

HEARD AT THE COURT HOUSE

In the diploma examination in Brown county, one girl, in answering the question in agriculture: "Should potatoes and onions be planted alternately?" wrote: "Yes, potatoes and onions should be planted alternately, because the onions would make the eyes of the potatoes water."

A Pittsfield boy wrote to the question: "When was slavery introduced into the United States?" "Slavery was introduced into the United States, when a ship load of young women was brought to Virginia and exchanged for tobacco, to the planters."

OUT OF BIBLES

A well-to-do farmer and his family were enjoying a call from the new minister. The mother had dusted off a chair with her apron, and asked him to sit down. The children gathered about her chair, and with faces full of wonder, looked at the visitor. After a brief talk the minister suggested a family prayer. The mother skirmished around to find the Bible, but was unable to find but a few leaves of the only Bible the house boasted. The father put on one of his most lordly airs, and said, "Why, mother! I didn't know we were so near out of Bibles, or I would have got some when I went to town. Why didn't you let me know?"

WHO WAS HE?

"Father," said a boy of twelve, "who was Shylock?"

"What!" exclaimed his father, have I sent you to Sunday school for the past six years, only to have you ask me who Shylock was! Shame on you! Get your Bible and find out this minute!"

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TRUISMS

"Poverty is not a crime, but the penalty is hard labor, just the same."

"Money isn't everything—but it amounts to a whole lot under certain circumstances."

"Poverty is no disgrace, but it is mighty unhandy."

"What fun is wealth any more, with the income tax preying like a vulture on every new endeavor?"

"Ambition of some farmers—to buy more land to raise more corn to feed more pigs, to buy more land."

And this is not so bad a definition of life, "Going to work to earn money to buy food, to get strength to go to work again."

A good head keeps a wise man and a pin from going too far.

The following extract was taken from the Green Bay Advocate several years ago. It was written by one of our well known humorists:

THE PITTSFIELD CENSUS.

"Editor Advocate: The following is a census of Pittsfield:

T. Doran is sedate and still, John Splan can spin a yarn with a will. John Delany is clerk of the town, and George Mason would make a good clown. Sam Brown is good looking, as are all of the family, and together with Allen Buckman he should be in Assembly. William Streckenbach is chairman of the town, while the best-looking man is surely Jim Brown. Clark Ames is a man who resembles a preacher, and Ed. Lawler is the picture of Henry Ward Beecher.

Charley Buckman is a fine looking man, and McAllister belongs to a similar clan. John Rymer is a mason of no small degree, and Bray, a good farmer sometime will be. Dick White is an honest and hard-working boy, and Bob Hamilton is a descendant of the famous Roy Roy. Dr.

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Wachenreiter is a man of much skill, and Joe White will marry a girl with a will.

Jim McDowell is a man who seems wide awake. Of Anthony Allen, Oh, what can I make? Con Lynch has the reputation of being a cook, while Joe Purdy for a wife will very soon look. Tom Grimes is a typical son of old Erin, and his neighbor, is the one Jerry Lucia put fear in. Milo Ames, a man good looking and cute, had the best lot of apples at the institute.

John Gokey at English is not very good, he once cut hard maple for white oak cord wood. Archie Terrian's big barn is constructed just right and rumor now says that at Chrysler's he will soon seek a wife.

The Ledgers and Con Collins on the Chase Road do dwell. Hiram Page is a farmer who lives on the hill, and Deck Rice can spin yarns with a will. Loyal Huntington is a very good talker, and his son Charley trades often with Walker. I presume I have passed by somebody's door, yes, there is one whose name is Bedore; Tom is ready to help any person in need; that is a part of his creed. I forgot Albert Burdick, I do not know why, yet he can build you a stack that will reach to the sky. Pat Ryan has just moved into the town, he is a potato farmer of no small renown.

The Suamico River is not as large as the Thames, but the best-looking girls are Mary Ann Doran and Emma Ames."

—Reel S. Tate.

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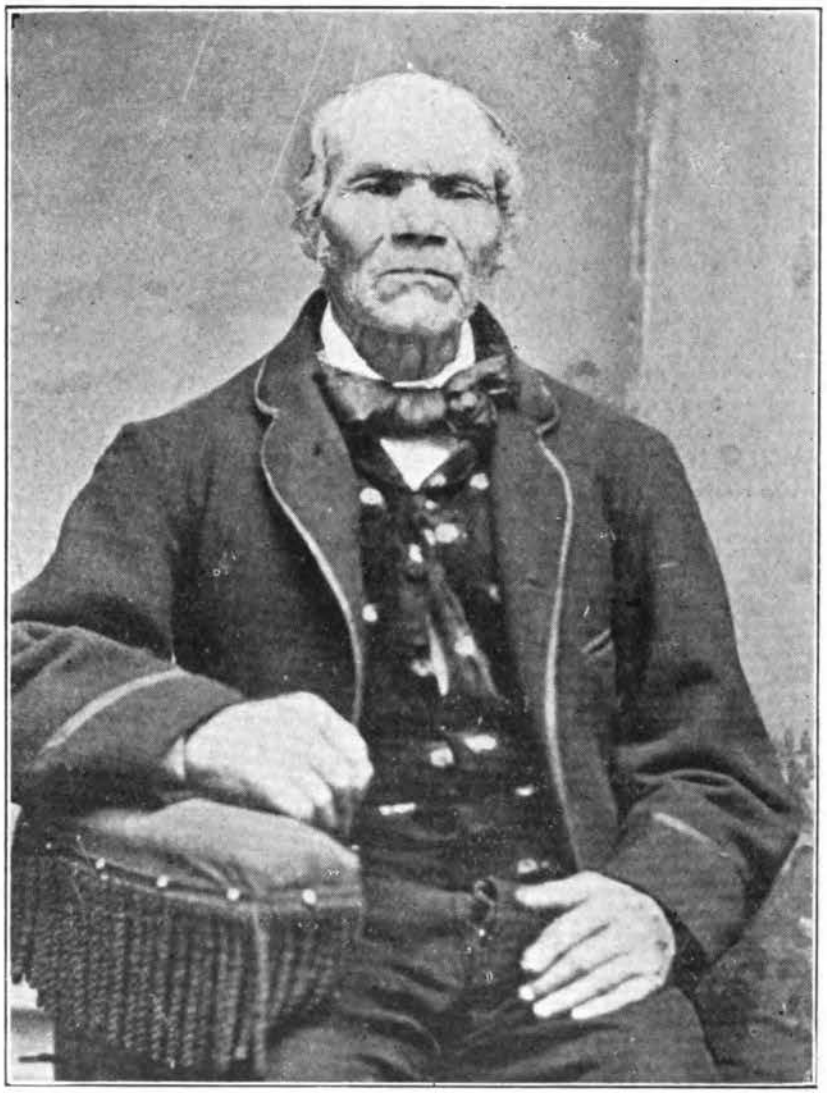

DAVID PAGE, SR.

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CHAPTER XVII

PIONEERS.

Not a few towns of our state were settled by colonies from some particular locality in the older portions of the country, but the early settlers of Pittsfield and Suamico came from many places and without anything like a concerted plan of settlement.

As to the general character of the first settlers here as well as all over Brown County it may be said that they were industrious, energetic, frugal, kind, considerate, and ready for hard labor, and to make sacrifices for the comfort of their families, and of society at large.

That there were some worthless persons and some shiftless families there can be no question, for such, as if by instinct, will always find their way into a new settlement. But as a whole the men and women that undertook to found homes and to establish social, civil and religious institutions in this far-away new land were persons of real worth, fit to be **pioneers.**

They were law-abiding, and ready to frown upon vice whenever anyone was guilty of it.

As to the education and general intelligence of the early settlers it may be said that they were fully equal to their neighbors whom they left behind in the old home places; not of course, up to modern standards of today, for the training in the schools of that time was very deficient; but common sense and good, practical use of general knowledge, made most of them enlightened and respectable citizens in their new communities. These people made laudable efforts to give their children the advantage of a good common education.

To the pioneers who blazed the westward path of civilization, to the soldiers who manned the string of forts, and the hard-working captains and sailors who plied the lakes between Wisconsin and the east, to the boys and girls born

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and reared in pioneer times great credit is due, for the establishment, development, and upbuilding of one of the most fertile farming section in America.

Thrown, as those settlers were, upon their own resources, it sometimes took years to reach a comfortable goal. Homes that people admire don't "just happen." You will find that every detail is the result of careful planning.

Many of first settlers were taken from this life too early to see what wonderful results were to have been theirs. But their children and children's children are carrying on. They are reaping where their fathers sowed.

The old civic pride which every settlement used to feel in its members and their children is best illustrated by our town people, when they build new homes, public buildings, banks; and introduce modern improvements which have become part of their very lives and have enhanced the joys of living in the communities. To boost our towns is our duty; to place them over others is a human trait.

We firmly believe that the pioneers of our towns or the pioneers of any section in Wisconsin deserve as much credit as Wm. Penn, Roger Williams, Lord Baltimore or any other of the first settlers of the Atlantic coast colonies. Local history should be taught in every school. Every student should feel indebted to those who worked and suffered to build the invisible home of the people which we call civilization.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BIOGRAPHY.

When the history of any community is written, there always stands out prominently, a few names of people who through personality or position have been potent factors in the growth and development of their community; people who have given large portions of their time and talent to its welfare and advancement. Among the "just plain folks" with

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whom our towns have been, chiefly, populated are to be found many of rare qualities of mind and character. The author has not attempted to write extensively on the subject of biography; but shall try as far as able to give a sketch of as many of the oldest settlers as possible, whether living or dead. Not so much a biography, as a record of those who happened to make their homes in these towns during the period of their settlement and development. Many have been noticed in other chapters.

Ernest and Frederick Streckenbach came to America from Germany in 1848, on a sailing vessel. The journey was a long and tiresome one and lasted forty-nine days, with both pleasant and stormy weather. After landing in New York they followed the trend of homeseekers and came to Green Bay. Shortly thereafter they came to Lamb's mill, and later took up a quarter section of land in the town of Pittsfield. Here they built a cabin and proceeded to clear their future farm. Ernest married Natalie Miller at Green Bay, and here in the woods they made their home. Their five children were among the first to be born in Pittsfield. Frederic later married Mary Munro, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neal Munro of Suamico township.

In the year 1863 Ernest died, he was buried (beside a daughter Caroline) on a little mound in their field. Their remains have since been removed to Rural Cemetery. After his death the family moved to Green Bay, where Mrs. Streckenbach later married Henry Rathman. In a few years she was again left a widow with eight children and two stepchildren to care for and advise. It has been said that "God gives us strength enough and sense enough for everything He wishes us to do." It was so in her case, for she reared her family well and lived to a ripe old age.

Frederick Streckenbach remained on the farm for the remainder of his life. His was a busy, useful life. He never failed to respond to the call of duty to his neighbor, church or town. He was a man whose friends were many. His son William still owns the old homestead. He was married in

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April, 1881, to Miss Minnie Lindsay, and from this happy union a large family of boys and girls have come, all grown and gone to different places to live and work. The kindly mother, with her silvered hair, with her husband keeps the home fires burning. Like his father, William Streckenbach has been a busy man and his work has been a credit to himself as well as useful to the town of Pittsfield. He is a jovial man with a "friendly eye and a friendly way."

Israel Knapp came to Wisconsin from Massachusetts as early as 1850. His early days were spent about the garrison at Fort Howard. He took up eighty acres of land in Pittsfield and sent for his wife and son-in-law, James H. Potter and his family. A log house was built and the clearing of the farm was busy work. Mr. Knapp was a leader in organizing the town of Pittsfield, and was chairman of the new town.

James H. Potter soon procured his farm nearby and built the little log house which was their home for so many years. Here a family of seven children were reared. Mr. Potter was a thrifty earnest worker and he developed a beautiful farm. He was also a prosperous lumberman and business man.

About 1870 he built a new house, which at that time was considered the finest house in Pittsfield. It was burned in the summer of 1884, Mr. Potter then sold out to Mr. Hubbard, and moved his family to Harmony, in Marinette county, where he bought a store. Mr. and Mrs. Potter both died there.

Mrs. Knapp died, and their farm was sold to Thomas Delany. It was owned by him and his son for many years. Here Mr. and Mrs. Delany and daughter Amelia died. Mary Delany married Martin O'Niel of Maple Grove, Manitowoc county. The farm was again sold to Martin Sheady, whose old home was in the southern part of the county. Mr. Knapp went to Michigan to live with a brother. He died there a few years later.

Allen Taylor Buckman, came to Suamico in 1853, in com-

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pany with other relatives. He soon purchased his eighty acres of woodland where he settled in the town of Pittsfield, and built a frame house, one of the oldest houses in Pittsfield. Here he brought his wife and little daughter. Two sons, Thomas and Charles, were born in the farm home.

Mr. Buckman was a lumberman and a prominent man in town and county interests. He was a member of the County Board of Supervisors for several years, a Justice of the Peace for twenty years, and a member of the Board of Canvassers for seventeen years. The flag on the court house in Green Bay was at half-mast on the day of his funeral.

Mr. Buckman was born in St. Lawrence County, New York. He died at the age of 63, July 19th, 1898. His wife Olive Wilson Buckman died December 11th, 1915. Their daughter Caroline married Paul Streckenbach, a nephew of Mr. F. W. Streckenbach, in 1881. Paul died December 26th, 1919. Mrs. Streckenbach lives at the old farm.

Albert Hamilton Buckman, came to Green Bay, and later to Pensaukee and Suamico, in 1854. The family lived at Flint's mill for a season, then moved on to a piece of land in Pittsfield (Mills Center). After a few years here he purchased the forty acres on the north side of the town where he made his home for many years. His wife Melissa Hale, was a woman of beautiful character; intelligent, modest and energetic. She died at Amberg, Wis., December 19th, 1890, aged 54 years. Two sons and two adopted daughters, lived to bless her memory. Mr. Buckman was postmaster at Amberg at the time of his death. He was an active citizen in the town of Pittsfield, having been town clerk and a school officer for years. He died in Amberg, September 8th, 1906, aged 77 years.

Mrs. Amanda Taylor Buckman, was born in Swanton, Franklin County, Vermont, September 8th, 1801. Her father was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. She was one of a few, who were real "Daughters of the American Revolution," that belonged to our community. She was married to Elijah Buckman in Morristown, N. Y., who was a New

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Englander, and born on Grand Island in Lake Champlain. She was the mother of six children, and was left a widow at the death of Mr. Buckman in 1844. After her children were grown up and four of them had come to Brown county, she sold her old farm and followed in the spring of 1869. She lived in a cozy apartment of her own in the house of her son, A. H. Buckman. Mrs. Buckman was a woman of sterling qualities of mind and heart. Her genial disposition, her motherly concern for all, and her homely simplicity, made her very dear to all her acquaintances, by whom she was familiarly known as "Grandma Buckman." She died November 23rd, 1884.

Edwin H. Buckman, came to Wisconsin from the old family home at Morristown, N. Y., about 1869. This was also the birth place of his wife, Katherine Ackerman, and their three sons Horace, Elton and Edward. After a short period spent at Flintville he purchased the farm at Anston where the family lived for a number of years, until they sold and went to Green Bay with the family of Elton D. Buckman. Here Mrs. Buckman died in 1896, and Mr. Buckman in 1901. They are buried in Rural Cemetery, in Pittsfield.

Mrs. Esther Ledger Lucia. The death of Mrs. Lucia occurred at the home of her niece, Mrs. Clark Huntington, February 8th, 1908, closed a life which had extended 19 years beyond the psalmist's span. She was born February 16th, 1819, at Norton Creek, Lower Canada. She married John B. Lucia at Moorestown, N. Y., in 1837. Besides her own large family of nine children, six nieces and three grandchildren at different times found homes with this dear old lady. She also gave a home and a mother's care to Robert Burns when he was left a little orphan; and he was a comfort to her in her declining years. Her husband, "Uncle Bat," died in 1898. Their sons, Alex, Joel, Jerry, John and Watson, grew up to manhood and married in Pittsfield or Suamico, then scattered to other places. The daughters were Mrs. Lucy Leavitt, Mrs. Maria Anderson, Mrs. Susie Colony and Mrs. Esther Bigg. All of the daughters are dead,

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and but one son is still living. This is John Lucia of Westboro, Wis. Joel and Jerry both died within the last two years. Mrs. Lucia's brothers, Francis and Louis Ledger, and her sisters, Mrs. John Cook, Mrs. Robert Tripp, Mrs. T. Tellor, Mrs. Peter Baker, and Mrs. James K. Prosser, all once lived at Suamico, but some went to other places, not far away, to spend the rest of their lives.

The David Page Family came to Suamico from Coto du Lac, Canada, about 1853. The father and sons, Samuel, George, Levi, John and David, Jr., and daughters, Eliza and Martha. Mr. Page lived to be 94 years old. He was a hardy little man of good habits. George Page sold his farm in Pittsfield to Charles Furness, he then bought the William Lucia farm in the town of Chase. Mrs. Page died and he later married Mrs. Ketcham, a neighbor. The farm was later bought by Nicholas Terry. Mr. Page and his wife both died at the Soldiers' Home at Waupaca. Levi Page died at Oconto, June 10th, 1916, at the age of 97. He was buried at Amberg. Survived by his wife and five children. After leaving Pittsfield, he lived nearly fifty years in Oconto county.

Ichabod James, died December 2, 1922, aged 80 years. He had spent nearly all of his life in the town of Pittsfield. His wife and several children remain.

Mrs. Matilda Santy, a resident of Brown county since 1856, died in Green Bay, November 27th, 1923. Mrs. Santy was 91 years old when she died. She was born in Quebec, Canada. She was married to Mitchell Santy in 1855. She left five sons and three daughters, forty-three grandchildren and forty-seven great-grandchildren. She was buried by the side of her husband at the Catholic cemetery in Flintville.

Carl Krouse died in 1916, in the town of Chase, aged 70 years. He was a son of Frederick Krouse and lived in Suamico from childhood. He was a soldier of the Civil War, Co. F, of the 13th Wis. Vol. He was married late in life to Mrs. Mary Larson of Chase, who survives him. She now

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lives with her daughter, Mrs. John Lynch in Green Bay.

Cornelius Lynch, came to Pittsfield and bought a farm in the northwestern part of the town, about 1880. They cleared and cultivated a nice farm and built a new house and other good buildings. Here Mrs. Lynch died. They reared five children (two adopted). Mr. Lynch sold the farm and now lives in Green Bay.

John C. Reimer was born in Germany, February 11th, 1845. Died in Pittsfield, July 20th, 1919. Mr. Reimer was married to Miss Annie Hoffman of Fort Howard and came to Pittsfield where he bought a farm and reared a large family of children. He was a stone-mason and worked at his trade as well as carried on his farm work. He held different offices in the town, being assessor for many years. His old farm is now owned by the Cayemberg family. Mr. Reimer owned the old M. Feist farm for some years, where he spent his last days. Mrs. Reimer sold the farm and now lives in Green Bay. Mr. Reimer had a brother Joseph and a sister, Mrs. Hamann, who lived on farms in Pittsfield. They are both dead now, but some of their children still live there.

Mrs. Lucy Lucia Leavitt died at her home in Pittsfield, November 14th, 1921. She was born November 15th, 1841, in Morristown, N. Y., and was one day less than 80 years when she passed away. Her first husband was Willard Barnes of Carthage, N. Y. He died in Flintville, April 30th, 1874. One son, Harvey W. Barnes, and her second husband, W. A. Leavitt, whom she married in 1883, survive her.

Milo Ames was born in Erie County, Penn. He died January 15th, 1918. He reached his 76th birthday on Jan. 14, one day before his death. Milo Ames was a soldier of the Civil war. Enlisted at Concord, Penn., September 7, 1861. Was wounded at Gaines Mill. Re-enlisted February 16th, 1864, in 83rd Penn. Reg., Co. "K." After the war was over Mr. Ames with his brothers, Clark and James, and their families, came to Mills Center and worked at Gray's mill. In this way he came to North Pittsfield and bought the farm of Levi Page, where he and his wife (Louisa Baker) and

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their three children lived for many years. His son Harry lives on the old farm. He married Miss Adelaide Wheelock, whose father Edward Wheelock was a Suamico boy. Miss Emma Ames lives with her mother in Green Bay. The other daughter, Rose, married Charles Huntington.

James L. Martyn was born in Kent, England, on the River Thames, thirty miles from London. His death took place the 29th of December, 1924. He would have been 83 years old on Feb. 3rd, 1925. His remains were brought to Flintville to be buried by the side of his wife, whose maiden name was Jane Fox. She died in January, 1901. Mr. Martyn was left with his young family of children, but he was a good father and did his best for them. He was a soldier of the Civil war, in Co. "F," 48th Wisconsin Regiment.

Terrence Doran. His family came to Suamico at an early date. His father, Patrick A. Doran, was a scholarly man, holding the office of Justice of the Peace for thirty years, was a school officer for many years, a member of the town board, a lumberman and a farmer on a small scale, yet withall, a useful and busy man. Terrence came to Suamico about 1855, and worked at the mill at Flint's for some time. Here he married Eliza Page. He bought a quarter section of land, and built a small house, which was their home for some years. The farm was only of secondary importance, lumbering taking up the attention for over twenty years. A family of three children, Mary Ann, Andrew and James, were born in the old house. A more pretentious house was built and the farm and orchard were pleasant to look upon. Mr. Doran and his wife both died at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Thomas Kane at Kunish.

Hugh Doran was a brother of Terrence. He was born in Chautauqua County, N. Y., December 26th, 1843. He died May 18th, 1924. He came to Wisconsin with other members of his family in 1856. The trip was made on the sailing vessel, "Michigan," to Green Bay, and from there to Suamico by ox-team. His brother, Terrence and his sister, Mrs. Kirby and her husband had preceded them and were here to

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meet them. In 1861 he enlisted in the army, when a mere lad. His brother John had already enlisted. Hugh served in the army of the Cumberland under General Sherman. He was honorably discharged at Nashville, Tenn. He always felt a sort of pride in the fact that he never asked for aid or pension from the government for his services. In 1874 he was married to Ellen Keating, who with three daughters survives him. He also leaves two sisters, Mrs. Matilda Rabicheau and Mrs. Rose A. Collins.

Henry Willis and his brother William came to Flint's mill in the early 50's. William married Martha Page and remained in the vicinity. Henry went back to Port Washington, their old home, and married Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts. She with her son Ephraim came back with him to the mill. They made a home on a forty acre farm in Pittsfield, and reared a family of several children. This was an odd family from the parents down, solemn and self-conscious all. "Hank" was a master hand at making "scare crows." He was a shrewd, careful man, always keeping a close lookout for anything that was his own. He spent his last days in Flintville, having sold his farm and bought the old Houle place.

Luther Wilson was born in Spencer, Mass. When a young man he went to Erie, Penn., to work. In the year 1851 he made a trip to Wisconsin. He came to the town of Pittsfield and bought up some land in Section 36, also some on East River, near Green Bay. In 1853 he went back to Erie and married Miss Wealthy Reynolds, and in the fall of 1853 he returned with his wife to his land in Pittsfield. The trip was made on the old sailing vessel "Michigan." Others coming to the same destination, on the trip, were the H. P. Hayden family, Silas Hayden, George Hayden, and W. D. Rice, from New Hampshire. Mr. Wilson settled on the eighty acre farm in the town of Pittsfield, where he made his home for so many years. His was a life of thrifty, frugal usefulness. Like all of the pioneers he spent much time and strength helping in the development of township

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schools, roads, and bridges, and in assisting new settlers in making their homes. His wife, Mrs. Wealthy Wilson, died at an early age. He was married again to Mrs. Segar, a widow with one daughter, Jennie, who married John Delaney. Mr. Wilson died in 1921, aged 94 years.

William Dexter Rice was born in Fitzwilliam, N. H., Feb. 14th, 1838. His parents were John and Caroline (Hayden) Rice. He had two sisters and one brother. In October, 1853, he came to Wisconsin. He came to Lamb's mill, and has spent the intervening years in this vicinity. He is almost the last one of the eager, hardworking pioneers who settled the towns of Pittsfield and Suamico. Mr. Rice moved into his present home in April, 1860. He cast his first presidential vote for Abraham Lincoln, and has voted at every general election since. (His last was for Coolidge). During his long residence here he has seen many changes take place in our countryside. He is alert and observing; reads the papers, and discusses leading events of the day with as much interest as he did in years gone by. He, as well as other townsmen, spent much time in public service; having been chairman of the town of Pittsfield for a term of sixteen years. As a member of the county board of supervisors he was nearly always on the "Road and Bridge Committee."

As acquaintances left him one after another, "memory but kindled another lamp," and he likes to tell of his youth, and of his work in the early times in the woods of Brown county. He counts the years by the passing of his birthday, the 14th of February, and observes it with considerable pleasure each succeeding year. He always thinks of two children whose birthdays happened to be Valentine's Day: Cora Brown and Charles Lawrence. They live so far away now that he cannot share his birthday parties with them. W. L. Buckman of Amberg has written an original verse for his birthday for several years.

Mr. Rice was married to Hannah E. O'Keefe, April 23rd, 1859. A family of five children was born to them. A niece, Maggie Collins, was reared in the home. She was married

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to J. W. Prosser. She died March 28, 1913. Mrs. Rice was a native of Ireland, and came with other members of her family to Massachusetts, when a young girl. In the backwoods of Suamico and Pittsfield, she made the best of her chance, worked hard and did everything in her power for her home and family. Always true to the faith of her childhood, and filled with the idealisms of her race, having spent her maiden days in "classic" Cambridge, and within sight of three large schools near North Hadley, Mass., where she lived some years, she acquired a keen love for learning. While she could not reach it herself, she wished it for her children, but fate was not kind, and did not bring even them to the enchanted spring. She died at her home Jan. 26, 1900. Aged 65 years. (William Dexter Rice died Jan. 30, 1926.)

Mrs. Maria Sensiba, a long-time resident of Suamico, died in Florida, Oct. 26th, 1923, aged 92 years. Her twin brother, David Wiltsie, of Escanaba, Mich., died just one month before she did. They were the oldest twins known in the United States. In the early days at Suamico she was well known, and an active worker for community, church and family. She was the wife of George Sensiba, who died several years ago. They had a large family.

David H. Green of Suamico came to Wisconsin from New Brunswick. He worked at Oconto for a time, then came to Suamico where he married Miss Caroline Marks, who was born in Germany. She died Feb. 27th, 1924, being 75 years old. She came with her family to Suamico in 1854. She left three brothers, Christian, Herman and Edward Marks; one sister, Mrs. Laura Fraker, and her three children, Alvin, Josephine and Minnie. A son, Henry, and a daughter May, died some years ago.

Henry Huntington was born in the state of Vermont, June 17th, 1842. He belonged to Companies "B" and "C," 5th Vermont Regiment. He was a Lieutenant; and was wounded at Cold Harbor, Virginia. He came to Brown county from Columbus, Wis., with his parents and his

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brother and sister. He married Annie Tripp, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tripp. She died leaving a baby daughter, Annie, who was adopted into the Lawrence family. After a few years he married Mary Walker of Columbus. She died leaving him with six young children, one an infant. He was faithful to his trust and reared his children, with their assistance, on his small farm. He now lives at Green Bay.

Albert Burdick came to Wisconsin from New York. He worked at the Chase and Dickey mill for some years. About 1875 he married Martha Huntington. He died in August, 1920. His wife and a large family of grown-up children survived him. One daughter, Verna, has since died. This was a man who was a martyr to hard work.

Thomas White was born near Chateau Guay, Canada West. He came to North Prairie, Wisconsin, in company with his cousin, Alfred Bonville. They worked at farming here for a season. In the fall of 1866, they came north to the pineries and eventually to Lamb Watson and Co.'s mill. When winter set in they hired out to W. D. Rice to work in the woods cutting saw-logs. "Tom," as he was always called, was a strong, agile youth of 19 or 20 years, and from practice at home, in timber-cutting, was a good chopper. He could wield an ax with wonderful results. He was also an ox-teamster and followed these occupations for years. He became a citizen and cast his first vote in Pittsfield. He remained in the employ of Mr. Rice for seven years, making the family household his home. He bought the P. Taggert farm in Suamico township, clearing it and working on it for a year or so until in 1872, he married Miss Mary Ann O'Keefe of Fort Winnebago, near Portage. This courtship involved a little romance. He and his young wife moved onto the farm which was their home for over forty years. Mr. White died Dec. 27, 1918. His wife and family of grown sons and daughters survived him. He was a man whose honesty and faithfulness won for him the respect and good word of every one who knew him.

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Alfred Bonville married a sister of Alfred Bouchard. Another sister was the wife of Albert Greenier, who lived at Suamico for some years. Mr. Bonville now lives at Rib Lake, Wisconsin.

John W. Rice was born in Pittsfield, July 18, 1861. He died November 25, 1902. His life was short. His many sterling qualities made him a favorite with young and old. "A character, the key-stone of which was that whereon is built all liking and all love—dependableness." This was his.

Silas Hayden was born in Fitzwilliam, N. H., Oct. 15th, 1807. He came to Suamico in October, 1853. He owned forty-six acres of land and built his house within a year after coming. His wife, "Aunt Betsey," was a good nurse and was the friend of all. "Uncle Silas," as he was called by every one in the neighborhood, was a typical New England character; upright, honest and industrious. Severe when things went wrong, but kindly to a fault when his assistance or counsel were needed by a friend or neighbor. His wife died in 1868. He lived in his house by the side of the road, sometimes alone and sometimes with some family in part of the house. He was married again, late in life, to Mrs. Boone, who found life unhappy with him and sought a divorce. He spent his last days with his son George. He died Dec. 18, 1891. He was one of the best known men in Brown county.

Eli and Rhoda Prescott came from New Hampshire sometime in the sixties to make their home with their daughter, Mrs. H. P. Hayden. Eli Prescott was born May 27th, 1797. Died April 3, 1877. Rhoda Prescott was born Jan. 27, 1797, died July 18, 1873.

Hiram Prescott Hayden was born August 1, 1818, in Fitzwilliam, N. H. He married Mary Prescott of the same town. In 1852 he came to Lamb's mill, worked for a season and made up his mind to settle here, he bought his farm, and went back to New Hampshire and settled up his affairs there. He brought his family here in 1853. There were his wife and three daughters in the family, and they proceeded

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to make a home in the woods. One daughter, Caroline, died unmarried; Myra married Welman N. Brown; Amelia married David Page, Jr., by whom she had three children. After the death of her husband she married Solomon Bean. She died in less than a year, leaving one child, Hiram D. Page. He was brought up by his grandparents. They also reared a nephew, George Glassett, from childhood. He married Mary Larson. He died in the winter of 1906. Hiram D. Page and family live near Wilson, Mich., at the present time.

John Brown came to the town of Pittsfield in the late 60's from Canada when the mills about Mills Center were flourishing. He bought a tract of land and built a home. On this place he and his good wife lived for many years, with their interesting family of eight sons and two daughters. The father, mother and some of the children have passed to their long rest. Some have gone to other states, and the others are still with us.

David Davidson and his mother and two sisters came to Green Bay in 1852, from Chicago (Fort Dearborn) to which place they had come from Detroit at an earlier date. David and his mother came to Lamb's mill where they lived for some years. One daughter, Jessie, married Elijah Yeates at Green Bay; the other sister married a Mr. Muir of Detroit. In 1858 David married Melinda Wilson, a sister of Mrs. A. T. Buckman. A family of six sons and two daughters were reared on the farm in the town of Suamico. All are gone from the old home, except one son, David, Jr., and his sister Madge, who still "carry on" at the old farm. The grandmother, Mrs. Jane Davidson, and Mr. and Mrs. Davidson and their son John have been dead a number of years.

John Davidson was born in Flintville, April 23, 1859. He died at his home in Peoria, Ill., in the fall of 1912. He was the eldest of the Davidson children. He married Miss Elizabeth Allen, and she with three sons survive him.

Mr. and Mrs. Stafford Wilson came to Suamico in the 70's. They remained in this vicinity until their children were

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grown, then the home was broken up, and they lived at Wausaukee and at Green Bay with their children. One daughter, Mary, married George Cole of Mills Center. Ellen married Robert Munro, now of Green Bay. She died in March, 1923. Another daughter, Jennie Casterson, died at Wausaukee. Three sons, Felix, James and Stafford, Jr., are still living.

Michael Kane was one of the earliest settlers. He came with his wife and one or two small children, to Lamb's mill in the early part of 1858, and lived here the rest of his life, about 65 years. His wife died at Flintville, May 18th, 1910. Mrs. Olive McKay, Mrs. Nellie Hawley and Michael Kane are their children.

Charles J. Lucia came to Suamico about 1857. He married Caroline Cook, a daughter of John Cook. For a number of years he kept a hotel, "The Live Oak House," in Flintville, having bought the old T. M. Brown farm. This farm was the family home for years. He became a thrifty farmer. The farm is still owned by his son Charles. Charles E. Lucia married Carrie Furness, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Furness.

William Lucia married Sarah Allen and they, with their two sons are in Detroit. Irving married Cora Barker, one of our favorite teachers. She has died within the last year or two. Their home was in Everett, Wash. George married Susan McAllister of Mills Center. Anna Lucia Dunham lives in California, and Etta Lucia Head died at her home near Hilbert, Wis., a few years since.

Charles J. Lucia died at his home, April 25, 1912, and his wife died March 16, 1900.

Martin E. Tremble died Dec. 12th, 1883, in Green Bay. He was born in Essex Count, N. Y. He came to Wisconsin in 1850. Was a prominent business man and was treasurer of the city of Oshkosh for several years. He located at Suamico during the war. He owned the whole or a part of four lake vessels, a lumber yard at Racine, and the mill prop-

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erty at Suamico. His wealth was estimated at from $200,000 to $500,000.

Mrs. Katherine Kanute, mother of C. E. Kanute, died at the home of her son, Dec. 8th, 1886, aged 89 years. Mr. Kanute died in 1871, at Suamico. They were early settlers at Suamico. Their son, Charles E. Kanute, married Frederica Hoffmier of the town of Little Suamico. Two children, Frances and Louis, were born to them. Frances married George N. Burts, and Louis married Nellie Furness. Louis died at Amherst, Wis., in 1908, leaving his wife and one son, Malcolm. Mr. Kanute died in Highland Springs, Va., a few years since. Mrs. Kanute died at the same place Dec. 24, 1924. They are both buried at Amherst, Wis.

Frank Ducat came to Flintville with his wife and little daughter in 1870. He was manager of the Lamb Watson & Co.'s boarding house for one or more years. He died at Peshtigo in 1921. His wife has had a mausoleum erected in Riverside cemetery at Peshtigo, and his body lies in it. There are four compartments in the vault.

Lora Packard came to Flintville about 1868, with his wife and her sisters, Mrs. Eliza Rice, and Mrs. Miner, as well as several others from the Door County Peninsula. Mr. Packard worked for the Lamb Watson Co. as long as they did business here. He was a veteran of the war between the United States and Mexico. He used to tell of the hardships of that war; of the yellow fever scourge, and of his own hair-breadth escape from the dread sickness which he contracted in one of the southern states. His last occupation was carrying the mail from the Flintville postoffice. Mrs. Packard's father, Mr. J. Hickox, was a soldier of the war of 1812. He died in Flintville at an advanced age. He lies buried in Rural cemetery.

John Delany, for many years a resident of Suamico, died in 1923, at Del Rio, Texas. He was 79 years old, and was the father of eight children. His wife passed away several years ago. At old Fort Howard his father was a musician,

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and lived at the garrison. A brother, Joseph, was a fifer in the Civil war.

Gardner Sheldon Lawrence died Dec. 10th, 1894, at the age of 57 years. He was a pioneer in the town of Pittsfield. In 1861 he bought his farm which he kept until his death. He was town clerk during the Civil war; assessor two terms, and chairman of the town board for one year. He followed like others, both farming and lumbering. He was married to Mary J. Tripp in January, 1863. She with four children survives him. She now lives in her far-away California home, a frail little woman. She sometimes yearns for the old town where she spent her childhood days.

Sarepta Pinney was a daughter of Silas Pinney of Sturgeon Bay. In 1862 she married Quimby Martin, who lived in Suamico for many years. She died several years ago, while Mr. Martin lived to a good old age, and died at Green Bay, in 1922.

Phoebe Pinney married Perry Grant, who also lived at Suamico, and worked for John Bruce. They lived for some years at Wausaukee.

P. B. Millard was a farmer in Clay Banks, Door County. He was born in northern New York. He came west in 1840 to northern Illinois. Having married Alice Wilson (a sister of Mrs. A. T. Buckman and Mrs. Davidson) in 1837. She died, and he married again. His son, Homer R. Millard, came to Suamico to visit relatives and to work. He married Harriet Buckman in 1874. He died in Green Bay in 1918, and his wife a year or two earlier.

Fletcher Flint came with his brothers to Suamico. He took up a homestead in Pittsfield. He was a practical surveyor; a typical American backwoods-man; a great hunter and trapper; highly skilled in all the arts of woodcraft; familiar with the Indians and their methods of living; restless, resourceful and fearless. After his brother Richard's death he went back to Maine, where he died.

James Brown with his wife and children, his two brothers, and the Philbrook brothers, ship carpenters from the

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coast of Maine, brothers of Mrs. Brown, came to Green Bay in 1853. The Philbrooks went to work in a shipyard near the fort, staying here for some years, then they moved their work to Menominee, Mich., where they carried on a thriving business for a number of years. Mr. Brown's brothers also went to Menominee county, Mich., where they lived many years. Mr. Brown came to the town of Pittsfield where he took up a farm near Mills Center, which he later sold, buying a farm with his son Welman on the north side of the town. A few years afterwards a daughter, Mrs. Merithew, came to Pittsfield with her family, but after a year or so they returned to Maine where she has since died. Mrs. Alice E. Hayden, widow of George W. Hayden, is the only living member of the Brown family. She is living with her son, Harry, in Green Bay.

Frank T. Smith, for many years a farmer at Suamico, was a son of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Smith of Green Bay. He married Miss Clara Taylor, a niece of the Bruces of Suamico. After selling their home at Suamico, they lived at Seymour for a few years and then sojourned for a time on a little ranch in Montana, where the lure of a garden made them happy for a while. But the old home town was a green spot in their hearts and they now live in Green Bay. An interesting family of boys and girls grew to manhood and womanhood in the old Suamico home.

Andrew M. Lindsay, with his family came to Pittsfield in 1865, from St. Claire County, Michigan. They lived for a season on the old Lucia place, which was once a part of the H. P. Hayden farm. Mr. Lindsay found work as a log-scaler for the Lamb Watson company and for jobbers. He followed this occupation for years.

A brother-in-law, Mr. E. Burgess, with his family came about the same time, to Flintville, built a house on what might be called the "back street." This house was called "the tall house," being higher than any other around there. Later the Burgess family moved to Abrams where some of them still live. The Lindsay family moved to Flintville

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where they occupied two different houses in the course of years. The family consisted of the father, mother, eight daughters and two sons. Bruce, the eldest son, spent his last days in the state of Washington. He died from the effects of an auto accident. He left a family. Another son, Miller, the youngest of the family, lives in Washington. The daughters married and eventually all except Mrs. Streckenbach left the old home town. The parents sold the farm in Pittsfield, which was their home for years. They are both dead and lie buried in Rural Cemetery. Mr. Lindsay was born in Scotland. Mrs. Lindsay was Phoebe Bean, a native of Michigan. Mr. Lindsay was a scholarly man, and a singer of considerable ability. He conducted singing schools in several places, which afforded much pleasure for those who attended. A memory of this tall man with full beard, coming to visit the school, bringing a box of candy, throwing and scattering it among the pupils. He loved children and it gave him pleasure to see them scrambling to get the candy.

Thomas Monroe Brown was born in Baldwin, Maine, Feb. 7, 1824. He came to Suamico about 1854, with the Flints, and was a trusted friend and employe for years. He married Miss Emma Bruce and settled on his farm in Suamico township, after the War of the Rebellion. He had been through the four years' siege with the 12th Wisconsin and re-enlisted, when the end came. He was a Justice of the Peace for a number of years, and held other offices of honor and trust in the town. He was respected by all, not alone by reason of his success, but owing to his straightforward business methods, by his fidelity to all that seemed worthwhile in community affairs, and by his loyalty to his country and friends. He died June 6th, 1892, in Rockwell, Iowa.

Mrs. Theresa Morgan Cole was born Sept. 20th, 1834, in Herkimer County, N. Y. She moved with her children and other relatives to Mills Center in 1868. She died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Brooks, in Marshfield, Wis., in the winter of 1916. Her son, George Cole, was a successful farmer

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in Pittsfield for many years. His wife was Mary Wilson, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stafford Wilson. They have four children, Mrs. Ellen Nichols, George Jr., Roy and Wilbur. They sold the farm a few years ago and now own a pleasant home in Green Bay.

Frank Cole lived with his mother until shortly before her death. He had the misfortune to be crippled in early childhood. He learned to play the violin and helped the young people of early times to enjoy their parties and dances. A jolly, good-natured "chap." Three sisters, Hattie, Mina and Mollie, made up the rest of the family. Mrs. Mollie Haire died very suddenly in January, 1925, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. Wilson, at Mills Center.

Thomas M. Buckman was born in September, 1861. He died Jan. 18, 1906. He spent his life on the farm where he was born. He married Emily Meetze, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Meetze, pioneers of the town of Pittsfield. He was a young man of sterling qualities of heart and mind; and was sorely missed by his young family and his widowed mother. He held the office of town clerk for several years. He was stricken with pneumonia and died in a short time. His little daughter, Melissa was sick at the same time and passed away shortly before her father did. They were buried the same day. His wife and a son and daughter survive him. The family home is now in Marinette, Wis. The daughter, Charlotte, is a teacher, and George is a druggist.

Charles E. Buckman, a brother of Thomas, also lived on a farm in Pittsfield. He married Millie Boyden of Mills Center. He had but a short illness and died after an operation for appendicitis. The children are Seth A., Leslie, Harriet, Olive Augusta, and Carol.

Horace Buckman, a son of Edwin Buckman, married Ada Colson of Mills Center. He died in Illinois. He left one daughter, Maud.

George W. Hayden, son of Silas and Elizabeth Hayden, born in Fitzwilliam, N. H., May 1, 1839. Died in Little Chute, Wis., Jan. 16, 1906.

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Arthur W. Buckman, born in New York state, March 4, 1855, died May 17, 1910, at Amberg, Wis.

Warren L. Buckman, born in Pensaukee, Wis., July 21, 1857, died April 14, 1925, at Amberg, Wis.

Moses F. Johnstone was born in Presque Isle, Maine, September 28, 1861. He died at Green Bay, Wis., Oct. 4, 1920. On July 22, 1896, he was married to Miss Lizzie Rice, at Flintville, Wis. Mr. Johnstone came to Wisconsin about 1878 to join his uncles, the Armstrong brothers, in Marinette and Menominee, Mich., who were active lumbermen in that region in the early days. He was an expert mechanic and millwright as well as as a worker in wood. He was foreman for the Diamond Lumber Co., in Green Bay, up to his last illness. He came to Pittsfield in 1902, and purchased the old Hayden farm from John B. McKay. He sold out to C. E. Lucia in 1915.

William Cook was a son of Mr. and Mrs. John Cook. He was born in the state of New York, and with the family came to Suamico in 1856. He married Mrs. Eliza Douglas, who with her father, T. R. Milington, and her brother, Marcus, came to Flint's mill in 1854. Her little daughter Jessie died soon after coming here. She with her father kept a little store in their home. She taught the school in the old school house at one time. She was a woman of unusual ability, keen, intelligent and energetic. She died in 1920, several years after her husband. They had two sons, William, Jr., and Jay.

T. R. Millington had the great misfortune to be blind, and depended on his daughter to help him in a business way as well as to care for him in his old age. A memory of this old gentleman. On every spring evening he would sit out-of-doors and blow on his old bugle. It could be heard all over the neighborhood. The brother, Marcus, in early years was a jobber for the lumber companies. His first wife was Harriet Hayden, and after her death he married Louise Brunette.

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Henry Cook, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. John Cook, lived at Suamico all of his life, working and doing business with his father. He was twice married and left a son by each marriage. George of Suamico, and Earl of Green Bay. His first wife was Caroline Potrais, and the second, Mrs. Jennie Munro Carlin, who survived him. He died suddenly of apoplexy, in the winter of 1888.

John Cook, Jr., now of Marinette, the youngest son of the Cook family, lived at Suamico for many years, on the old Cook homestead. He married Ellen Potrais, a daughter of Joseph Potrais. They had three sons, (one died in childhood). Clarence and Irving grew to manhood.

J. D. Mason and wife, with Matthew Lynch and family and the Lawler brothers, John and Edward, and another sister, Mrs. Carlin and her family, came to Wisconsin from the state of New York, after the war of the Rebellion. They came to Mills Center, where there was work for every one. Eventually they bought land and settled in the vicinity.

Mr. Mason and Mr. Lynch bought adjoining farms and spent their remaining days in farming. Their families were born and reared in the town of Pittsfield. Mrs. Lynch still lives on the old farm with a son. Mr. and Mrs. Mason and Mr. Lynch have been dead some years. Matthew Lynch and Edward Lawler were soldiers in the Civil war.

Edward Lawler still lives at Mills Center. He married Nancy Munro, a daughter of Neil Monro; she died in Green Bay, in the summer of 1893. He was married again to Nettie Van Erman, who is also dead. A large family of children are grown up and live in different places.

There are numerous other settlers, who moved into Pittsfield and Suamico, whose biography would be interesting, that can only be mentioned: Charles Furness, John Allen, James White, H. Snow, Robert Hamilton, Ira Watson, H. Mauers, P. Fox, Mr. Ellis, Geo. Phillips, Isaac Burdeau, John Fitzpatrick, Edward Donahue, Christopher Brown, Nickolas Terry, Gauthiers, Terrians, C. Collins, Dr. Wachenreiter, John Splan, H. Pagle, H. Zilmer, T. Conklin, Mrs. B. Hub-

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bard, Henry and Charles Howard, Seth Boyden, T. R. Purdy, C. Madson, N. Casper, J. Bigelow, Sarnow, John Mickelson, Clark Ames, William Chrystler, James Whillihan, J. Donavan; and other newer comers, Kwaterski, Goetz, Stranz, Walla, Weslowski, Kobiak, Steinki, Cszarpottis, Lovenezak, Lessik, Dujac, Helia and Petkuska.

(Deaths among old settlers since the writing of these pages are Warren L. Buckman, William Dexter Rice, Mrs. Mary Lynch and Dr. William H. Flint, the latter the son of Richard Flint, died at his home in Santa Barabara, California, Sept. 4, 1926. David H. Green, Cornelius Lynch, John Chambers and wife, William Gray of Kaukauna, Mrs. Naomi Campbell of Green Bay, Peter Terp.)

The last entry in this book will be a loving tribute to a departed friend. Mrs. Minnie Streckenbach died on February 1st, 1925. She was laid to rest in Rural Cemetery, Feb. 4th, in the presence of a gathering of friends and neighbors, such as is seldom seen in a rural community. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. T. D. Williams assisted by Rev. J. Christopherson, both of Green Bay.

Mrs. Streckenbach was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Lindsay, pioneers of Suamico and Pittsfield. She was born at their old home in Clyde, St. Claire County, Michigan, March 15th, 1864, and came here when a small child, with her family. She was married to William Streckenbach, April 21, 1881. She was the mother of ten children. One death, that of the eldest son, Fred, broke the family circle.

The passing of Mrs. Streckenbach is regretted by hundreds of friends and relatives, who did much to cheer her days of illness. Her life was a beautiful example of loving kindliness, to her husband, children, friends and family. It was, at one time, the writer's privilege to live for months in her home, and to know intimately, the beautiful character of this beloved woman. Her husband, children, sisters and brother mourn the loss of one very dear and worthy.

Wm. Washington Valentine, better known as "Bill" Valentine, one of the last of Suamico's old settlers, died March 10,

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1928. Mr. Valentine was 84 years old, born in Hemstead, L. I., in 1843. He spent his early life in New York City, coming west in 1870 and settling in Suamico where he has lived ever since. In 1873 he was married to Miss Electa Cook.

GREEN BAY MEN

Who were closely connected with the settlement of Suamico and Pittsfield, whose help and advice in many ways gave the new settlers courage to face the situation which was sometimes a problem.

When the "Old Michigan" came sailing up the river from the bay, the passengers, often men and women and children, were let off and they at once began to look around for a place to eat or sleep. The early hotel or tavern keepers were usually the first ones who had a chance to become acquainted with the newcomers. Among them were Green and Hagerty, Danl, Whitney and John Tiernan, the latter was on the west side of the river. His old hostelry, the "Howard House," was built early in the fiftys, and it was only in recent years that the last vestige of the old house was taken down.

John Tiernan was one of the soldiers sent by the British government to guard Napoleon at St. Helena. After Napoleon's death his regiment was transferred to Canada, and upon leaving the military service he came to the United States and engaged in the ship building industry, finally locating in Ft. Howard. Here he brought his family in 1850, before Green Bay had bridges or railroads. He and his capable wife lived in the same house till they died, respected by everyone who knew them, and "with friends enough to throw away."

Other men and their families who visited and did business with the Flints were Daniel and Van Buren Bromley, John C. Neville, Dr. D. Cooper Ayres, Elisha Morrow, Colonel Robinson, T. O. Howe, James Howe, D. Whitney, M. L. Mar-

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tin and others; while in later years Dr. A. H. Van Norstrand, William Scott and Dr. W. H. Bartran had interests in our

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IN MEMORIAM

Our President, Warren G. Harding,

1865—1923

A TRIBUTE TO HARDING

Warren G. Harding came of hardy parentstock. He was born at Blooming Grove, Morrow County, Ohio, November 2, 1865, and died August 3, 1923, at San Francisco. He was a son of a country doctor. Later the family moved to Marion, Ohio, where he lived until he became president of the United States. He was a friend and admirer of President McKinley.

Not since the funeral of Lincoln has the funeral train that bore the mortal remains of a beloved president back to his home and carried a trail of sorrow across the continent, been met and greeted at every stop by such crowds of sorrowing people, day and night. The arrival in Chicago was especially significant. "Father Dearborn" bowed his head in mourning as the nation's burden of sorrow reached the city, miles of people made the progress of the train of mourning very slow.

It was probably the greatest demonstration for a public figure the city ever witnessed, and can compare only with the reception accorded the only other chief ever brought through the city—Abraham Lincoln, in 1865.

The line of people, fifteen miles in length, reached from city limit to city limit, along the railroad track. We can conceive of no tribute that would mean more than this.

History will give the name of President Harding a high place. He took up the responsibility of government at a

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most difficult time and was successfully guiding it through domestic economic complications with a firm hand. He will be remembered and honored as a leader who devoted his life to his duty to his country, and lost out.

THE LILACS BLOOM ONCE MORE

By Dr. Wm. E. Barton.

On the morrow of this day, fifty-eight years ago, the nation awoke to tidings of terror. On the preceding night, Friday, April 14, 1865, Abraham Lincoln was shot, and early the next morning he died.

Fifty-eight years is a long time, but there are living in nearly every community in America, some who can remember the incredible horror of that tragedy.

Then followed what must be reckoned the most remarkable funeral of modern times, as the body of Abraham Lincoln journeyed, by slow stages, by night and day, through various cities, back to his own Springfield.

Walt Whitman, in verses well known, but least characteristic of him, told the story of the nation's grief in, "O, Captain, My Captain." But that was not his finest interpretation of the event. The most subtle and tender lines that he wrote about it were in his longer poem:

"When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed,
And the great star early drooped in the western sky in the night,
I mourned, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.
Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac blooming, perennial, and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love."

The poem is discursive, but nothing ever written has so remarkably preserved to the imagination the picture of the sad procession from Washington westward:

"Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the land,
With the pomp of the unlooped flags, with the cities draped in black,

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With the show of the states themselves as of crape-veiled women standing
With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the night,
With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and the unbared heads,
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin and the somber faces
With the dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and solemn,
With all the mournful voices of the dirges poured around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—here and these you journey,
With the tolling, tolling bells' perpetual clang,
Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac."

Again the lilac blooms in the dooryard; again the great star droops in the west; again those who are older remember and those who are young are told of the great heart of him that bore the sorrows of his country through four long years of war and never cherished enmity of the spirit of revenge; and that ceased to beat when peace returned and the lilacs bloomed in the dooryard.

THE SUMMONS.

Presidents of the United States have, as a rule, taken the oath of office at Washington with the inaugural ceremony on the front portico of the Capitol. General Harrison would not deviate from the rule, but took his oath of office in a pouring rainstorm. When President McKinley died Roosevelt was located and took his oath of office far from the East Portico.

"Our new president, the thirtieth, was inaugurated in Vermont by the light of a coal oil lamp, collarless and unshaven, at 2:47 o'clock in the morning. His father in similar disarray sternly administered the oath. It was in such fashion the "Minute Men" turned out in the small hours of the morning one hundred and forty-eight years ago to strike the first blow for democracy at Lexington—Democracy still is in safe hands."

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The oath of office is in the following words: "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

WOODROW WILSON

In the death of Woodrow Wilson, twenty-eighth president of the United States, a truly great man has passed away; one who not only effected and controlled the current of affairs during his life, but who has left an influence that will reflect itself in events which history will record for years yet to come. A man of brilliant intellect, a scholar of culture and learning, an official of forceful character and leadership in a position of commanding authority during a great world crisis, it was inevitable that he should become an outstanding international figure.

But he was more than that. Because of his exalted idealism, his broad vision, his matchless power of expression, and his masterful personality, he led for a time the thought of the world.

He was a true martyr to the cause he so loyally espoused; and he was, perhaps, never more truly great than during the years of his retirement, when he endured his affiiction with patient resignation and awaited with calm dignity the vindication of which he felt so confidently assured.

It is but natural that there should be many of his countrymen who differed with him as to the wisdom of some of his policies. But there are none who question his loyal patriotism or the sincerity of his devotion to his ideals.—Elk's Magazine.

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CHAPTER XIX

CONCLUSION.

It is written—"The realization shall be greater than the dream."

To write a story or sketch of Pittsfield and Suamico; of the people who first settled here; the traces of history and traditions in the peaceful lives of the Menominee and Pottawotamie Indians, whose ancestors held possession here for hundreds of years, has been the writer's ambition for a long time. She has made an effort to collect and preserve as much as possible concerning the growth of our small section of Brown County, and in a small way has been successful.

James Russell Lowell once wrote: "There seem now-a-days to be two sources of literary inspiration—fullness of mind and emptiness of pocket." Be that as it may, the desire to tell something of our own historic state, county and home towns has also been an inspiration. An effort has been made to picture things as they were so long ago, and as they are now; to picture country life as we have lived it; to show the ambitions and energy and human side of the early settlers. In all cases they were just common people. Lincoln once said: "God must have loved the common people, He made so many of them." We are sure that God must have loved the pioneers, He carried them safely through so many hardships and dangers!

True there have been shortcomings of all kinds among the settlers, old and new; carelessness, negligence, stinginess, wastefulness and even laziness, but on the other hand, in view of the hardships in their lives it is really astonishing that they have done as well as they have.

How little it mattered whether they ate their food from their two-tined forks or from their knives, whether they drank their tea from their saucers, or crumbed the crackers in their soup, so that they had food, tea and soup to satisfy their hunger. Why criticize the older people when it is a fact

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that we remember nothing so well when we are old, as those things which we learned when we were young.

It is hoped that these pages may be read with some degree of interest by old and young.

There may be seeming impossibilities or inconsistencies but the "tale is told just as it was told," and in justice to all concerned, we could do no better.

"Don't ask me any questions,
For all I know I've handed in,
I've ceased my recollections."

—L. H. R. J.

ON, WISCONSIN

On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin!
Grand old Badger State,
We the loyal sons and daughters,
Hail thee, good and great.
On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin!
Champion of the right;
"Forward," our motto,
We will win the fight.

On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin!
Dost thou hear the call,
Marsh'ling thee to noble duty,
In the fight for all?
On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin!
Battle for the right;
With thy standard flying,
God will give thee might.

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